A COLLECTION OF HYMNS,

With ſeveral

TRANSLATIONS

From the HYMN-BOOK of the

MORAVIAN BRETHREN.

PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES
MORAVIAN CHURCH

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for JAMES HUTTON, at the *Bible* and *Sun*, *Little-Wild-Street*, near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, 1743.

1
4079
27

PREFACE.

THE following Hymns are principally intended for the Use of ſome Religious Societies; who truſt they are united together according to our Saviour's Will, in the Strength of this Principle,

He on the Croſs, our Lord and God! *&c.*
(*See Page* 246.)

We and the Lamb's whole Company, *&c.*
(*Page* 248.)

This is indeed what we believe; and the Reader will obſerve theſe two Points cheifly aim'd at, and running thro' all the Hymns, viz. *That* Jeſus Chriſt is our Lord and God; *and that* thro' His Death, all the whole World may find Releaſe from all their Sins, and endleſs Grace.

We

We humbly thank our dear Redeemer, that he has ſent his Spirit into our Hearts, teſtifying of Him.* *We are ſure Fleſh and Blood have not reveal'd theſe Truths unto us; and we rejoice to find, that it is* Life *to our Souls, to* have the Son†, *and to believe on Him, and to perceive that the Wrath of God doth not abide upon us.*

Our Brethren and Siſters who have made theſe Hymns, are moſtly ſimple and unlearned People, who have wrote them down at the Time, when the Matters therein expreſs'd were lively to their Hearts; and therefore they are without Art, or the Niceties uſually expected in Poetry: Yet notwithſtanding to every Heart that knows, or deſires to know Jeſus Chriſt, we doubt not but they will afford ſome Satisfaction and Comfort of a much better kind.

* John xv. 26. † 1 John v. 12.

A

COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

AH! who is this appears to me
With five wide gaping Wounds,
His Body mark'd with Blows and Stripes,
And Thorn his Fore-head crowns?
It is no Spirit to affright,
And fill my Fleſh with Dread,
No, 'tis my Jeſus crucify'd,
Who for my Sins thus bled.

Appear before me evermore
In this red mangled Hue!
And follow me where'er I turn,
Still cloſely me purſue.

Embrace me fast within Thy Arms,
Thou Bridegroom of my Soul,
And let thy Blood besprinkle me
From ev'ry pierced Hole.

3 O bring my Heart to know thy Love
In all that bitter Pain,
Which wounded Thee, and bruis'd Thee so
My sinful Soul to gain.
Sweet Jesus, make me poor and meek,
And let me nothing know,
But that Thou hast been crucify'd:
Thy Blood will keep me low!

II.

1 AFter the Labours of Thy Life,
Thou, Jesu, on the Cross did'st die:
Thou suff'redst much on our Behalf,
And did'st Thou merit nought thereby?
Forbid that Thought! Thy Blood indeed
Has purchas'd ev'ry Grace we need.

2 We need not lie in Chains of Sin,
In Fear and Darkness all our Days;
If but our Hearts have Thee within,
Our Mouths can gladly sound thy Praise.
Numbers of Slaves Thou hast made free,
For where Grace is, there's Liberty.

3 There's ſome ſtrange Virtue in thy Death,
Which may we daily more diſcern;
Something that can a new Life breath
Into the Soul, and make it burn:
Thank him all ye who know indeed
This Truth, that He did for you bleed.

4 You, who were Slaves of Sin before,
The Saying chearfully repeat:
"Thou, Lord, for Love of us haſt bore
"Contempt and Pain, and bloody Sweat;
"Our Souls from Sin and Hell to free,
"And win our Hearts to follow Thee!

III.

1 ALL Glory be to God on high!
Ye Sons of *Adam* fill the Sky
With Praiſe and Thankfulneſs:
God from an everlaſting Love,
Decreed with his dear Son above,
A ſinful World to bleſs.

2 Stand ſtill and ſee what God hath done;
He had but one beloved Son,
And him He freely gave:
For whom was this? but for a Race
Of curſed Sinners, vile and baſe;
Yet All He came to ſave.

3 All Glory to th' Eternal Son,
That He moſt freely did put on
Our Fleſh and Miſery:

The He *our God*, *a Man* was made,
And bore our Curſe, our Ranſom paid,
By bleeding on the Tree:

4 He as a poor mean Child was born,
His Birth no Palace did adorn,
A Manger was his Bed:
Look, look upon this riſing Sun,
Till Tears of Love the Eyes o'errun,
This Babe is Chriſt our Head.

IV.

From the German.

Nº 1129.

1 AND is it then our happy Lot,
T' exalt Thee, ſlaughter'd Lamb!
Who art Thou? Who can well deſcribe
Thy great and glorious Name?
And who are we, that we ſhould take
This mighty Task in hand?
We all ſo ſinful, baſe and vile:
Sure we muſt bluſhing ſtand.

2 And this indeed will come to paſs,
When we diſcern aright,
That none can find a ſtedfaſt Ground
In their own fancied Height:

For

For hence the Spring of real Joy,
When we believe this true;
That none but Worms, but Grains of Duſt
Can pay him Honour due.

3 There haſt Thou us, moſt gracious King!
Our Heart's to Thee faſt bound;
Our Knowledge yet extends not far,
O grant us deeper Ground:
That each Beholder may with Eaſe
Thy Likeneſs in us trace,
And throughout all our Lives diſcern,
That we are led by Grace.

4 Then, as thy Pleaſure is, exalt
Thyſelf before our Eyes;
So will the precious Word of Life,
Which we ſo highly prize,
Which many thouſand Hearts inflames,
Which is the Sinners Peace,
Gain deeper Footing in the World;
And yield a ſtrong Increaſe.

5 Thanks for thy ſacred precious Blood
Which now ſo freely ſtreams;
For all is lifeleſs, dead and cold,
However good it ſeems,
Whoſe Virtue is not hence derived;
Which takes not hence its Riſe;
Elſe wherefore was thy Blood pour'd out,
Thy Blood of ſo great Price?

6 But when out of thy op'ning Wounds,
Grace iſſues ſtrong and clear,
It kindles in the Heart a Flame,
And cauſes Feeling there:
There's ſomewhat in it ſoft and mild,
Yet full of Pow'r and Might;
Something that ſinks exceeding deep,
But active Day and Night.

7 So are we properly prepar'd
To follow each Command;
To execute thy utmoſt Aim,
And in thy Preſence ſtand,
As Veſſels willing to be us'd;
Which in thy Work delight,
Wherein Truth's Off'rings ſmoke and burn,
As Incenſe, Day and Night.

8 Hereto we chearful ſay *Amen!*
This Truth is moſt avow'd,
That we in Spirit, Body, Soul,
Are bound to ſerve that GOD,
Who touch'd, and drew, and woo'd our Hearts,
And conquer'd us by Love;
To him we have engag'd ourſelves,
O may we faithful prove!

V.

V.

1 ARiſe, my Soul, ariſe, and ſing
The Mercy of thy glorious King,
Spread forth the Riches of his Grace,
His tender Love to Rebels baſe.

2 Hear what I ſay, and mark me well,
And learn this Myſtery I tell,
A Sinner I, and void of Good,
Yet reconcil'd by Jeſu's Blood:

3 For Righteouſneſs I know of none,
But what as Sinners we put on;
The Gift is free and ſure to all
That will but come at Jeſu's Call.

4 Then let him never ſay to thee,
"For Life thou would'ſt not come to me;"
Seek not to climb ſome other Way,
From Jeſu's Blood don't run aſtray.

5 Do not excuſe yourſelf, and ſay,
"I am not good enough To-day,
"I muſt repent, more Holy be,
"Before God will accept of me.

6 "I dare not truſt in Jeſu's Blood,
"And *that* allow for Peace with God,
"I muſt have Works to prove my Faith,
"Hear what the LAW on this Point ſaith.

7 O deareſt Fellow-Sinner hear,
To Jeſu's Blood I pray draw near,
There ſit in Silence, meditate
On all his Agony and Sweat.

8 Think who it was that ſuffer'd this!
The Father calls, "My Son now kiſs,
"Leſt he be angry for your Pride,
"He for your Sins has ſatisfy'd.

9 Look on that bloody ſtreaming Flood,
Seek there your Soul's eternal Good,
Behold thoſe Wounds ſtand open wide,
That Sinners all may freely hide.

10 To him that works not, but believes
On him, who Sinners vile relieves,
His Faith receives a Righteouſneſs,
A Blood-beſprinkled Wedding-dreſs.

11 Look back upon the Paſchal Lamb,
Which kept the Seed of *Abraham*
From the Deſtroyer, by his Blood
Sprinkled upon the Poſts of Wood:

12 And ſhall the holy Lamb of God,
Shall his divine and ſacred Blood
Be leſs effectual, have leſs Pow'r
In Judgment's ſolemn ſearching Hour?

13 O precious, precious, precious Blood,
The only Holineſs that's Good!
Still drop, and flow, and cover me
A curſed Sinner without Thee.

14 O ye who reas'ning thus have ſtood,
Without true Faith in Jeſu's Blood,
Look on me, once ſick, black as Hell,
With Jeſu's Blood made white and well.

15 'Tis true, that Blood you cannot ſee,
(There lies true Faith's great Myſtery)
You only ſee a Sinner poor,
And not that Blood which covers o'er.

16 You hear me pant and beg for Grace,
And own my Nature vile and baſe,
Yet that I am a Child of God,
And ſweetly reſt in Jeſu's Blood.

17 No Condemnation reaches thoſe
Whom Jeſu's bleeding Wounds incloſe,
They Shelter find in all Diſtreſs,
And wear the Saviour's Righteouſneſs.

18 I that true Happineſs do know,
Which Jeſus only can beſtow;
I know for me the Lamb was ſlain,
His Blood-bought Sinner I remain.

VI.

1 ARiſe ye, who are Captive led,
Complain no more, for Chriſt our Head
From ev'ry Sin relieves;
Redemption he'll to none deny,
His precious Name is Jeſus: Why?
He ſaves who'er believes.

2 When

2 When Floods of Wrath divine aroſe,
When Heav'n and Earth, and Hell were Foes,
My Jeſus prov'd a Friend;
His bleeding Wounds a ſhelt'ring Place,
A Refuge ſure in my Diſgrace,
His Blood from Vengeance ſcreen'd.

3 For All the Holy One made Sin,
Nail'd to the Croſs my Soul to win,
His Blood He freely ſpilt;
And now his Righteouſneſs divine,
Imputed to my Faith is mine,
Removing Sin and Guilt.

4 Acquainted he with deepeſt Grief,
Our Sorrows bore, and as a Thief
Hung on th' accurſed Tree;
In him the faireſt Son of Men,
Nor Form nor Comelineſs were ſeen:
O Depth of Myſtery!

5 He kindly took our Fleſh and Blood,
Now without Bluſh his Brotherhood,
His Stock and Kindred owns;
His God our God and Father is,
What glorious Privilege is this
To his redeemed Ones!

6 The Judge of All condemned was
To Death, to gain our woful Cauſe,
The Prince of Life was ſlain:

The

The Lord delighted in his Death,
And would have every Soul by Faith
Salvation to obtain.

7 The Son, tho' on the Godhead's Throne,
Will ne'er diſclaim His Fleſh and Bone,
But like a tender Nurſe,
The Sucklings feed with Breaſts of Love,
And ſhow'r his Mercies from above,
For He's the living Source.

8 His Promiſes He cannot break,
Never a helpleſs Soul forſake,
For Life and Blood He pawn'd;
Tho' Storms and Waves with Fury beat,
Yea, ev'n in fi'ry Tryals Heat,
The Rocks unſhaken ſtand.

9 Jehovah's Strength with me abides,
While Chriſt himſelf with me reſides,
Immanuel, God with us:
Let Satan roar, let Hell aſſail,
The Bridegroom's Heart can never fail,
The Serpent's Head He'll bruiſe.

10 Rejoice, ye Heav'ns, and Earth reply,
With Praiſe, ye Sinners, fill the Sky,
All Grace his Death procures:
Your Woes with Bleſſings are exchang'd,
You in his Children's Order rang'd,
Eternal Life is yours.

VII.

1 ATtend, O Saviour, to our Pray'r!
All Things by thy Appointment are;
Rulers and Laws are ſent by Thee,
Order and publick Amity:
The World O govern for the beſt!
Saviour of All be Thou confeſt!

2 The Poor and Wretched always ſhare
Thy tender and peculiar Care:
Thou who on Earth the Sick did'ſt heal,
And to the Poor thy Grace reveal;
O comfort thro' the Faith of Thee
All who are now in Miſery.

3 Look on the State of all our Minds;
Remove whate'er our Spirit blinds;
Nearer and nearer draw us ſtill,
Teach All to know thy Heart and Will;
Let Stubborneſs ſink down, and Pride
In Love of Jeſus crucify'd.

4 Preſerve, by Thy moſt gracious Aid,
Thoſe who have Thee their Refuge made:
Grant that in all Things free from Blame,
In Meekneſs they may praiſe Thy Name:
Sweet Saviour, pitch Thy Tent with Men;
Thy Kingdom come, Amen, Amen!

VIII.

VIII.

1 BEhold the loving Son of God
Stretch'd out upon the Tree,
Behold him ſhedding forth his Blood
For all of you and me.

2 O what a Myſtery is this!
The nail'd Immanuel view!
How hath He left his Realms of Bliſs
To bleed for me and you!

3 Why is his Body rack'd with Pains,
And wrung with keeneſt Smart,
Why flows the Blood from out his Veins,
Why torn with Grief his Heart?

4 All Righteouſneſs did he fulfil,
No Sin did ever know,
He never thought nor acted ill,
Why was He wounded ſo?

5 Alas! I know the Reaſon why:
Our num'rous Sins He bore,
This caus'd his bitter Agony,
This wounded Him ſo ſore.

6 But hence our Confidence begins,
For we may boldly ſay,
That thus by bearing all our Sins,
He took them all away.

7 Our God is fully reconcil'd,
Our God is ſatisfy'd,
Each Sinner now may be his Child,
Since Jeſus bled and dy'd.

8 How highly God his Death did prize,
No Sinner's Tongue can tell;
It was a pleaſing Sacrifice,
How ſweetly did it ſmell?

9 Come then, each needy Sinner, come,
If you'll accept, He'll give;
But let him, and He'll lead you home,
Whoever will may live.

IX.

1 BEhold the Saviour of Mankind,
Patient and good, and meek of Mind;
How on his Throne He now does grieve,
That ah! ſo few on Him believe.

2 The Work was finiſh'd long ago;
Man is redeem'd from Sin and Woe;
Freedom there is, and Life and Peace;
When Jeſus dy'd, He purchas'd theſe.

3 Yet who among us lives by Faith?
Who the true Peace and Sweetneſs hath?
Who from his Bondage is ſet free?
And who, O Jeſu! follows Thee?

4 How dark is all the World and dead,
With this Deluſion over-ſpread;
Seeking to be devout and good
By other Ways than Jeſu's Blood!

5 We, all our Lives, where have we been?
Have we the Lord's Salvation ſeen?
No: For we ſought it not this Way;
Lord! ſhew us the true Path To-day.

X.

1 BEloved Saviour, Prince of Life,
To us thy Spirit give;
We pant to hear that ſacred Voice
Which bids poor Sinners live.

2 Open to us thoſe living Springs,
Which from thy Wounds do flow:
Dart down thy bright refreſhing Beams,
To us thy Goodneſs ſhew.

3 'Tis thy Deſire to ſave the Loſt,
To eaſe them of their Pain!
Therefore we come to Thee, bleſt Lamb,
Who for our Sins waſt ſlain.

4 O'er-ſtream our Souls with thy rich Grace,
To us reveal thy Will;
O be Thou our Immanuel,
Thy Work in us fulfil.

XI.

1 BEloved Saviour, Sinners Friend,
Tho' Lord of Lords, th' Eternal God!
We are created by Thy Hand,
Yea, purchas'd by Thy Death and Blood:
Thou never did'ſt deſpiſe the Poor;
To Helpleſs Thou wert always mild;
The worſt of Sinners wants no more
Than Thy Free-Grace, to be Thy Child.

2 Look then on us moſt graciouſly,
O Thou our High-Prieſt, and our Lamb!
We won't regard our Miſery,
Tho' all our Hearts are full of Shame;
We won't be ſhy to call Thee in,
"Come in, dear Lord, and give us Peace;"
Thou gain'dſt our Hearts by pard'ning Sin,
And now we nought expect but Grace.

3 Thou ſaw'ſt us once oppreſt with Fear,
And ſaid'ſt to each, "Thou poor dear Child,
"There take my Grace, be of good Cheer:"
We ſaw thy Face moſt kind and mild,
And if we now not happy are,
It grieves indeed thy loving Heart;
Thou would'ſt that ev'ry Hour we were
Without all Fear and ſelf-made Smart.

4 We thank Thee for Thy Kindneſs, Lamb,
And pray Thee, keep us ever free
From all, whereby thy glorious Name
Cannot ador'd and praiſed be:
Let us Thy faithful Servants prove,
Who ſerve Thee not as fearful Slaves,
No, but as Children, in whom Love
The heartieſt Willingneſs ingraves.

5 Give us to praiſe Thee ev'ry Hour,
In ev'ry Deed, and Word, and Thought,
Thou haſt deſerv'd all Praiſe and Pow'r,
For by Thy Blood we all are bought.
O let us henceforth feel Thy Fire!
Stir, Lord, that we may active be!
And ſince we live, let us deſire,
To bring ſome Thouſands more to Thee.

XII.

1 BLood of the venerable Lamb!
My Heart nought elſe can ſay;
Since 'tis by that, and only that,
My Sins are waſh'd away.

2 'Tis with that Blood, that I am bought
From Curſe, and Death, and Hell;
'Tis with that Blood I'm ſanctify'd,
Made meet in Heav'n to dwell.

3 Then what but Blood ſhould fill my Heart,
Since 'tis by Blood I live?
Since 'tis a Gift the Father ſent,
When He his Son did give.

4 'Twas by his Blood the Son me bought,
For me Salvation gain'd;
And not me only, but all Souls
Of ev'ry Age and Land.

5 Then come, ye Sinners! come and dip
In Jeſu's precious Blood,
'Twill cleanſe from ſinful Leproſy,
And make all freſh and good.

6 O! it exceeds *Betheſda* far
And *Jordan*-River's Stream,
And *Siloam*'s Pool, and all Things elſe;
Come waſh, and you'll be clean.

XIII.

1 BRethren, what is your Deſire?
After what do you aſpire?
Where do all your Labours tend?
To proclaim the Sinners Friend?

2 Jeſus full of Truth and Grace,
Jeſus Author of our Peace,
Who has bought us at the Price
Of his Blood, our Sacrifice?

3 Seems

3 Seems this Subject ever new?
Can you give it Praiſes due?
Ne'er be weary to proclaim
Jeſu's lovely glorious Name.

4 Here alone my Hopes are built;
He alone has bore my Guilt;
He alone my Debt could pay,
Blotting it by Blood away.

5 Did it not to win my Heart
Coſt Him deep and bitter Smart?
Can the Blood He ſhed for me
E'er enough exalted be?

6 Brethren, let us never ceaſe
To declare this News of Peace:
Never let us hold our Breath,
Faithful, fervent unto Death.

7 But, my Lamb! Thou doſt excel
All that thine of Thee can tell:
Yet our Praiſe ſhall never tire,
Ev'ry Day ſhall raiſe it higher:

8 While we every Day muſt ſee
Sinners vile are dear to Thee:
While we think on that great Price
Of thy Blood our Sacrifice.

XIV.

From the German.

N° 132. v. 2.

BY our Strength there's nothing done,
We ſoon are loſt and marred;
But there fights for us the right Man,
Whom God himſelf prepared:
Askeſt thou for his Name?
'Tis Jeſus Chriſt the ſame
Who's Lord of Hoſts indeed;
And there's no God beſide;
He ſure muſt win the Battle.

XV.

1 CHriſt crucified,
And his dear Bride,
Is all my Joy;
Nought elſe my Thoughts employ.
His Blood has waſh'd me clean
From Sin;
Should he appear,
I'm not in Fear;
My Debts are paid,
And full Attonement made.

2 But

2 But till He come
And fetch me Home,
Low at his Feet,
With holy Shame I'll ſit,
And hearken to his Voice,
Rejoice,
And praiſe the Name
Of that bleſt Lamb,
Who for me dy'd,
And brought me to his Bride.

3 O Lamb, thou know'ſt
I could not boaſt,
Of ought I'd done,
'Twas Thy Free-Grace alone,
Which ſav'd me ſinful Man
From Pain,
And gave me Place
Among Thy Race,
Where Thou art Head,
Of whom could much be ſaid.

XVI.

1 COme let us join our chearful Songs,
With Angels round the Throne;
Ten Thouſand Thouſands are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.

2 Worthy

2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

3 Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r divine;
And Bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole Creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred Name
Of Him that ſits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

XVII.

From the German.

N° 1178.

1 COuld we Sinners fully tell,
How our Hearts with Rapture ſwell,
We'd not ſcruple to declare
'Fore the Angels what we ſhare.

2 But our Words can no ways bring
Honour to our Head and King;
All ſinks therefore to the Deep,
As when Soul and Body ſleep.

3 Sing, ye Quires, before his Throne,
While our Hearts with Shame melt down;
Husband, only Life and Head,
O! on us what haſt Thou ſhed!

4 Spirit of the Churches, reſt
In Thy Bridegroom's Preſence bleſt;
Soul, reflect upon his Love,
Soldier Fleſh, to ſerve him move.

XVIII.

From the German.

N° 1370.

1 COuld but the World its Wiſh obtain,
No, not a Chriſtian ſhould remain,
All would to Wreck and Ruin run,
What Jeſus by his Paſſion won.

2 But let the World oppoſe and rave,
Its dev'liſh Wiſh it ne'er can have;
That Cauſe ſhall never ſuffer Harm,
Which reſts on Jeſu's out-ſtretch'd Arm.

3 For while our Maſter rules above,
It will each Day more glorious prove;
While He ſits down on God's Right-hand,
It muſt and will unſhaken ſtand.

4 Indeed

4 Indeed we own if once they can
Dethrone the high-exalted Man;
Then evil with us will it be,
A Proſpect ſad we then ſhall ſee.

5 But I am abſolutely ſure
Our Lord will ever ſit ſecure;
For ever will our Shepherd prove,
And we for ever feel his Love.

6 Thus in our Lamb we Refuge find,
Fear neither Storm, nor angry Wind;
In Danger chearful, void of Care,
No Enemy can touch a Hair:

7 For theſe our God has number'd all,
Without his Leave not one can fall;
If in the leaſt He is ſo true,
What won't He in the greater do?

XIX.

1 DEar glorious King, thy Church's Spouſe,
Sole Lord and Searcher of our Breaſt,
To Thee our Soul moſt gladly goes,
Like *Noah*'s Dove, for Help and Reſt.

Indeed the Waters overflow,
The World all o'er againſt us ſtands,
Few will our Mind and Purpoſe know,
Few comprehend Thy ſweet Commands.

2 Whither ſhall we poor Abjects look?
By whom be own'd or juſtify'd?
By him who bade us eat the Book,
By Jeſus, if by none beſide.
Not comfortleſs the Soul, to whom
The Word and Bleſſing back returns,
Who diſappointed ſtands and dumb,
But with the inward Witneſs burns.

3 Yet well we hope, Thy gentle Grace
Will ſoften many Hearts of Stone;
What Art can help loſt human Race?
The ſame which our bad Hearts has won.
To the mild Preaching of thy Blood,
The Virtue of thy Sacrifice,
While Reaſon yet diſputes its Good,
By Stealth the wounded Conſcience flies.

4 Thy pow'rful Preſence, Lord, diſplay,
Or elſe in vain the Sun we ſee;
Thy Name and Glory makes our Day,
We live but in Thy Ways and Thee.
Wrap all thy Servants in thy Light,
Where'er they turn them at thy Call,
Grant that thy Blood they ſtill may meet,
And own it fills and conquers all.

XX.

1 DEar Jeſus be near,
And make Thyſelf clear
To each of our Hearts;
That we may know nothing, but Thee and Thy Smarts.

2 We are thy poor Sheep,
To thy Wounds we'll keep,
In them is our Food;
Indeed there our Strength lies, and our only Good.

3 We are thy poor Clay,
Form us from this Day
For thy Uſe alone;
And let us rejoicing feel we are thy own.

XXI.

From the German.

N° 1210.

1 DEar Lamb from everlaſting ſlain,
Thou Servant of thy Croſs's Train,
Our Soul's kind Husband Thou;
We fall down humbly at thy Feet,
And cloſe embrace them as 'tis meet,
As cloſe as Faith's ſure Arm can do.

2 Wea

2 Weak little Babes 'tis true we are,
Poor Sinners, but redeem'd and clear:
And of that Quinteſſence,
Which from thy Wounds doth richly flow,
We all have drank, and feel, and know
The quickning Power of God from thence.

3 This the Saint's Strength and Refuge ſure,
That our own Doings, vile and poor,
Are not the Means to move
The Lamb, our deareſt Friend thro' Blood,
Grace to beſtow and every Good;
He's wonderfully preſs'd by Love.

4 And now we nothing can reply,
But at thy Feet aſtoniſh'd lie,
And ask——can't be, God's Son,
That thou vile Slaves by Birth ſhould'ſt free,
And what is more than Liberty,
Should'ſt deſtine them a Crown and Throne?

5 This gives us raviſhing Love's Smart,
Like melting Wax we feel our Heart,
As Duſt aſham'd we hide;
Tears from our Eyes moſt freely flow,
And nought elſe will we ever know,
But *that a Lamb was crucify'd.*

XXII.

1 DEar Lamb, in me fulfil
Whatever is Thy Will,
I willingly reſign
Myſelf, and all that's mine,
Into Thy precious Wounds,
Where Reſt and Peace abounds.

2 From thence each Day impart
New Life into my Heart,
For without freſh Supplies
The former droops and dies;
Continually I've Need,
By Faith, on Thee to feed.

3 To Jeſus then I'll cleave,
My Love no more I'll grieve;
For what in Heav'n, but Thee,
Can I deſire to ſee?
Or what in Earth and Air
Can I with Thee compare?

4 Nothing, my deareſt Love;
Thy Beauty's far above
All other Treaſures. Why?
Thou didſt ſo freely die
For me, and every one
That was by Sin undone.

5 What Off'rings ſhall I pay?
I'll bleſs Thee Night and Day;
And when this Life is o'er,
Then I can praiſe Thee more.
Thro' all Eternity,
Thy Blood ſtill dear will be.

XXIII.

1 DEar Saviour, hear a Sinner's Pray'r,
To my Neceſſity give Ear;
Waſh me in Thy moſt precious Blood,
Heal my ſick Heart by that warm Flood.

2 Nail my Affections to the Croſs;
May I account but Dung and Droſs
All that is Self, all that is mine,
And only to Thy Will incline.

3 The Spark inkindled in my Breaſt
Blow to a Flame; nor may I reſt
'Till all and ev'ry Part of me
Is fill'd with Praiſe and Love to Thee.

4 May I for ever ſafe abide
Within the Wound of Thy dear Side,
There meditate that wond'rous Love,
Which brought Thee from Thy Throne above.

5 My Jeſus left his Heav'ns, and came
To ranſom Sinners from their Shame,

That they might feel their Sins forgiv'n,
And find in Him their Peace and Heav'n.

6 His Peace He to His Children left,
When of his Life he was bereft;
When He was faſten'd to the Tree,
Thoſe Wounds did buy that Peace for me.

7 Lord! I am Thine, then take me now,
Low at Thy Feet my Soul I bow,
Aſham'd that I no ſooner ran
To Thee the Saviour of loſt Man.

XXIV.

From the German.

Nº 1138.

1 EVening Star, I follow Thee,
Lead me here, or lead me there:
Thou my Staff in trav'ling be,
I'll no other Weapon bear;
Me may Angels guard from Ill,
When I am to do Thy Will:
So ſhall I, with ſteady Pace,
Reach the deareſt City, *Grace*.

2 This my Maſter's Purchaſe is;
Here my Lord my Chriſt is King;
He is mine, and I am his,
Him I'll ever praiſe and ſing:

Who can hurt me in this Place,
Fenc'd and fortify'd by Grace?
Dearest City, I am thine:
And thy Happiness is mine.

XXV.

From the German.

N° 1023. v. 4.

1 FOR such poor Souls who dare of nothing boast,
Who think they're irrecoverably lost,
Who twist and twine beneath Sin's heavy Load,
The Lamb has paid the Price, his precious Blood.

2 Grace issues from his Wounds, which Strength supplies,
So that one chearful, *Abba* Father cries,
And thenceforth dares assert in ev'ry Place,
I am a Child of God, an Heir of Grace.

3 But what rough Ways, what Toil, Fatigue, and Care
Throughout the Pilgrims sev'ral Paths appear?

What

What tender Care muſt o'er the Babes be
ſhewn,
E'er we dare truſt them to proceed alone?

4 O thou majeſtic tender Heart of Love,
How largely we Thy Royal Favour prove!
Thy ſtretch'd-out Hands no Wearineſs expreſs,
So kind Thy Heart, ſo ſtrong thy Zeal to bleſs.

5 What Soul can then the leaſt Objection make;
Who would not gladly Thy Reproach partake?
Who can one Moment more unwilling be
To bear Thy eaſy Croſs, and follow Thee?

6 Look down upon Thy Cloud of Witneſſes,
Which deems itſelf unworthy of Thy Grace,
Which with the deepeſt Reverence and Shame
Sits at Thy Feet and magnifies Thy Name.

7 With everlaſting Mercy crown their Heads,
And Manly Courage which no Danger dreads,
Yea bleſs them with a daily large Increaſe,
Till they launch forth into eternal Bliſs.

8 We owe our every Bleſſing to Thy Love,
Thou living Centre, to whom all Things move,

Ceaſe

Ceaſe not to let Thy Zeal our Breaſts inſpire,
Till high exalted to thy heavenly Choir.

9 O let Thy Unction overflow our Hearts,
Which Life and Spirit to the Soul imparts,
And when our Tongues are faint and parch'd, and dry,
Let Grace renew them, and freſh Strength ſupply.

10 And now what ſhall we more of Thee demand,
Which we find not compleated to our Hand?
Bleſs us with many gracious happy Days,
And ſtill enlarge our Plan to ſpeak Thy Praiſe.

XXVI.

1 FRom Life and Grace (this we are bold
Before an erring World t'aſſert)
Nothing one Moment does withhold
One Man, but his unwilling Heart:
In our dear Lord there's no Delay,
Fixt is His Will, and plain His Way.

2 Should any Soul of ſerious Frame,
That long has ſeem'd to ſeek His Face,
Its tedious Tasks and Trials name
Preparatory Steps to Grace:

We

We muſt ſay no! Chriſt needs them not,
And this fine Web a falſe Heart wrought.

3 Should any think he's ſo hem'd in
With Luſts, as to be paſt Relief;
Alas! he knows not, that no Sin
Binds down the Soul, but Unbelief!
Who to the Croſs can lift his Eye,
Makes the whole Brood of Sins to fly.

4 Ready the Saviour is indeed
His glorious Work in all to do:
To ev'ry Man it muſt be ſaid,
Thou hadſt been happy long ago,
Hadſt thou perplexing Thoughts caſt off,
And to Chriſt look'd for Aid enough.

XXVII.

1 GO forth, in Spirit go
To *Calv'ry*'s holy Mount!
See there thy Friend between two Thieves,
Suff'ring on thy Account.

2 Fall at His Croſs's Foot,
And ſay, My God and Lord,
Here let me dwell, and view thoſe Wounds
Which Life for me procur'd!

3 Fix on that Face thine Eye;
Why doſt thou backward ſhrink?
What a baſe Rebel thou haſt been
To Chriſt, thou now doſt think.

4 Fear not; for this is He
Who always loves us firſt,
And with white Robes of Righteouſneſs
Delights to deck the worſt.

5 Or art thou at a loſs
What thou to Him ſhalt ſay?
Be but ſincere, and all thy Caſe
Juſt as it is diſplay.

6 That Heart our Saviour loves,
Which does not ſtrive to weave
Pretences fair, to ſooth itſelf,
And his ſharp Eyes deceive.

XXVIII.

From the German.

N° 1217. v. 5.

GRace! how good, how cheap, how free:
Grace, how eaſy to be found!
Only let your Miſery
In the Saviour's Blood be drown'd!
Wiſhful lie before his Throne,
Say, "I never will be gone,

"Never

" Never till my Suit's obtain'd;
" Never till the Bleſſing's gain'd."

XXIX.

From the German.

N° 210. v. 3.

GRant, in the Bottom of my Heart
Thy Name and bloody Tree
May ſparkle ev'ry Day and Hour,
That I may joyful be:
In the ſame Form to me appear,
Wherein for all my Need
Thou willingly upon the Croſs
To Death Thyſelf didſt bleed.

XXX.

1 GRant, Lord, I ne'er may doubt again
Or let Convictions die,
Of Truths which I was ſure of then
When thy good Sp'rit was nigh.

2 If once I know, that thy pure Blood
Hath bought Man's Peace with Heav'n,
Be it in my glad Count'nance ſhew'd
Thenceforth, that I'm forgiv'n.

3 If

3 If once I know, that Death of Thine
Has Satan's Pow'r deſtroy'd;
Let me ne'er yield to him and Sin,
Nor make Thy Conqueſt void.

4 If once I ſee ſome happy Man,
Who lives by Faith in Thee;
Let me ne'er doubt but Thy Grace can
Perform the ſame in me.

5 If I one Glimpſe in my own Breaſt
Feel of a Chriſtian's Bliſs;
Still on the Truth on't let me reſt,
That ſuch a Life there is.

XXXI.

1 GReat Saviour, one ſweet Look of thine
Rejoices all my Heart;
With ſuch a Bliſs and Happineſs,
As Words cannot impart.
I feel and catch a kindling Ray
From thy moſt glorious Beams,
Which glows and ſparkles in my Breaſt,
And all my Soul inflames.

2 O breathe on me continually,
And fan the living Fire,
Which Thou haſt ſhed deep in my Heart;
Each Day ſtill raiſe it higher:

Let me not grieve nor quench this Spark,
Which Thou to me haſt giv'n,
Which is a Pearl of ſuch great Price,
It is a Taſte of Heav'n.

3 It is thy Gift, my deareſt Lord,
Therefore it is moſt ſure,
That Floods can't drown, nor Waters quench
But ever 'twill endure.
For what had I to purchaſe this?
Had I a Kingdom's Wealth,
'Twould be contemn'd, 'tis for the Poor!
The Sick cannot buy Health.

4 Thou art my Soul's Phyſician,
Thou gav'ſt me Thy own Blood;
Thy precious Blood! for ev'ry Sore
That Balſam has prov'd good!
I have ſo try'd this Remedy,
For ev'ry Ach and Pain,
That much I wiſh all Sin-ſick Souls
Would take and uſe the ſame.

5 O! that all knew Thy tender Heart,
And ſaw Thy loving Face!
O ſend forth Meſſengers, good Lord,
To publiſh Thy Free Grace.
Thou ſitteſt on thy royal Throne,
Now let thy Kingdom come:
And reign and conquer in all Hearts,
Which by Thy Death thou'ſt won.

6 O look in Mercy on the Poor,
Who are by Sin oppreſt;
And waſh and cleanſe them in Thy Blood,
And in Thy Wounds give Reſt.
O Saviour Chriſt! behold all thoſe,
Which bear Thy ſacred Name!
And bring them to know nothing elſe,
But that a Lamb was ſlain.

7 Extend Thy Mercy far and near,
Thy Blood was ſhed for all:
O draw the Heathen unto Thee,
Lord bid Thy Servants call.
O deareſt Saviour, bleſs, preſerve
The Souls which truſt in Thee;
And let their Lives convince the World,
Thy choſen Flock they be.

XXXII.

From the German.

N° 1293.

1 GRace! Grace! O that's a charming Sound!
Full ſweet it comes to all,
Who've clearly ſeen, and deeply felt
The Mis'ry of the Fall:

Who've rightly known the fearful State,
Wherein Souls doubtful ſtand,
E'er Chriſt ſelects them to enjoy
Their native heav'nly Land.

2 Grace! how exceeding great to thoſe,
Who truly Sinners are,
Who feel their Need, yea, Death; to ſuch
All elſe is taſteleſs Fare!
While ſuch as ſleep their Death away,
Senſeleſs, tho' Heirs of Hell,
Neglect the Offers made by Grace,
Its Comforts never feel.

3 When firſt the Soul awakes, it ſees
And curſes Satan's Yoke;
Great Hindrances and Chains appear,
Not eaſy to be broke:
But Grace! Free Grace! moſt ſweetly calls,
"Directly come, who will,
"Juſt as you are, for Chriſt receives
"Poor helpleſs Sinners ſtill."

4 Thus has he dealt with me; I gain'd
At firſt a gracious Wink;
And then pure Draughts of Peace and Joy,
From his Side's Well to drink:
Now my Heart's Wiſh I have, whene'er
I can for my dear Lamb
But do ſome little Thing, to ſhew
At leaſt a grateful Aim.

5 A

5 All we, who now are his, were firſt
Duly convict within;
Then each confeſs'd, Dear Saviour, I
Am blind, and I am Sin;
Then Life and Righteouſneſs divine,
Were in a Moment giv'n;
Thus we a happy People are,
Apparent Heirs of Heav'n.

6 Now deareſt Lamb! we inly pray,
That in Thy Service we
May active, holy, faithful prove;
But more eſpecially,
That we in Thee may ſtill abide;
For Babes we are moſt weak,
Poor Sinners ſtill, who without Thee,
Can nought act, think, or ſpeak.

7 O give us more, more ev'ry Day,
Till we're quite ſunk in Grace,
To drink, ſtill drink; for ſince thou'ſt giv'n
Us Life, ſuch Thirſt takes place;
And we believe, and humbly truſt,
This Thirſt the ſame will be,
Where'er we live, where'er we range,
Through all Eternity.

8 Be for all this, Huſband of Souls!
Here and in Heav'n ador'd!
How great is all Thy Faithfulneſs
Antient and late, O Lord!

'Tis Grace each Day ſo feeds our Souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor;
And O! that nothing elſe but Grace,
May rule for evermore.

XXXIII.

From the German.

N° 522. v. 3.

HAſte, Lord, within my worthleſs Heart,
To form Thyſelf a Shrine;
For me a poor and ſinful Worm
Thou ſhed'ſt Thy Blood divine,
Therewith to ſave my guilty Soul
From endleſs Pain and Woe:
What deareſt Friend in all the World
Could greater Kindneſs ſhew?

XXXIV.

1 HEar what of Chriſt and me this Day
I can by clear Diſcov'ry ſay:
In all His Dealings that dear Lamb
Is free from Falſhood and from Blame.

2 I find, by Evidence compleat,
His Promiſes, however great,

Solid

Solid have prov'd, and ſtill are ſo,
Whether I feel th' Effects or no.

3 I find, that ſince I've known his Grace,
I have diſpleas'd Him many Ways;
Seeming to love and fear His Name,
Indeed I've caus'd Him Grief and Shame.

4 I find, that ſtill with Patience mild
He follows me a ſtubborn Child;
While I to keep my Follies ſtrive,
He ſtrives to bring me to believe.

5 That in my Heart at once and ſoon
Faith's Work with Power was not done;
Him of Delay I don't accuſe,
'Twas I did ſecretly refuſe.

6 That He ſhould now reject me quite,
As for Diſcipleſhip unfit,
Againſt ſuch Sentence, ſince 'twere juſt,
I only in His Love can truſt.

7 His faithful Love I have ſo try'd,
I dare on that build all my Hope;
Eternal Ages ſhall decide,
Whether this Ground ſhall bear me up.

XXXV.

1 HEnceforth, my Soul, thou dwell'ſt in Peace;
At Jeſu's Feet all Sorrows ceaſe,

Be never more dismay'd!
From Guilt, Fear, Passion, and the Stress
Of all that might a Sinner press,
His Blood thy Ransom paid.

2 Whatever Storms go o'er thy Head,
Thou to this wretched World art dead,
(O sweet and happy Death!)
In Jesu's Love, that purer Air,
Where all is lightsome, calm and fair,
Dost thou abide and breathe.

3 Carefully keep thy present Light,
If any Foe would thee affright,
Answer, that Christ hath died!
No Accident nor Face of Things
Can touch thy Safety, which still springs
Fresh from His wounded Side.

4 Look down, ye heavenly Host, and see
How Jesus hath exalted me,
A Child of Hell before!
My sprinkled Heart hath learnt to sing,
And wait, like you, upon my King,
Nor need I leave him more.

XXXVI.

From the German.

N° 580. v. 18.

HE who was laugh'd at on the Tree,
He whom * His People now diſown,
Who marks with certain Infamy
Each that reveres the thorny Crown;
Is mine, and all my Brethren's Head,
By whom we tenderly are led.

XXXVII.

From the German.

N° 1004.

1 HIgh on His everlaſting Throne
The King of Saints his Work ſurveys,
Marks the dear Souls He calls His own,
And ſmiles on the peculiar Race.
He reſts well pleas'd their Toil to ſee:
Beneath His eaſy Yoke they move,
With all their Heart and Strength agree
In the ſweet Labour of His Love.

* John i. 11.

2 His

2 His Eye the World at once looks thro',
A vaſt uncultivated Field;
Mountains and Vales in ghaſtly Shew,
A barren uncouth Proſpect yield.
Clear'd of the Thorns by human Care,
A few leſs hideous Waſtes are ſeen;
Yet ſtill they all continue bare,
And not one Spot of Earth is green.

3 See where the Servants of their God,
A buſy Multitude, appear,
For Jeſus Day and Night employ'd,
His Huſbandry they toil to clear.
The Love of Chriſt their Hearts conſtrains,
And ſtrengthens their unwearied Hands;
They ſpend their Blood and Sweat and Pains
To cultivate *Emmanuel*'s Lands.

4 Alarm'd at their ſucceſsful Toil
Satan and his wild Spirits rage,
They labour to tear up and ſpoil
And blaſt the riſing Heritage.
In every Wilderneſs they ſow
The Seed of Death the carnal Mind;
They would not let one Virtue grow,
Nor leave one Seed of Good behind.

5 Yet ſtill the Servants of their Lord
Look up and calmly perſevere,
Supported by the Maſter's Word
The adverſe Pow'rs they ſcorn to fear;
Gladly

Gladly their happy Work purſue:
The Labour of their Hands is ſeen,
Their Hands the Face of Earth renew,
Diverſify'd with chearful Green.

6 Where'er the faithful Workers turn,
The Steps of Induſtry appear;
They labour the dry Wood to burn,
They labour with inceſſant Care
The Fruits of *Sodom* to tread down,
To root up each accurſed Seed
By Satan and his Spirits ſown,
And plant the Goſpel in its Stead.

7 To dig the Ground they all beſtow
Their Lives; from ev'ry ſoften'd Clod
They gather out the Stones, and ſow
Th' immortal Seed the Word of God.
They water it with Tears and Pray'rs;
They long for the returning Word,
Happy, if all their Pains and Cares
Can bring forth Fruit to pleaſe their Lord.

8 Jeſus their Work delighted ſees,
Their Induſtry vouchſafes to crown;
He kindly gives the wiſh'd Increaſe,
And ſends the promis'd Bleſſing down:

The

The Sap of Life the Spirit's Pow'rs
He rains inceſſant from Above;
He all His gracious Fullneſs ſhow'rs
To perfect their great Work of Love.

9 He proſpers all his Servants Toils;
But of peculiar Grace has choſe
A Flock, on whom his kindeſt Smiles
And choiceſt Bleſſings he beſtows;
Devoted to their common Lord,
True Followers of the bleeding Lamb,
By God belov'd, by Men abhor'd,
Diſtinguiſh'd by the hidden Name.

10 Here many a faithful Soul is found
With myſtic Pow'rs of Love endu'd;
Full of the Light of Life, and crown'd
A King and Prieſt to ſerve his God:
With burning Zeal for Chriſt they ſhine,
Their Body, Soul and Spirit give,
Their Goods and Blood for Chriſt reſign,
For Chriſt they freely die or live.

11 What can we offer our good Lord
(Poor Nothings) for his endleſs Grace?
Fain would we His great Name record,
And worthily ſet forth His Praiſe.
Dear Object of our Faith and Love,
To whom our more than All we owe,
Open the Fountain from Above,
And let it on our Spirits flow:

12 So ſhall our Lives Thy Pow'r proclaim,
Thy Grace for ev'ry Sinner free,
Till all Mankind ſhall know Thy Name,
Shall all ſtretch out their Hands to Thee.
Open a Door which Earth and Hell
May ſtrive to ſhut, but ſtrive in vain;
Let Thy Word richly in us dwell,
And let our gracious Fruit remain.

13 O multiply Thy Sower's Seed,
And Fruit we ev'ry Hour ſhall bear;
Throughout the World Thy Goſpel ſpread,
Thy everlaſting Grace declare:
We all in perfect Love renew'd
Shall know the Greatneſs of Thy Pow'r,
Stand in the Temple of our God
As Pillars, and go out no more.

XXXVIII.

From the German.

N° 781.

1 HOly Lamb, and Prince of Peace,
Hear my Soul implore Thy Grace,
Let it thro' Thy Pow'r divine,
In Thy Lamb-like Meekneſs ſhine.

2 Grant, that faithfully I may
As a Lamb Thy Voice obey,

Soul and Body bought with Price,
Be Thy living Sacrifice.

3 Valiant, ſtedfaſt may my Love
In the hardeſt Tryals prove;
And in all Adverſity,
Both a Lamb and Lion be.

4 Keep Thou me a feeble Child,
Sober, watchful, undefil'd;
That where'er Thy Steps I ſee,
Simply I may follow Thee.

5 Thou the great victorious Lamb,
Who all Hoſts of Hell o'ercame;
Grant, that in Thy Blood I may
Conqu'ror be till Thy great Day.

6 When Thou ſhalt on *Sion* ſtand,
I ſhall be at Thy Right-Hand;
In Thy God-like Glory bright,
Thou my Temple, Thou my Light.

XXXIX.

From the German.

Nº 1046.

1 HOly Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live;

Day and Night they cry to Thee,
As Thou art, ſo let us be.

2 Jeſu! ſee my panting Breaſt,
See I pant in Thee to reſt:
Gladly now I would be clean;
Cleanſe me now from ev'ry Sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring Mind,
To Thy Croſs my Spirit bind!
Earthly Paſſions far remove;
Swallow up our Souls in Love.

4 Duſt and Aſhes tho' we be,
Full of Guilt and Miſery;
Thine we are, Thou Son of God,
Take the Purchaſe of Thy Blood.

5 Who in Heart on Thee believes,
He th' Atonement now receives,
He with Joy beholds thy Face,
Triumphs in thy pard'ning Grace.

6 See, ye Sinners! ſee the Flame,
Riſing from the ſlaughter'd Lamb,
Marks the new, the living Way,
Leading to eternal Day.

7 Jeſu, when this Light we ſee,
All our Soul's athirſt for Thee,
When thy quick'ning Power we prove,
All our Heart diſſolves in Love.

8 Boundleſs Wiſdom, Pow'r divine,
Love unſpeakable are thine;
Praiſe by all to Thee be giv'n,
Sons of Earth, and Hoſts of Heav'n.

XL.

1 HOW can a Sinner hear theſe Words:
Grace, Jeſus, Blood, and *Wounds*,
And not not diſcern that Harmony,
Which from each Word reſounds.

2 For, oh! 'tis raviſhing and ſweet
Unto *a Sinner true*,
When Jeſus ſays, I wounded was,
And bled to Death for you.

3 O can ſuch Grace be e'er forgot,
'Twas Love which ſpoke in Blood;
The wounded Lamb will ſtill be dear
To ev'ry Child of God.

4 But thoſe who ſay they Sinners are,
Without the Senſe of Guilt,
Can ne'er rejoice in Jeſu's Blood,
Which was for Sinners ſpilt.

5 Is nothing to be done for ſuch
A poor dead wretched Man?
Yes, Jeſu's Grace muſt touch his Heart;
There's nothing elſe e'er can.

6 All

6 All have by Nature ſuch hard Hearts
I was the very ſame,
Till Jeſus call'd me by his Grace,
And let me know his Name.

7 O precious Grace, and pierced Wounds!
O bleſs'd atoning Blood!
Sweet Jeſu! ſtill appear to me,
And give me daily Food.

XLI.

1 HOW Chriſt his Souls doth bleſs,
No Tongue can e'er expreſs!
They the Life of Men no more,
But a Life myſterious live;
Veſſels they of His great Pow'r,
Day by Day new Gifts receive.

2 A ſimple Child-like Heart
He does to them impart:
From fierce Wrath and knotty Care,
Grief inveterate and deep,
In one Moment freed they are;
His ſweet Grace lays all aſleep.

3 Herewith is yet combin'd,
A great and princely Mind:
Undiſmay'd by any Foe,

Fixt they ſerve their Maſter's Will!
No one knows what they can do,
Nor what Strength their Breaſt doth fill,

4 Still in the inner Man
Converſe with him they can:
Howſoe'er their Hand's employ'd
In Earth's Drudgeries below,
They in Spirit at the Side
Of their Saviour loving go.

5 More yet their wondrous Way
Shines to the perfect Day:
Diſengag'd from Trifles here,
Up He holds their Hearts to Him
While his Blood goes on more clear
From redeeming to redeem!

6 Ever before their Eyes
The Lamb once ſlaughter'd lies:
Mighty Virtue comes from thence
To perform that Lamb's whole Will;
Pain t'aſſwage, and Sin to cleanſe,
And quell all the Pow'r of Ill.

XLII.

1 HOW happy is the Heart,
That puts its Truſt in Thee!
'Tis found in ev'ry Part,
From all Diſeaſes free:

It needs but crave Thy kind Support,
And o'er Life's Wave it walks unhurt.

2 Our former Thoughts we leave,
And new ones get by Grace;
The Moment we believe,
Into Faith's World we paſs:
Around us ſprings, by Goſpel Light,
A Face of Things more fair and bright.

3 Paſſions no more torment
Our Souls with bitter Strife;
To us, in Love, is ſent
Whate'er we meet in Life:
'Tis Chriſt we ſerve, and His ſure Care
Will us preſerve where'er we are.

4 We deeply pity then
Th' uneaſy Luſts that burn
The Breaſts of other Men;
But not to them return:
We nothing lack, nor look behind,
And ſcorn to ſhake with ev'ry Wind.

5 Since, Lord, we ne'er are well
But while we ſee thy Light,
Never let Fleſh or Hell
Remove it from our Sight:
Ne'er let us fall to Reas'nings blind,
Which ſo enthrall the faithleſs Mind.

XLIII.

1 HOW happy we when Guilt is gone!
This alters all our Frame:
The ſame Occaſions ſtill come on,
But we are not the ſame.
What did before afflict us much,
What gave us anxious Care,
The faithful Breaſt it cannot touch,
It can't, for Chriſt is there.

2 Call'd are we to Fatigue and Toil?
The Heart's at Reſt beneath,
Chear'd hourly, as with fragrant Oil,
By Chriſt's reviving Breath.
Are we thro' dangerous Paths to rove,
The Shades of Death to paſs?
Our Shield eternal is His Love,
Our Light his gracious Face.

3 Sick outwardly, or in Diſtreſs
We may be, 'tis confeſs'd:
But the Believer ne'ertheleſs
Will ſmile, and ſay he's bleſs'd!
The World muſt wonder, and ev'n we
Admire that ſecret Hand,
Which betwixt us and Miſery
Of ev'ry Kind doth ſtand.

XLIV.

From the German.

N° 253. v. 19.

1 HOW rich! how happy is my Soul,
That gets a new Name, Lord, from Thee?
Thou faithful Steward of the Whole,
Now let new Names imparted be.

2 Us on thy Shoulders Thou didſt bear,
With all our Sins, prodigious Load,
Their Force deſtroy, their Syſtem tear;
None ſo could love us but our God.

3 Incline the Kindneſs of Thy Heart,
Our wand'ring feeble Minds ſuſtain;
Come, Jeſu, come, nor e'er depart,
To Thee we run in all our Pain.

4 How ſhall we ſpeak our ev'ry Want?
Our Words cannot the half expreſs;
But this Thou know'ſt, for Thee we pant,
For Reſt in all our deep Diſtreſs.

5 Here in the Duſt Thy Creatures ſee,
O ſave us Jeſu, or we die;
Now may our Faith lay hold on Thee,
And on Thy Faithfulneſs rely.

6 O Love, thou bought'ſt us with Thy Blood,
Now then a hearty Pity ſhew;
If yonder Manſion be too good,
Thou haſt ſome other that will do.

7 Oh! leave not one without the Door,
Thou with Thy Father intercede!
Oh! haſten to relieve the Poor,
And for the heav'nly Drawings plead.

8 Thou didſt blow up the Gates of Death,
And Sin Thou didſt and Hell o'ercome,
Thou Conqu'ror, break our Bonds, Thy Breath
Diſperſe all Clouds, and make us Room.

9 Let us who would be led by Thee,
O ſoon let all poor Sinners hear
Thy gracious Words, *My Grace is Free,*
The Door is open, go in there.

XLV.

1 HOW rich the Grace, how great the Love,
How glorious is the Name
Of *Jeſus, Saviour, Chriſt the Lord,*
Which Angels did proclaim!

2 What Words can ſpeak his endleſs Praiſe,
What Heart can it conceive;

'Tis

'Tis Tidings good of greateſt Joy,
This, this I can believe.

3 His Office was to ſave the Loſt;
Give Sight unto the Blind;
To ſet at Liberty the Bruis'd;
There's none he'll caſt behind.

4 Look on him lifted on the Croſs,
And bleeding for your Sin:
His Side is open'd with a Spear,
Go! hide yourſelf therein.

5 His Blood will waſh out all your Stains,
And give you Peace with God;
And Joy and Happineſs moſt true,
And all Things that are good.

6 Lord, make the Deaf to hear Thy Word:
Thy Voice will raiſe the Dead,
O! let them feel Thy quick'ning Pow'r,
And make us all one Bread.

XLVI.

1 HOW ſtrange, that Thou, the mighty God,
By whom all Things were made,
That Thou ſhould'ſt take on Thee our Fleſh,
And ſuffer in our Stead:

That

That Thou ſhould'ſt live a very Man,
And feel the ſame as we,
Of Hunger, Thirſt, and Wearineſs,
Yea, Pain and Miſery.

2 That Thou ſhould'ſt do this for the Sake
Of Criminals condemn'd,
Thy Pow'r was manifeſt before,
This does thy Love commend.
Thy Love and Mercy then appear'd,
When as a Saviour kind,
Thou ſaidſt, " Man ſhall not die: for I
" A Remedy will find.

3 " I am his Surety, I will bear
" His Curſe and Puniſhment;
" I'll ſhed my Blood upon a Tree,
" Till ev'ry Drop be ſpent:
" He ſhall be mine, for I will pay
" My own Blood for his Price;
" I'll ranſom him from Death and Hell
" And all his Miſeries.

4 " Let him for *this* but come to me,
" Acknowledge what I've done,
" And what he in himſelf ſtill is,
" A ſinful helpleſs Worm:
" Then ſhall he feel and know that I
" Who on the Croſs was ſlain,
" Have done all this, and on my Throne
" A mighty God remain.

5 " That

5 " That I there ſit a Prieſt and King
" In endleſs Glory bright;
" To give my Righteouſneſs to all
" Whoſe Sins do them affright.
" O come ye Sinners, come to me,
" I gave my Blood for All,
" There is not one but I've redeem'd;
" O hear me, now I call."

6 O deareſt Saviour! I have heard
Thy pow'rful quick'ning Voice,
Thou'ſt rais'd me from the Dead, I live,
And in Thee, Lord, rejoice.
Thy Blood and Wounds each Day appear
More ſweet unto my Sight,
I'll praiſe Thy Name, confeſs Thy Word,
With all my Strength and Might.

7 But is there nothing, deareſt Lord,
Which I ſhould give to Thee?
No! for I cannot give myſelf,
Becauſe Thou haſt bought me.
I only can receive of Thine
Out of Thy endleſs Store,
Unfold Thy hidden Riches, Lord,
Still give me more and more.

XLVII.

From the German.

N° 535.

1 HOW ſweet's the Dream of her that ſleeps,
Ev'n Thee, Thou happy Bride!
When chooſing for Thy Reſt the Place,
Where thy Beloved dy'd.

2 The Bands that bound Thy Lover faſt,
Unbind Thee from Thy Pain,
His piercing Cry that ſooths Thy Soul,
And ſings to ſleep again.

3 The Nails which caus'd him ſo much Smart,
Thy heav'nly Seat make faſt;
He bears thee on His Heart, Thou Him,
Sleep on, and take thy Reſt.

4 Huſh, ſtir nor up the Friend of Chriſt,
Wake not the lovely Bride;
Some Viſion cauſeth her to ſmile,
She ſees His open Side.

XLVIII.

1 HUſband of Souls; Thy Stream of Grace
Forth from the Spring of Blood,
O'erflow us, in the Way Thou know'ſt,
Again to make all good;
What *Adam* loſt by his ſad Fall,
As far he fell from Thee;
When all his Innocence he loſt,
And his Simplicity.

2 O give us Child-like ſimple Hearts,
Our Conſcience cleanſe from Sin;
O lead us always to Thy Blood,
To make us pure within:
Deſtroy our Fancy's reſtleſs Life,
That ever flies from Thee;
Let our Ideas hallow'd be,
And full of Purity.

3 So ſhall Thy bleeding Heart rejoice,
And Thou o'er us be glad;
So ſhalt Thou ſee Thy dear Reward,
And all thy Sorrows paid:
For all the Wages Thou requir'ſt,
For all thy Smarts and Pains,
Is but thy Children to redeem,
And take away their Chains.

XLIX.

From the German.

N° 852.

1 I Am a little Child you ſee,
My Strength is little too,
But yet I fain would ſaved be;
Lord, teach me what to do.

2 My Saviour, hear; Thou for my Good
Wert pleas'd a Child to be,
And Thou didſt ſhed Thy precious Blood
Upon the Croſs for me.

3 My deareſt Saviour, tell me how
My Thankfulneſs to ſhew
For all Thy Love, before and now,
Elſe I ſhall never know.

4 I think, ſince I ſo often hear
That Thou doſt want my Heart
As Thy Reward and Purchaſe dear,
That Thou in Earneſt art.

5 Come then, and take this Heart of mine,
Come take me as I am,
I know that I by right am Thine,
Thou loving gracious Lamb.

6 Down

6 Down at Thy Feet ſtill may I bow,
Be thine, my Saviour, ſtill,
In nothing bad myſelf allow,
Nor ever ſhew Self-will.

7 But I am weak, and nothing can,
Myſelf can nothing do;
Help me, O Thou Almighty Man,
Help my Companions too.

8 Preſerve our little Hearts ſecure
From ev'ry Hurt and Stain,
Firſt make them, and then keep them pure,
And ſhut to all that's vain.

9 If early Thou would'ſt have me die,
O that no Harm would be:
Into Thy Arms I then will fly,
And ever live with Thee.

10 If thou would'ſt have me longer ſtay,
In Years and Stature grow,
Help me to ſerve Thee Night and Day,
While I am here below.

11 Then after walking in Thy Ways,
And ſerving Thee in Love,
Put a bleſt End unto my Days,
And kiſs me there above.

L.

From the German.

N° 1081.

1 I Bow before the Father's Throne;
With equal Awe before Thee fall,
Thou only firſt-begotten Son,
Appointed Lord and Heir of all!
Appointed, ſince Thy bloody Fight,
To call and draw the Sons of Men,
Thy Property by juſteſt Right,
Since bought with Agony and Pain.

2 To Thy great Majeſty be Praiſe,
Which ſuffer'd ſuch a Wretch to be,
And help'd me, thro' attracting Grace,
The Father's loving Heart to ſee:
Which for ſo many Years my Heart
With Cords of Love unwearied drew,
And now, by ev'ry Way and Art,
Strives to compleat the Creature New.

3 Thanks for all this, Eternal Friend,
And for all that which I forget,
And all I cannot comprehend;
For Thou'rt unfathomably great.

When

When I Thy Love aſtoniſh'd ſee,
What Lengths, Breadths, Depths, and Heights
ariſe:
Eternity, Immenſity,
Theſe are its only Boundaries.

LI.

1 JESU, each blind trembling Soul
Let Thy ſoft Voice perſuade,
In all Diſtreſs to come to Thee
We need not be afraid.

2 Is Sin our Grief? whatever Sin,
(No Difference it makes:)
'Tis all forgiven thro' that Blood
Thou ſpilledſt for our Sakes.

3 Is Unbelief the Thing we feel?
(Above all Vice accurſt:)
Yet when Thou diedſt for all Sins,
Thou didſt include the worſt.

4 Have we (which bitter is indeed)
Forſook thy Love when known?
Yet Thou a gentle Maſter art,
Nor wilt the Weak diſown.

5 Are we o'erwhelm'd with Thought and
Care,
Hath Sorrow ſeiz'd our Breaſt?

Tho'

Tho' 'tis a Shame it ſhould be ſo,
Yet thou wilt give us Reſt.

6 Are we uncertain what's the Caſe,
But feel we are not right?
We need but leave our Heart to Thee,
Be ſimple in Thy Sight.

7 See we ſometimes, that in ourſelves
There dwelleth no good Thing?
Yet ſtill Thy Body on the Croſs
Did full Salvation bring.

LII.

From the German.

Nº 60.

1 JESUS! all Praiſe is due to Thee,
That Thou wert pleas'd a Man to be,
A Virgin's Womb Thou didſt not ſcorn,
And Angels ſhout to ſee Thee born.
Hallelujah.

2 Th' eternal Father's only Son
Takes up a Manger for his Throne.
The everlaſting Sov'reign Good
Aſſumes our feeble Fleſh and Blood.
Hallelujah.

3 Whom

3 Whom Earth could not contain, nor Skies,
He on a Woman's Lap now lies,
He who the World's Foundation laid
Is now a little Infant made.
Hallelujah.

4 The Son, th'Almighty God confeſs'd,
In his own World becomes a Gueſt;
And therefore poor on Earth He came,
That we might all his Riches claim.
Hallelujah.

5 The everlaſting Light we view
Giving the World a Luſtre new,
His Beams diſpel the dusky Night,
And make us Children of the Light.
Hallelujah.

6 For us theſe Wonders hath he wrought,
To ſhew his Love ſurpaſſing Thought,
For *this* we all will joyful be
And thank him thro' Eternity.
Hallelujah.

LIII.

JESU, knit all our Hearts to Thee,
And join us all in one;
And in our Meetings ev'ry where
Be Thou our Aim alone.

Be

Be Thou ſole Monarch of our Hearts;
May we, as Sinners, lie
Low at the Feet of Thee, my Lamb,
To all Eternity.

LIV.

From the German.

N° 97.

1 JESU, my Light and ſure Defence,
My Life, my Joy, my Confidence,
Thy bloody Sweat my Cordial be,
Thy Bonds procure my Liberty.

2 The Strokes upon Thy Back and Face
My Scars and Marks of Sin eraſe,
Thy Shame, Reproach and thorny Crown,
Theſe be my Glory and Renown.

3 Thy parching Thirſt and Cup of Gall
Refreſh me when I faint or fall;
Thy loud and agonizing Cry
My Paſs-port be whene'er I die.

4 Thy five dear Wounds torn wide for me
* My Rock-holes and my Refuge be,
Where like a Dove I may withdraw
Safe from the helliſh Vulture's Claw.

* Iſaiah ii. 19. Rev. vi. 15.

LV.

LV.

From the German.

N° 973.

1 JESU, our glorious Head and Chief,
Sweet Object of our Hearts Belief,
O let us in Thy Nail-holes ſee
Our Pardon and Election free;
And in the Op'ning of our pierced Side,
Freely go in, and out, and feed, and hide!

2 This Thing a Wonder may be ſtil'd:
Firſt it ſeems eaſy for a Child,
Which yet a Hero can't atchieve,
And dies before he can believe:
'Tis the top-art of thoſe around the Throne,
'Tis that whereby the little Flock is known.

3 While human Nature ſhall remain,
While Jeſus Lord and Chriſt ſhall reign;
So long will *this* unvaried go
For the whole Goſpel's A and O*:
The Wiſdom this which only doth excel;
Children of Wiſdom all! you know it well.

* A and O ſtand for Alpha and Omega, the firſt and
letter in the Greek Alphabet, and ſignifies here the
and Subſtance of the Goſpel.

4 And now, dear Lord, I Thee intreat,
(Thy Child that twines around Thy Feet,
That can't without Thee live an Hour,
Thee, my Soul's Husband, Rock and Tow'r:
Whom above all Things, ev'n myself, I love)
O let me in this Language still improve!

5 What tho' my Lips were stiff and dry;
The Spirit but his Breath supply,
(Who speaks before the glorious Throne
In Thunder's and in Trumpet's Tone,
And from the Altar gives the living Coal)
Words will flow easy, such as fire the Soul.

6 I speak then, who will lend an Ear;
Who is o'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear;
And feels how deep Sin's Rust eats in,
And that he's nothing else but Sin
Which way to turn or move, can no way tell?
Let such but hear, the Thing will turn out well.

7 But he who from his Infant State
With Check perhaps has never met,
What Flesh and Blood is can't decide,
Scarce knows what Av'rice means, or Pride,
Can from himself in all Things find Relief:
He's an unhappy Man, both blind and deaf.

8 Praise to the Book of Life we yield;
At first by *Moses'* Veil conceal'd,
Made

Made fast and sure with seven Seals,
Till first one to the Lamb appeals;
The Lamb, whom all the Sinner's Friend confess,
But the sworn Foe of Self-wrought Righteousness.

9 The Word portray'd upon the Wood
Beams forth Love's fiery Rays in Blood;
That is: Here hangs *Immanuel*,
The Opposite of Hazazel *.
Nature starts back, condemns the Fancy odd;
Confirms it with an Oath th' Immortal God:

10 *Sure as I live!* proclaims the Lord;
(A fix'd Amen, whose ev'ry Word,
Whose Word and Work together stand,
By speaking, working his Command,
Who ne'er repents him of his firm Decree)
Thou shalt, my Son, a Priest for ever be.

11 He comes, the only Son of God,
And tells wherein his Priesthood stood;
Saith he, *The Father loves the Son,*
Because his Life he layeth down,
To save, as was decreed, the human Race,
And bring in everlasting Righteousness.

12 The Words rise glaring to our View,
And each Believer feels them true;

* Hebrew for the Scape-Goat.

Feels, that for him the Lamb of God
Shed on the Croſs his precious Blood.
Of little Uſe all Proofs, all Means beſide,
The Chriſtian he, who feels that Chriſt has dy'd.

13 When any, thro' a Beam of Light,
Can ſee and own they are not right,
But enter on a Legal Strife,
Amend their former Courſe of Life,
And work, and toil, and ſweat from Day to Day;
Such to their Saviour quite miſtake the way.

14 But when a poor awaken'd Heart
Ev'n turns and winds with inward Smart,
Sin's horrid Nature well perceives,
That it can nothing do believes,
Longs to be ſav'd, deſpairs of Self-relief;
He hardly turns, but Chriſt demands his Grief.

15 How are you? O! I am far from well,
All in my Blood deſerving Hell.
Then ſpeaks the Friend of Souls: 'My Son,
There take thy Abſolution;
Believe and ſtand upright, my Robe put on,
Keep thy Eye fix'd on me, rejoice and run.'

16 The Soul receives a Spirit new,
And does as Jeſus bids her do:

To

To him she stedfast looks, believes,
And feels the mighty Life he gives;
She stands upright, accepts the Robe divine,
Cries, I am Thine, my Love, and Thou art mine.

17 A Sinking, Shame, and Pow'r divine,
At once in sweet Communion join:
They root themselves within the Heart,
United never more to part:
No more for Want of Strength good Motions die,
These Graces meet with constant Victory.

18 The Soul at first a Calm enjoys,
Then feasts, and next to Action flies,
Where Faith's unconquerable Might
Undaunted meets its glorious Fight;
She works, and after all her Work is o'er
Most commonly she thinks of it no more.

19 But should unseemly Joy take Place
When she reviews her Work of Grace,
Immediately comes holy Shame,
Presents so many Faults by Name;
Blushing, she turns to Jesu's blood and sweat,
Thanks God whene'er she can herself forget.

20 And now in ev'ry Time and Place,
The faithful Soul ev'n gasps for Grace;
Considers ev'ry Night and Day,

How ſhe may true Obedience pay
To him who made her free from Death and Hell,
And deſtin'd her in bliſsful Realms to dwell.

21 Lord! did Thy witneſs-bearing Cloud *
But whiſper, and not thunder loud,
The Reaſon would more plain appear,
Why many ſtill nor ſee, nor hear;
But Wonder ceaſe! ſince each at home may find,
That Men, by Nature, are both deaf and blind.

22 At Jeſu's Word each Witneſs flies
To open all the blinded Eyes;
And when we call, the Lord is near,
Cries Epphatha! the Deaf can hear;
No longer is the Goſpel preach'd in vain,
No longer does the Lamb un-ey'd remain.

23 We the Lamb's happy Subjects are;
And ſimply we our Gifts declare,
Which he to us vile Duſt imparts,
Since his Love's Dart has reach'd our Hearts;
We fain would ſee whole Troops from ev'ry Land
Plac'd on the Right among the Bleſſed ſtand.

24 The

* Hebrews xii. 1.

24 The Lord himſelf gives forth the Word,
We preach moſt gladly Chriſt the Lord;
O Thou our glorious Head and Chief,
Give each who hears us, true Belief;
May our Call pierce thro' ev'ry Heart and Ear,
And when we point Thee out, do Thou appear.

LVI.

1 JESU, that gentle Touch of Thine
Which doth our Souls to Thee incline,
Which makes us taſte how good Thou art,
And ſoftens and inſtructs the Heart:
A Gift of how great worth is this?
'Tis a ſmall Thread that leads to Bliſs;
Its Drawings may we ſtill attend,
And meekly follow to the End.

2 Wretched the Man who turns away,
And will not with his Saviour ſtay;
As wretched he who ſtrait grows proud
For inward Sweetneſs once beſtow'd.
They ſhall be built as living Stones
On Chriſt the Rock, and only they
Who cleave to Him as little Ones,
And ſilent wait, and ſoon obey.

LVII.

1 JESU, Thou art the only Good,
Which can my needy Soul ſuſtain;
Fill all its Wants with that dear Blood,
Which trickled forth from ev'ry Vein
Of Thine, my Lamb, when on the Croſs
Thou didſt endure ſuch grievous Smart,
Such Pain, ſuch bitter Agonies,
To gain my ſinful worthleſs Heart.

2 To Thee then I myſelf reſign,
Amaz'd at this ſo boundleſs Grace,
Which doth extend to ev'ry Soul
Of *Adam*'s fallen helpleſs Race:
Reſtoring each who does believe
Unto his Heav'n, by Chriſt regain'd,
That he his Life henceforth may live
To Him who daily proves his Friend.

3 We all are Thine, ſince Thou haſt died!
Therefore, ye Fears and Terrors ceaſe:
Jeſus the Morning Star appears,
And bids my troubled Soul be Peace;
Which long hath ſunk beneath the Load
Of Reas'ning, Unbelief and Pride;
At laſt the uſeleſs Strife gives o'er,
And cleaves to Jeſus crucified.

4 Grant

4 Grant me a deeper Hold on Thee,
That at Thy Feet I may remain
A poor believing Suppliant,
Still glorying in thy Jeſus-name;
The Pow'r of which whoever feels,
Will find himſelf from Sin ſet free,
And all Things which could e'er cauſe Pain
In Time or in Eternity.

LVIII.

1 JESU, Thou Sinner-loving Lord,
Fullneſs of Life, and Peace divine!
Touch with thy chearing, quick'ning Word,
This cold, this lifeleſs Heart of mine;
Speak from Thy bleſs'd Abode above,
O'ercome and melt me into Love.

2 I'm full of Fears, and Hopes, and Care,
(Amazements of the Curs'd below)
The dark'ning Cloud would breed Deſpair;
It intercepts thy chearing Brow:
But come and ſhed abroad Thy Light,
Come break the thick *Ægyptian* Night.

3 I own I am a Sinner vile:
From Unbelief is all my Smart;
But ah! chaſtiſe me with a Smile,
And holy Shame ſhall warm my Heart;
Again will I in Tranſport ſweet
Adore Thy Wounds, and kiſs Thy Feet.

4 Give

4 Give me a little While to lean
My troubled Head upon Thy Breaſt;
There will I learn to love again,
And loſe my Cares, and find my Reſt:
'Tis only there my Wants will ceaſe,
The Port of Bliſs, the Sphere of Peace.

5 *Thence* will I wonder at my Fears,
And bleſs and own the Lord my Chief;
I'll bleſs Thee with a thouſand Tears,
And hate this ſullen Unbelief:
Thence will I learn to doubt no more,
But truſt thy Love, and wait thy Pow'r.

LIX.

From the German. Translated by Dr Kinchin not long before his death.

1 I Pant for Mercy free:
Yes, I ſhould weep a Sea,
Did I not Jeſus know,
Who gave himſelf for me
Up to the Traitor ſo,
And to the Judge ſevere,
And to the Croſs and Spear,
And to the Sepulchre.

2 O my Immanuel,
My Soul come bleſs and heal;
She ſcarce can ſhew her Face,
She can't her Grief conceal,

For

For ah! ſhe's in Diſgrace,
My Lamb, the Cauſe is this,
Thou bled'ſt to buy her Bliſs,
And ſhe unfaithful is.

3 Were others ſerv'd like Thee,
Whoever they might be,
And in whatever Land,
Their Rage I ſoon ſhould ſee,
I ſoon ſhould feel their Hand:
But this affords me Pain,
The Lamb will not complain,
Will not reply again.

4 Should all the patient Love
In heav'nly Breaſts above,
And all Mankind below,
At Once united prove,
In one Heart meet and grow;
His Patience, O my Friends,
Far beyond this extends,
Far wide and never ends.

5 Love is his Nature ſtill,
Faithful his Heart and Will.
I am his helpleſs Worm,
Whereon he ſhews his Skill;
I cannot ought perform,
But only quiet reſt,
Look to his loving Breaſt,
And let him do what's beſt.

6 Who would not think to ſee
Pure Wonders now from me?
What fineſt Fruits ſhould yield
T' adorn his Grace ſo free,
My Heart's well-water'd Field?
Alas! what ſhall I ſay?
Haſte, reach a Leaf, I pray?
I ſink for Shame away.

7 Myſelf what, juſtify!
That can I not, I cry,
Or to the Father ſay,
Faithful and true am I:
Complains the Fiend alway,
That I no Service do,
Herein I join him too,
Thou Lamb canſt not do ſo!

8 However, deareſt Lamb,
Thou leav'ſt me not in Shame;
I am Thy Fleſh and Bone,
Who weak and helpleſs am,
Yet fain would 'bide thy own;
Who for the World didſt pray,
And for thy Flock each Day,
For me Thou know'ſt a Way.

9 Accus'd I ſurely am,
In this and that to blame,
In more than I can gueſs:
Stands in the Gap the Lamb,

And

And helps me in Diſtreſs,
O give me gracious Son,
Before thy glorious Throne,
Free Abſolution.

10 Jehovah, Bridegroom dear,
Behold me guilty here,
Knowing the Shame ſo great
(To thee 'tis likewiſe clear)
Brought on our married State;
And here I have no Veil,
Yet hath my Soul Thy Seal,
O my Immanuel.

11 O my Immanuel!
My Soul come bleſs and heal,
With Grace anoint it o'er,
Thy Oil of Joy reveal;
Say to me Inſect poor,
All thy Reproach is mine,
And all my Merit's thine,
How glorious ſhalt Thou ſhine!

12 All this, Lamb, I believe!
There there my Shame receive,
Impart Thy Peace to me,
To work thy Power give,
Then tir'd I ſhall not be:
Amen! how true is this,
I am becauſe He is,
And he is Love's Abyſs.

LX.

1 IS there a Thing beneath the Sky,
Can Comfort give or ſatisfy,
But my dear Saviour's Wounds?
There is a ſweet and conſtant Peace,
A Treaſure hid of richeſt Grace,
All elſe are empty Sounds.

2 Yet ſink, my Soul, fall down with Shame
Before his Face, who only came
To ſuffer, bleed and die;
O think upon thy Sin and Guilt,
For which his gracious Blood was ſpilt,
Thou didſt him crucify.

3 See, thou vile Piece of ſinful Duſt,
Thy deareſt Lord ſweat for thy Luſt,
Till Drops of Blood fall down;
See who it is lies proſtrate there,
Hear his thrice utter'd mournful Pray'r,
Mark ev'ry Sigh and Groan.

4 I'm loſt in Wonder and Amaze,
Here I'll abide and melt and gaze,
'Tis God's beloved Son!
How heavy is that Weight he bears,
His Soul's oppreſs'd with Grief and Fears,
The bitter Cup comes on.

5 Lord, doſt Thou ſuffer thus for me?
Doſt Thou feel all this Miſery,

To give me Life and Peace?
Then will I bear this on my Heart,
My all is purchas'd with Thy Smart,
Thy Blood ſigns my Releaſe.

6 But ſee thy Lord dragg'd like a Thief,
For thee he bore this Shame and Grief,
Scorns, Buffetings, and Stripes:
See him nail'd to the Croſs's Wood,
Deſpis'd by Man, and bath'd in Blood
Thy Debt away this wipes.

7 Yet look again, and thou ſhalt ſee
O'er Death he's got the Victory,
And ſtands at God's Right-hand,
A Prieſt for ever to remain,
The Lamb from everlaſting ſlain,
His Kingdom faſt ſhall ſtand.

8 Behold in Heav'n all bow the Knee
To him who hung upon the Tree,
And Adoration pay:
Then, O my Soul, do thou aſpire
In Heart and Soul to join this Choir,
And thy dear Lord obey.

LXI.

From the German.

N° 1197.

1 I Thirſt, Thy wounded Lamb of God,
To waſh me in Thy cleanſing Blood;

To dwell within Thy Wounds; then Pain
Is ſweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

2 Take my poor Heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but Thee!
Seal Thou my Breaſt, and let me wear
That Pledge of Love for ever there.

3 How bleſt are they, who ſtill abide
Cloſe ſhelter'd in Thy bleeding Side!
Who Life and Strength from Thee derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live!

4 What are our Works but Sin and Death,
Till Thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe!
Thou giv'ſt the Pow'r Thy Grace to move,
O wondrous Grace! O boundleſs Love!

5 How can it be, Thou heav'nly King,
That Thou ſhould'ſt us to Glory bring!
Make Slaves the Partners of Thy Throne,
Deck'd with a never fading Crown!

6 Hence our Hearts melt, our Eyes o'erflow,
Our Words are loſt, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of ought beſide,
My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd.

7 Ah Lord! enlarge our ſcanty Thought,
To know the Wonders Thou has wrought!
Unlooſe our ſtamm'ring Tongue to tell
Thy Love, immenſe, unſearchable.

8 Firſt-

8 First-born of many Brethren Thou,
To Thee, lo! all our Souls we bow;
To Thee our Hearts and Hands we give,
Thine may we die, Thine may we live.

LXII.

1 I'VE thought, and thought, and thought again,
Still did my Thoughts to nothing come,
Till wearied I cried out for Grace;
And then the Saviour took me Home.

2 Now safe He hides me in his Wounds,
And nurses me because I'm poor,
With Reas'ning dark and dismal Thoughts
I need perplex myself no more.

3 Lead me each Day, for Lord Thou know'st
I long to be ev'n as Thou art;
For since I've tasted Thy Free-Grace,
I can't but love Thee in my Heart.

4 I'll make a Cov'nant then with Thee,
Never to be dissolv'd again;
Thy poor Child I will always be,
And Thou my Father shalt remain.

3 And when at any Time I stray,
Or Satan would my Soul assail,
Unto Thy Blood and Wounds I'll flee,
That Refuge which can never fail.

LXIII.

From the German.

Nº 1249.

1 KNow ye, how redeeming Grace
Saw us late in deep Disgrace,
In th' Extremity of Fear?
Then did Jesu's Blood appear——
Jesus purg'd our Guilt away——
This was done as Yesterday;
Now we're taken to his Heart,
Booties of his dying Smart.

2 Bleeding Mediator, Thou!
Did I always prostrate bow,
Did I bath with Tears Thy Feet,
Kiss them oft with Kisses sweet,
For Thy free electing Grace,
I should ne'er the Debt erase:
Seize me as Thy Purchase due,
And a thousand others too.

LXIV.

From the German.

1 LAmb, Lamb, O Lamb,
With Eyes of Flame,

So

So throughly prov'd,
So griev'd, and yet ſo lov'd!
My Heart's not mine, not mine;
'Tis Thine,
My Lamb once ſlain,
Thy Croſs, Thy Pain,
Thy Blood, Thy Toil,
Have claim'd it for their Spoil.

2 Thy bloody Sweat,
Which with ſuch Heat
Did from Thee flow,
Bedew'd the Earth below:
Each Drop of which warm Flood
Of Blood,
Each Curſe hath drown'd,
That can be found
In all God's Book,
And to us Vengeance ſpoke.

3 Be that my Guide,
Thro' a World wide,
Where Chriſt is nam'd,
Yet in the Heart blaſphem'd!
Thou deareſt, ſweeteſt Heart,
What Smart
Goes thro' the Whole
Of th' inmoſt Soul,
When one conceives
How that the Saviour grieves?

4 The Spirit pure,
That Teacher ſure,
The Lamb reveres,
And inwardly declares;
His ſure Light makes appear
Moſt clear,
What in Heav'ns Book
For Sin is took:
And ſays in brief,
The Sin is Unbelief.

5 The Lamb's ſweet Art
Hath won my Heart;
His Voice I prov'd,
I bow'd, believ'd, and lov'd.
John pointed out the Lamb
That came;
There, there he is——
The Sp'rit ſays, Yes——
The Soul's in Fear——
Then Jeſu's Self draws near.

6 The piercing Look,
That deeply ſtruck
Poor *Peter*'s Heart,
That ſhews Thee what Thou art;
The poor Soul owns its Caſe,
Says Yes——
It knows not how
To think or do,

Is loſt, it cries,
But this the Lamb denies;

7 Who, kind and mild,
Says, "Poor dear Child,
I have once died;
To thee Death's miſapply'd:
Now dies no Man of Courſe,
Or Force;
Who will not live,
Who will me grieve——
Why — they muſt die:
Such their own Wills deſtroy."

8 Let the World hear!
God's Son and Heir,
Who to us came,
And for us bore the Blame,
And truly thirty Year
Liv'd here,
Deſpis'd and mean,
And then was ſlain:
The Ranſom He
For all the World and me.

9 Thereby I'll ſtand
With Life in Hand:
Me Help afford
To bear this Witneſs, Lord;
That many may embrace
This Grace;

And this good News
Will we diffuſe
In ev'ry Land,
The Lord will by us ſtand.

LXV.

1 LAmb, Lamb, Thou ſlaughter'd worthy Lamb!
Thou Saviour! Jeſus is Thy Name,
Th' anointed Son of God:
Anointed to redeem loſt Man,
To ſwallow up both Sin and Pain
By ſhedding of Thy Blood.

2 Thou art our great High-prieſt indeed,
Thou didſt for us poor Sinners bleed
When on Mount *Calvary*;
'Twas there Thou mad'ſt a Way for all
Who Sinners were thro' *Adam*'s Fall,
A Way to come to Thee.

3 No other Way there is but this
To endleſs Happineſs and Bliſs;
No other, but Thy Death:
On that then may all meditate,
And patiently, as Sinners, wait,
Till Thou Thy Spirit breathe.

4 Lord, we are Thine, ſince Thou haſt died,
And for our Sins haſt ſatisfy'd,

When

When on the ſhameful Croſs:
To Thee then only may we live,
And our whole Hearts up to Thee give,
And count all elſe but Loſs.

LXVI.

1 LAmb, what Wonders haſt Thou wrought?
Thou haſt Sinners dearly bought:
Helpleſs, vile, and thankleſs we,
We have Right to come to Thee.

2 Doom'd by Law to endleſs Pains,
Captive held by thouſand Chains,
Lamb! one Thing has brought us thro';
'Twas Thy being ſlaughter'd ſo.

3 Who then would not come to Thee?
Who need fear he loſt ſhould be?
Ev'ry one that comes Thou tak'ſt,
Ev'ry Yoke and Chain thou break'ſt.

4 Sin and Mis'ry, Guilt and Fear,
Stop Thee not, but bring Thee near:
Go, ye Sinners; this I know,
I have—ye may find it ſo.

5 O that all my Words would hear,
O would Sinners lend an Ear
Would they go, they all would find
That He caſteth none behind.

6 He will ne'er reproach a Heart,
Has it much or little Smart:
He each Soul will welcome Home,
Say, "My Sinner, art thou come?

7 "I have waited long for thee,
"Wish'd, and that most earnestly,
"That thou knew'st what I had done,
"What I bore for thee, my Son.

8 "How my Smart and all my Blood
"Thee have reconcil'd to God;
"This I wish'd that some would tell,
"This I knew would make Thee well.

9 "Bring thy Sin, thy Guilt and Fear:
"See my Side, come hide thee here;
"Sprinkle with My Blood thy Heart,
"Then the Slayer must depart.

10 "Henceforth keep thy Eye on Me,
"Thou shalt ne'er forsaken be;
"I for thee have shed My Blood,
"Should I keep back other Good?

11 Who can tell how much He'll say
Talking with us Night and Day?
Do not think it is not true,
This He even means for you.

12 O that all my Words would hear,
O that all would lend an Ear!
Ev'ry Soul that tries, will find
That He casteth none behind.

LXVII.

1 LAMB, Lamb, O Lamb, my Sacrifice!
My Heart delights to worſhip Thee,
Since by the Gift of Faith I know,
Thou waſt made *Man* to die for *me*.

2 Thou Lamb, haſt broke the Chains of Sin,
Captive haſt led Captivity;
And Satan now muſt trembling own,
I'm Thine, becauſe Thou diedſt for me.

3 Now when my Sins appear, and I
My Heart in its worſt Light do ſee;
I own 'tis true, and thank the Lamb,
That could vouchſafe to die for me.

4 From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame,
How does he watch to keep me free?
O none can think the tender Care
Of that dear Lamb, who dy'd for me.

5 Whether the World goes right or wrong,
Whate'er my Circumſtances be,
Where'er I'm ſent, or move, or turn:
I find the Lamb, who dy'd for me.

6 When I would ask for any Thing
I want, I have no other Plea,
But, *Abba*, Father, give me this,
Becauſe the Lamb hath dy'd for me.

7 When to the Gates of Death I come,
This ſhall alone my Paſſport be,
And Death muſt let me go, becauſe
He knows the Lamb hath dy'd for me.

8 Can any find the ſmalleſt Curſe,
Or Debt, from which I am not free?
No, there's not one: For all was paid,
And finiſh'd, when he dy'd for me.

9 Should I be ask'd, how long ſhalt Thou
Enjoy this Happineſs? I'll ſay;
While poor in Spirit I remain,
He'll let me know he dy'd for me.

10 Perhaps this Truth may fail? No, No,
When Heav'n and Earth away ſhall flee,
It ſtands ſecure upon his Word
And Oath, that he has dy'd for me.

11 Or ſhould one ask, Can no one elſe
Have Part in this great Myſtery?
Yes, all, the worſt, without Reſpect,
Have Right to ſay, He dy'd for me.

12 For the Confuſion, Fear and Sin,
Yea, and the World's whole Miſery,
Comes all from this, they don't believe
In Him who dy'd for them and me.

13 What Love is this, my deareſt Lamb?
I'll ſerve no other Lord but Thee;
It is but right that I ſhould live
To Thee, when Thou haſt dy'd for me.

14 And

14 And while the heav'nly Choir *above*,
Praiſe Thee with ſweeteſt Harmony,
My Heart with all the Strength it has,
Shall ſing *below*, Thou dieds't for me.

LXVIII.

From the German.

N°. 1456.

1 LAmb! Lamb! O Lamb! ſo greatly try'd,
So griev'd and yet ſo lov'd,
My Heart's no longer mine, no, no;
'Tis now the Lamb's approv'd;
The Standard Croſs, the ſtreaming Wounds
Have claim'd it for their own;
The Wages now, the due Reward
Of Jeſu's Blood alone.

2 The Blood ſweat which with glowing warmth
Down from Thy Body flow'd,
Bedew'd the Earth; and ev'ry Curſe
In all the Book of God,
(That o'er the guilty Head of Man
Did fi'ry Wrath diſplay)
This healing Stream, with ev'ry Drop,
For ever waſh'd away.

3 May that bleſs'd Stream, thro' ſuch a World
Up-bear me ſafe along,
Where Jeſus dwells not in the Heart,

Tho' frequent on the Tongue;
O lovely Jeſu! what fierce Smart
Darts quick thro' Fleſh and Bone,
When I reflect, how ſore *that* makes
My Jeſus bleed and groan.

4 The holy Teacher-Sp'rit, whoſe Light
Convicts the World of Sin,
The ſame does Honour to the Lamb,
And paints him bright within:
His bleſſed Mouth ſhews what Sin is,
And ſays in full and brief:
" Not *to believe in Chriſt* is Sin,
" The Sin is *Unbelief*.

5 That, that's the Man, who with ſweet Force
Has ſtol'n my Heart away;
He ſhone ſo clearly in my Soul,
I could not but obey;
John pointed out th' incarnate Lamb,
And cry'd, Behold Him there,
Yes, ſays the Spirit, no, the Soul,
Till Jeſus Self draws near.

6 That piercing Jeſu's-look, which once
Was *Peter*'s happy Caſe,
That ſhews thee ſoon, how vile thou art,
The poor Soul ſinks, ſays yes;
And knows not, what to think or do,
Gives itſelf up for loſt;

But

But then, that it might ne'er be ſo,
The Lamb His Blood it coſt.

7 Who ſtraitway ſays: Thou poor dear Child,
I have already dy'd,
Death has no Buſineſs now with thee,
Come hide Thee in my Side:
For ſince I dy'd, thro' Need or muſt
No Son of *Adam* dies;
Who yet will die, and grieve my Heart,
Such their own Will deſtroys.

8 Hear, World! the Hero-Lamb of God,
Who came and ſojourn'd here,
Freely took all upon himſelf,
And liv'd ſome thirty Year,
Deſpis'd indeed, and poor and mean,
And on a Croſs was ſlain;
He's the Redemption-Ranſom-Price,
For me and ev'ry Man.

9 By this I ſtand, for this great Truth
I'll venture Life and Blood;
Stand by me, ſtrengthen me, my God!
To make this Witneſs good;
Help me to bring ten thouſand Souls,
The ſame free Grace to feel:
Henceforth I'll preach it more and more,
The Lamb will ſet his Seal.

LXIX.

1 LOng I ſtrove my God to love,
Long I ſtrove his Laws to keep,
Fain would fix my Thoughts above,
Hop'd at leaſt I was his Sheep;
But my ſtriving all prov'd vain,
Still I found my Heart in Pain,
Yet my Vileneſs never ſaw,
'Till declar'd accurs'd by Law †.

2 Then with Senſe of Guilt oppreſs'd
All my Soul was ſunk in Fear,
Pain and Anguiſh fill'd my Breaſt;
Then did Jeſus Chriſt appear;
Not with Vengeance in his Eyes,
No, but as a Sacrifice
Acceptable unto God;
Glorious Off'ring! precious Blood!

3 He was offer'd on the Tree,
Jeſus, the unſpotted Lamb:
Worthy Truth, great Myſtery!
By his Blood Salvation came.
By his Stripes my Wounds are heal'd,
By His Death God's Love's reveal'd;
We once Strangers far from God
Are brought nigh by Jeſu's Blood.

4 Source

† Rom. vii. 9. Gal. iii. 10.

4 Source of Hope, Lamb's precious Blood,
Fain would I Thy Praiſes ſing!
Juſtify'd by Thee 'fore God,
Thro' Thee made a Prieſt and King.
Other Thing I know of none
That can for our Sins attone,
Only Jeſu's precious Blood;
Therefore That's my chiefeſt Good.

5 Now no more I ſtrive in vain:
Jeſu's Love hath won my Heart;
Fix'd my Thoughts, and free from Pain,
In his Death I have a Part;
Prais'd for ever be the Lamb!
He for me has bore the Blame;
Prais'd for ever be that Blood
Which has brought me near to God.

LXX.

1 LOOK up, my Soul, and ſee thy God
Nail'd bleeding on the Tree,
Proclaim his Grace, and praiſe his Love,
Which brought him there for thee.

2 Behold his pierced Hands and Feet,
His Body ſtain'd with Blood;
The Thorns, which crown'd his ſacred Head,
Increas'd the crimſon Flood:

3 Thoſe Wounds, and Bruiſes, Blows, and Stripes
He ſuffer'd in thy Stead,

With

With all thoſe Scorns and taunting Jeers
Were giv'n him whilſt he bled.

4 What Pain and Sorrow, Cries and Tears,
What bitter Agony
Did he endure, to ſet me free
From endleſs Miſery.

5 Here by the Croſs then will I ſtay,
Since this was done for me;
I'll look and look and look again,
Till my whole Heart loves Thee.

6 The Blood which from Thy Wounds does flow
More Life and Strength will give;
Still give me Lord more Thee to know,
I gladly would receive.

7 Yet tho' I am ſo poor and weak,
I know that I am Thine;
My gracious Saviour and my God,
How rich Thy Grace does ſhine.

8 Thou haſt perform'd Thy Promiſe, Lord,
Thou haſt ſought after me,
And brought me Home, a wand'ring Sheep,
Thy Mercy for to ſee.

9 Thou haſt reveal'd the Myſtery
Of Thy atoning Blood,
Which from Thy Wounds in Streams did run,
When hanging on the Wood.

10 Therefore, my deareſt Lord, I come,
And fall down at Thy Feet;

Here

Here will I ſtay and praiſe Thy Name,
And taſte Thy Love ſo ſweet.

11 Weak or in Pain to Thee I'll come,
And look upon Thy Wounds,
Tell Thee my Wants, and ask Thy Help,
Whoſe Mercy knows no Bounds.

12 Thou art my Refuge and my Strength,
My Confidence and Tow'r;
Thy Blood appears for my Defence
In ev'ry weakeſt Hour.

LXXI.

1 LOok on me, Lord, till I do weep,
I am Thy poor and helpleſs Sheep:
Behold my cold and frozen Heart,
It is ſo cold it gives me Smart.

2 It gives me Pain and Shame, my God,
That I can know; Thy precious Blood
In tender Love was ſhed for me,
And my hard Heart not ſoften'd be.

3 O Thou, with flaming Eyes of Fire,
My poor cold Heart with Warmth inſpire;
Pierce thro' and thro' with Thy bright Beams,
Then let Thy Blood flow there in Streams.

4 That Blood, which all Things can ſubdue,
Will make me faithful prove and true,
And fill my Heart with Love to Thee,
Who haſt ſo greatly loved me.

5 O Lord, I ask, I ſeek, I knock,
Thou canſt not Thy poor Creature mock;
Thy Word is paſt and cannot fail,
Here will I wait till I prevail.

6 O let Thy Spirit ſtay with me,
To groan and ſpeak my Wants to Thee,
Still let it ſhew my ev'ry Need,
And that in Thee I'm help'd indeed.

7 This is my Suit to Thee, O Lord,
And Thou wilt all this Suit afford,
Thou wilt give more than I can think,
For Thou has brought me from Hell's Brink.

8 For Thou, great Saviour, King of Kings,
Whoſe Grace Thy Church with Praiſes ſings,
Haſt paid my Ranſom with Thy Blood,
Made me an Heir and Child of God.

LXXII.

Fom the German.

N°. 1485. v. 6.

1 LORD Chriſt, Thy Blood ſo ſhed,
Thy Nail-holes (ſee how red!)
Thy pierc'd, Thy through-bor'd Side,
Thy Sweat in Thy deep Need,
Secure and keep Thy Bride,
Till Thy Day ſhall ſhine,
Bleeding King of Thine!

LXXI I.

1 LORD, I fain would happy be,
Therefore 'tis I come to Thee:
Many Thou haſt happy made
By thy Blood and gracious Aid.

2 Theſe on Thee have caſt their Care,
Mild as little Babes they are;
Thou doſt ſhew them what is beſt,
And thy Love does warm their Breaſt.

3 Lord with me it is not ſo,
Still I feel an inward Woe:
Are Believers happy Men?
Make me a Believer then.

4 'Tis not that I'm ſo devout,
Piouſly to ſeek Thee out;
'Tis not that I love Thee, Lord,
(Much I have thy Blood abhorr'd.)

5 But poor Wretch 'tis this I want,
Weary as I am and faint,
In Thy Mercy to poſſeſs
Now and ever perfect Peace.

LXXIV.

From the German.

N°. 1287. v. 5.

LORD. in this preſent Hour of Grace,
Do Thou in Mercy freely grant:
What in thy Kingdom has no Place,
What ſtrengthens not our Covenant,
Whate'er may hinder thy Deſign,
What becomes not a Child of Grace,
What makes us not more nearly Thine;
That do Thou utterly eraſe.

LXXV.

From the German.

N°. 1167. v. 8. 9.

1 MAKE thyſelf ready, O thou bleeding Love,
And let a double Zeal amongſt us move:
That for Thy Service we may all reſign,
And throughout all the World be only thine.

2 To thoſe, who now as Pilgrims are employ'd,
And publiſh, how thy Death hath Sin deſtroy'd,

Give

Give Strength to fight, and ſuccour when
they fall;
Yea, let ten thouſand Angels guard them
all.

LXXVI.

From the German.

N°. 1076. v. 2.

MAny, who under Sin were ſold,
Now at Love's throne are proſtrate laid;
Many by Nature numb and cold,
Void of all Feeling, inly Dead,
Now Thy warm gracious Influence know,
Of Thy dear Blood the Power prove;
Which melts their Hearts, and makes them
flow,
And kindly take the Form of Love.

LXXVII.

1 MY Heart's ſweet Treaſure; when I look
On every pierced Wound,
I ſink before Thee as vile Duſt,
By Cords of Love faſt bound.

2 O may I ever wond'ring lie,
Adoring thy Free-Grace!
Which has ſo gently drawn my Soul
Thy Mercy to embrace.

O dear-

3 O dearest, faithful glorious Friend!
What hast Thou given me?
Thy precious and attoning Blood,
Life, Peace and Liberty.

4 But say, my Lord, ah, why is this,
So few their Saviour know?
And that pure Joy and Blessedness
Which from thy Wounds do flow.

5 'Tis not of Thee, thou tender Lamb;
For all Thou gav'st Thy Blood,
And wouldst have all to know the Truth,
Be reconcil'd to God.

6 O Lord of Glory, speak the Word,
True Preachers multiply;
Let thy pure Spirit shew the World,
Where all their Sin doth lie.

7 My gracious Lord! whene'er I think,
From whence thou hast me brought;
My Heart is melted at such Grace,
Which my Deliverance wrought.

8 For what had I, till I receiv'd?
Who made the Difference?
'Twas Thy Free-Grace shew'd me Thy Blood,
Then gave me Confidence.

9 Now I can glory in the Lord
And his sweet bleeding Wounds;

And thank his Grace which led me ſafe
Where Glory ſhines around.

10 O keep me ever at Thy Feet,
A ranſom'd Slave by Blood;
There's nothing elſe will melt my Heart
Like that red ſtreaming Flood.

LXXVIII.

From the German.

N°. 1531.

1 MAY Jeſu's Blood and Righteouſneſs
Fill and adorn this Dwelling-place:
Thus ſhall it ſtand before the Throne,
And every Church its Glory own.

2 Speak that the Sinner's Happineſs
May hourly fill our Hearts with Peace;
And teach each Soul what Light abounds,
And ſparkles from Thy gaping Wounds.

3 That thoſe, who ſet at nought Thy Name,
Nor will partake Thy Grace's Flame,
Thro' ſuch a Cloud of Witneſſes,
May learn how thou canſt Sinners bleſs.

4 That the whole World yet void of Grace,
Which holds Thy Croſs as Fooliſhneſs,
And ſtiles Thy Honour Infamy,
May ſeek to know this Myſtery.

5 That this united Flock may ſee,
And mark that Peace, that Liberty,
Which thro' Thy Blood, Thy Death, Thy Smart,
Is fix'd and rooted in their Heart.

6 That every Meeting-hall around
With free electing Grace may ſound,
Shewing how we the Son may kiſs,
Who the whole World's Redeemer is.

7 How we draw near the Father's Throne,
With nought to plead but Shame alone:
Yet chearful in our Shame and glad,
Since Jeſus all the Debt has paid.

8 And this is what the Saviour pleads,
While with his Sire he intercedes:
" Theſe gav'ſt Thou me my proper Spoil,
" Theſe Souls remind Me of My Toil:

9 " Herewith I ever am reviv'd,
" That once a Man of Grief I liv'd;
" That to redeem theſe Souls from Chains,
" I bore Death's agonizing Pains.

10 This moves the Father's tender Heart,
Mindful of his Beloved's Smart;
With thouſand Joys he makes them his,
And gives each Soul the pard'ning Kiſs.

11 O that, above this choſen Ground,
The op'ning Heav'ns may flame around,
Th

That thouſand thouſand Hearts may feel
Thy pard'ning Blood, thy Spirit's Seal.

12 This were indeed our Heart's Deſire,
This ſhall in all our Work inſpire
Our fainting Breaſts with Chearfulneſs,
And bring Thy Church a large Increaſe.

13 Mean while be honour'd and ador'd,
Father of Mercies, God the Lord!
That Thou haſt not withheld Thy Son,
Who now partakes Thy Royal Throne.

14 Thou inwardly beloved Heart,
Thou Man of deep unheard-of Smart!
We praiſe Thee for Thy Grace beſtow'd,
And for thy Garment ſtain'd with Blood.

15 Moſt worthy Spirit, Thee we know,
And at Thy Footſtool lowly bow,
As one who on the Heart wilt preſs,
Till it partakes the Saviour's Grace.

16 We wiſh in this thy School to hear,
How from Thy Throne Thou wilt declare
And tell the Souls of Jeſu's Grace,
Whene'er Thy Preſence fills the Place.

LXXIX.

From the German.

Nº. 1364.

1 MOſt worthy Spirit, Guide of Jeſu's Train,
Who doſt Thyſelf its Miniſters ordain;
Hear Thy helpleſs Servants
That now invoke Thee,
Of whom not One would willingly provoke Thee,
Thou tender Heart.

2 Caſt your Eyes round about both far and near,
How doth the Glory of the Lord appear!
See of little Churches
A Portion double,
Gladly ſubmitting to the Croſs's Trouble,
Hallelujah.

3 What ſhall I ſay now to my gracious Lord?
What ſweet reflections doth his love afford!
Holy ſeven Spirits,
Find Lamps, then take them,
Fill them with Oil, add Holy Fire, and make them
Bright round the Lamb.

4 Haſte

4 Haſte to pour out thyſelf, O Stream of Life!
Break thro' each Hindrance, drown all uſeleſs Strife:
Heal Thou by Thy Unction
Souls faint and grieving,
That creep directly to the Croſs believing,
As Thou art wont.

5 Since I dare do this, how wiſh I to be
A faithful Servant quite reſign'd to Thee!
How to feel Thy Preſence
Each Day more healing,
And the poor Sinner's conſtant happy Feeling
The Holy Shame!

6 I wiſh to Jeſu's Flock, ſo us'd to Smart,
Frequent tranſporting Looks into his Heart:
Let his Heart o'er the Children
Now with us going,
With Joy unſpeakable be overflowing,
O Holy Ghoſt!

LXXX.

From the German.

N°. 1172.

1 MY deareſt Saviour! caſt an Eye
Down from thy high majeſtic Throne;

Beam forth Thy Rays on ev'ry one,
And let us their freſh Influence try.

2 Come, and ſtep down before our Face,
And kiſs our weary troubled Heart;
To us Thy humble Mind impart,
Which murmur'd not in deep Diſtreſs.

3 Thou know'ſt that our whole Heart's Delight
Is in Thy Name and Kingdom dear;
We cry, when we pray to Thee here:
O Jeſu! take us to Thee quite.

4 Since we are now bound down ſo faſt,
That we're unable to remove;
And yet Thou, from a burning Love,
Purchas'd us by Thy God's-Blood haſt:

5 Look on us therefore, Lamb moſt dear!
Thou Son of God, Almighty Youth!
We are Thy Heritage in Truth;
And therefore fain ſome Fruit would bear.

6 Give us a free and clear'd-up Heart,
Which may Thee always feel as Love,
Which may the Members alſo move
With Rapture; happy ev'n in Smart.

7 A meek Child's Mind into us pour,
That we amidſt our Poverty
May joy in our Election free;
Expecting a refreſhing Hour.

8 Unmov'd

8 Unmov'd on Grace's Ground we'll ſtay;
May we its Guidance never leave,
And may we always clear perceive
Its glimm'ring, leaſt we go aſtray.

9 Hold Thy Side open to us ſtill;
We ſeek with longing thirſty Souls
That Well which ſprings from Thy Wound-holes;
And eager thence drink out our Fill.

10 Now Thou our Righteouſneſs, dear Lord!
Who haſt forgiv'n us ev'ry Sin,
And waſh'd us thro' Thy Blood quite clean;
For this be praiſed and ador'd.

11 We all with deepeſt Shame here bluſh;
To Grace we have no Right nor Plea,
But this, that Thou beſtow'ſt it free;
We're humbled, proſtrate in the Duſt.

12 Yet glad we take, what thou wilt give,
O let our Number be increas'd;
Thy Preſence makes us greatly bleſt;
How vaſt's thy Love which we perceive.

LXXXI.

MY deareſt Lamb, I inly pray
To ſee thy Death more clear each Day;
To feel Thy Grace, Thy quick'ning Pow'r;

To ſink into Thy Wounds each Hour;
To learn to ſit in Stilneſs at Thy Feet;
To wiſh and pant in Thee to be compleat,

LXXXII.

1 MY deareſt Lamb, I now ſink down,
And bow before Thy Feet;
Here is my Heart, quite vile and baſe,
Do with't as Thou think'ſt meet.

2 For whither can I go, my Lord,
But only to thy Blood?
What can make clean this filthy Heart?
Nothing but that pure Flood.

3 I thank Thee for that Grace and Light
Which ſhew me what I am:
I thank Thee too for all I know
Of Thee, Thou bleſſed Lamb.

4 True, 'tis but little that I know
Of Thee, and what Thou art;
But be Thou pleas'd to teach me more,
And fill with Love my Heart.

5 Come join with me, Companions dear,
No longer rob the Lamb;
But let us give to Him our Hearts,
Becauſe for them He came.

6 Him we may love and love again,
Nor can we e'er exceed,

Since

Since out of burning Love to us
He was content to bleed.

7 For us poor Duſt and Aſhes vile
The Saviour freely dy'd:
May this ſink deep in all our Hearts,
And ever there abide.

8 Low at thy Feet, Lord Jeſus Chriſt,
O may we ever lie,
And love and thank Thee more and more
To all Eternity.

LXXXIII.

1 MY Jeſus, look on me Thy Child,
Who am both weak and faint:
Sinners are Thine, then take Thy own,
And make a Wretch a Saint.

2 Cleanſe me and waſh me in Thy Blood,
Then only Thine I'll be;
Create me Thine, and I will have
No other Lord but Thee.

3 Take my poor Heart juſt as it is,
Set up therein Thy Throne;
So ſhall I love Thee above all
And live to Thee alone.

4 Remember, Lord, when Thou didſt hang
And die upon the Tree,
For whom were all Thy Wounds and Pains,
But for the World and me?

5 There

5 There Thou didſt purchaſe Life for all,
For all poor Adam's Race,
That all who taſted of his Death
Might likewiſe taſte Thy Grace.

6 Thanks to Thee, deareſt Lamb, that Thou
Haſt waken'd me from Death,
And rous'd me out of Sin's deep Sleep,
And call'd to walk in Faith.

7 Compleat thy Work, and crown Thy Grace,
That I may faithful prove,
And liſten to that ſmall ſtill Voice,
Which only whiſpers Love:

8 Which teaches me what is Thy Will,
Which tells me what to do,
Which covers me with Shame, when I
Do not Thy Will purſue.

9 This Unction may I ever feel,
This Teaching from my Lord,
And learn Obedience to Thy Voice,
Thy ſoft reviving Word.

LXXXIV.

1 MY Saviour, Thou didſt ſhed
Thy precious Blood for me;
O dwell within my worthleſs Heart,
And let me live to Thee.
Thou calleſt all, O Lord,

To

To come to Thee and live;
I therefore come with all my Sins,
I know Thou can'ſt forgive.

2 My Lamb, and Saviour dear!
I long to ſee Thy Face,
To know Thee more and more by Faith,
I pray Thee give me Grace.
And when this Life is o'er,
O may I dwell with Thee,
Still worſhipping the bleſſed Lamb,
Who liv'd and dy'd for me.

LXXXV.

From the German.

N°. 1197.

1 MY wounded Prince enthron'd on high,
After Thy Blood a-thirſt I cry,
In Thee I long to reſt;
Reclining on Thy loving Heart
I'm ſtrangely well, and ev'n my Smart
Is wholeſome, good, and greatly bleſt.

2 After Thy Grace a-thirſt to be,
Already That's to hang on Thee;
To feel Thy Love alone,
That's to poſſeſs Thee, Sinners Friend;
Ev'n panting all for Thee to ſpend,
This in Thy Book is noted down.

3 O take me by the Hand and Heart,
Gracious and loving as Thou art,
And deep Thy Seal impreſs;
Keep me ſhut up ſecure and free
From earthly Noiſe and Miſery;
Thyſelf find always free Acceſs!

4 I lov'd Thee little, gracious Lord,
Tho', by the heav'nly Hoſt ador'd,
Ere I Thy People lov'd:
The Beauties of Thy choſen Race,
Of being ſmitten with Thy Grace
The wonderful Occaſion prov'd.

LXXXVI.

1 MY wounded Prince, Thy choſen Race,
With everlaſting Love embrace;
Let Streams of Life Thy Church o'erſpread,
For which Thy precious Blood was ſhed.

2 Thou Lamb from everlaſting ſlain,
Thou always doſt the ſame remain,
The ſame kind loving Sinners Friend,
Whoſe Years and Mercies never end.

3 Before Thy Throne aſham'd we ſink,
When on Thy wond'rous Grave we think,
Which more than ever now appears,
In Wonders loſt we melt in Tears.

4 Thy

4 Thy Goſpel, in theſe bleſſed Days,
Throughout the Earth its Beams diſplays;
Nations, that ne'er had heard of Thee,
Thy great Salvation ſhout to ſee.

5 Now to Thy Wounds ev'n Gentiles fly,
And Thy great Thirſting ſatisfy;
They, ſeiz'd with Flames of Love divine,
Sweetly with us poor Sinners join.

6 From Ages all, this Myſt'ry ſeal'd,
The Lamb has by His Death reveal'd,
That heav'nly Thrones and Pow'rs ſhould know
God's Wiſdom by the Church below.

7 Thy Blood and Death upon the Tree
Our only Meditation be;
Thy Wounds and Stripes be Day and Night,
Our darling Pleaſure and Delight.

8 Thro' this bad World thy Ranſom'd guide,
Seal'd up within thy bleeding Side;
From Satan's Wrath and Craft therein
Thy harmleſs Doves for ever ſcreen.

9 They are thy juſt Reward, thy Spoil,
The Purchaſe of thy bloody Toil;
This was the Father's firm Decree,
That they Thy *choſen Race* ſhould be.

10 Much hated they, deſpis'd and mean,
Yet, while they on the Bridegroom lean,

Let Nations rage, let Devils roar,
The ſlaughter'd Lamb they ſtill adore.

LXXXVII.

1 NO Comfort have I, Lord,
But what Thy Wounds afford:
When that bleſſed Blood of Thine
From my inward Eye is hid,
Dark and deſolate I pine;
Lord, ſuch Darkneſs O forbid!

2 I know 'tis not of Thee,
That I thus loſt ſhould be:
Thou art ready, gracious Lamb,
While to Thee I turn my Face,
While Thy Love is all my Aim,
Still to give me perfect Peace.

3 'Tis I who am to blame,
'Tis I inconſtant am:
I Thy Teachings diſobey,
I of Thy great Mercy doubt,
I will have my Will and Way,
I for Trifles ſhut Thee out.

4 Now, Saviour, on me ſhine,
Remove whate'er is mine:
Break each Idol great and ſmall,
Ev'ry Cord that binds me burn;
Gladly now I'd hear Thy Call,
Into Thy ſweet Arms return.

LXXXVIII.

1 NO more with trembling Heart I try
A Multitude of Things;
Still wiſhing to find out that Point
From whence Salvation ſprings.
My Anchor's caſt! caſt on a Rock,
Where I ſhall ever reſt
From all the Labour of my Thoughts,
And Workings of my Breaſt.

2 What is my Anchor? if you ask;
A hungry helpleſs Mind,
Diving, with Mis'ry for its Weight,
Till firmeſt Grace it find.
What is my Rock? 'Tis Jeſus Chriſt,
Whom faithleſs Eyes paſs o'er;
Yet There all Sinners anchor may,
And ne'er be ſhaken more.

LXXXIX.

From the German.

N° 255.

1 NOW I have found the Ground, wherein
Sure my Soul's Anchor may remain,
The Wounds of Jeſus, for my Sin
Before the World's Foundation ſlain;

Whoſe Mercy ſhall unſhaken ſtay,
When Heaven and Earth are fled away.

2 Father, Thy everlaſting Grace
Our ſcanty Thoughts ſurpaſſes far;
Thy Heart ſtill melts with Tenderneſs,
Thy Arms of Love ſtill open are,
The worſt of Sinners to receive,
That Mercy they may taſte and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomleſs Abyſs!
My Sins are ſwallow'd upo in thee;
Cover'd is my Unrighteouſneſs,
From Condemnation now I'm free;
While Jeſu's Blood, thro' Earth and Skies,
Mercy, free boundleſs Mercy cries.

4 With Faith I plunge me in this Sea:
Here is my Hope, my Joy, my Reſt!
Hither, when Hell aſſails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's Breaſt!
Away, ſad Doubt, and anxious Fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Tho' Waves and Storms go o'er my Head,
Tho' Strength, and Health, and Friends be gone,
Tho' Joys be wither'd all, and dead,
Tho' ev'ry Comfort be withdrawn;
Stedfaſt on this my Soul relies,
Father, Thy Mercy never dies.

6 Fix'd

6 Fix'd on the Ground will I remain,
Tho' my Heart fail, and Fleſh decay;
This Anchor ſhall my Soul ſuſtain,
When Earth's Foundations melt away,
Mercy's full Pow'r I then ſhall prove,
Lov'd with an everlaſting Love.

XC.

1 O Deareſt Lamb, take Thou my Heart;
Where can ſuch Sweetneſs be,
As I have taſted in Thy Love,
As I have found in Thee?

2 If there's a Fervour in my Soul,
And Fervour ſure there is,
Now it ſhall be at Thy Controul,
And but to ſerve Thee riſe.

3 If Love, that mildeſt Flame, can reſt
In Hearts ſo hard as mine,
Come, gentle Saviour, to my Breaſt,
And all its Love be Thine.

4 My Lord hath ſeiz'd me with ſweet Force
His Prize and Purchaſe juſt:
This Soul of mine was never made
For Vanity and Duſt.

5 Now the gay World with treach'rous Art
Shall tempt my Heart in vain;

I have convey'd away that Heart;
Ne'er to return again.

6 O 'tis in vain to ſeek for Bliſs;
For Bliſs can ne'er be found
'Till we arrive where Jeſus is,
And tread on Grace's Ground.

7 'Tis Heav'n on Earth to taſte His Love,
To feel his quick'ning Grace:
And all the Heav'n I hope above
Is but to ſee his Face.

8 Continue ſtill Thy Love, my Lamb,
Faſt lock me in Thy Wounds;
There let me dwell, where all Thy Love
The raptur'd Soul ſurrounds.

XCI.

From the German.

N° 1052.

1 O Friend! be Thou near;
Thou ſeeſt us here
United in Heart,
O Love, come and bleſs us, our Brother
Thou art.

2 Soon make us to be
Conformed to Thee;

'Tis time, and 'tis right,
To bring forth ſome Fruit that may yield
Thee Delight.

3 We fain would be clean,
Right little and mean:
Come Fire and come Wind,
Conſume what or carnal or ſelfiſh you find.

4 Thy fiery bright Beam
Our Hearts ſet on Flame;
And then as they melt,
Thy Image and Seal be immediately felt.

5 O Bridegroom and Friend,
Who lov'ſt without End!
Now ſend down Thy Fire,
And make all within us ev'n burn with Deſire.

6 Thy Spirit divine
Now inwardly ſhine;
His Oil on us pour,
And thro' all his Soul his ſweet Influence
ſhow'r.

XCII.

From the German.

N° 1485.

O Church, God's Fulneſs, * how
So very ſtill art thou?

Of

* Epheſians i. 23.

Of many Troops compos'd,
Who all the World run thro',
With Force of banner'd Hoſt:
Should not Trumpet's Sound
In their Courſe be found?

2 Methinks I know why not;
For if I look about
Who of theſe Limbs is Head,
Whoſe Goſpel this whole Knot
Of Brethren preach and ſpread;
Small's his Voice and ſtill,
Yet performs his Will.

3 When half the World ſhall now
At the Lamb's Footſtool bow,
When flat the Walls ſhall fall
Which ſtopp'd our People ſo,
'Tis no more Shouts do all,
But the Virtue ſure
Of the Lamb's Blood pure.

4 That ſilent, (and yet more
'Gainſt the Deſtroyer's Pow'r,
Than any warlike Shout,
Prevailing) Voice of yore
All *Iſrael*'s Tents throughout,
Was, that Blood did ſmear
Each Door where they were,

5 So may it in our Caſe,
Thro' ev'ry Time and Place
Be clearly ſeen henceforth,
That our glad Word of Grace
Upon this bleſſed Earth,
Therefore ſtrike ſo cou'd,
'Cauſe 'tis ting'd with Blood.

6 Yea, this let all Men own,
Who will ſome Thoughts upon
Chriſt's Congregation ſpend,
Nought in the World they've done,
But juſt to Jeſus lend
Spirit, Soul and Limb,
To bring Joy to Him.

7 That not their thund'ring Sound
Or Noiſe amongſt them found,
Makes Satan's Towers yield,
His Throne fall to the Ground;
No, but the Flame moſt mild
And the glowing Shine
Of that Blood divine.

8 Thou then, God's Fulneſs, ſo
In Stillneſs all Things do;
Pray, weep, and think within
How farther it will go,
What Spoils the Croſs ſhall win,
Yet, yet many a Soul,
Till the Sum is full.

9 Lord

9 Lord Chriſt, Thy Blood ſo ſhed,
Thy Nail-prints (ſee how red!)
Thy pierc'd, Thy thro'-bor'd Side,
The Sweat in Thy deep Need,
Secure and keep Thy Bride,
Till Thy Day ſhall ſhine,
Bleeding King of Thine!

10 O may we ſafe and well
In that His Heart's Wound dwell,
Both here in *Europe*'s Bound
The Northern Pole until,
On *Aſia*, *Afric*'s Ground,
And *Weſt-Indies* far:
Jeſus ſtill be near!

XCIII.

From the German.

N° 1029.

A Marriage HYMN.

1 O Glorify'd Head!
May Mortals then tread
The holieſt of all,
And there 'fore the Ark of the Covenant fall?

2 Then write us To-day
A Paſs for our Way,
With Blood of the Lamb,

For

For us, who delight in Thy Seal and new Name.

3 Now open the Book,
Aſſiſt us to look
And awfully read
The Rights that relate to the conjugal Bed.

4 Thou heavenly Friend!
We're met for that End,
Thy Dictates to hear,
Thyſelf, gracious Maſter! be pleas'd to appear.

5 The firſt God-like Man,
Who Marriage began,
In Purity ſhone,
Was happy and perfect, but only *alone*.

6 To him Thou all-kind
An Help meet wouldſt find;
And mad'ſt of one Whole
Two Parts to be one both in Body and Soul.

7 Thy Will be obey'd,
Aſleep was he laid;
A Rib didſt Thou take,
And thus from his Body a Woman didſt make.

8 That State did from hence
Moſt ſacred commence,
Wherein the moſt High
Soon join'd them in *Eden* by ſolemneſt Tye.

9 Where

9 Whenever they treat
Of th' conjugal State,
Chriſt's Servants agree,
That Marriage both awful and ſpotleſs
ſhall be.

10 How ſtrict in its Day
Was *Iſra'l*'s Yoke, pray?
A Garment unclean,
An Iſſue, defil'd both the Camp and the
Man.

11 We alſo may trace,
What ſhameful Diſgrace
Uncleanneſs there brought
On th' Doer and Him that approach'd
without Thought.

12 To be faithful and true
From each is ſtill due;
God's Temple whoe'er
Defileth, has Reaſon Deſtruction to fear.

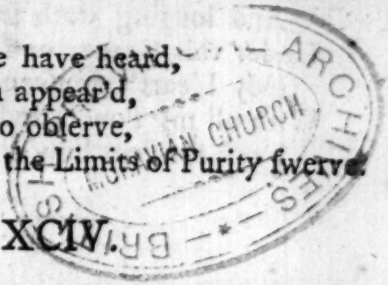
13 O Bridegroom and Friend!
T' our Prayers attend;
Now fill us with Grace,
Which beams all enliv'ning and ſweet from
Thy Face.

14 Our Hearts draw in Love
To th' bleſs'd Choir above;
That *Mary*'s chaſte Mind

Anointing

Anointing and ſweet'ning our Blood may
we find.

15 From what we have heard,
Thy Mind hath appear'd,
Give's Hearts to obſerve,
And ne'er from the Limits of Purity ſwerve.



XCIV.

1 O Glorious Saviour, King of Souls,
Thy choſen Flock's Defence,
By Thee how ſtrangely am I kept
At Eaſe, tho' in Suſpence!
I find myſelf poor Worm led on
Beneath Thy tender Care,
Thy Arm prepares my Way, Thy Eye
Looks out before me far.

2 That faithful Love, which o'er Mankind
With bleeding Pity yearn'd,
And now to ſave and gather Souls
Is conſtantly concern'd:
Perhaps this Love has ſeen ev'n me
With kind electing Look,
And marks Thy Servant's Name, Work,
Food,
Within Thy Houſhold-Book.

3 O! in that happy Rank to ſtand,
Who ſimply ſerve Thy Will,

In whom thy Soul its Plan and Joy
And longing doth fulfil:
Under this Grace, or far or near,
(My Heart's tranſcendent Good)
With all my Pow'rs and Hope and Fear,
I reſt for ever bow'd.

XCV.

1 O God of Mercy, Love's Abyſs!
Hear now, while Gentiles ſing Thy
Praiſe;
Cover'd is our Unrighteouſneſs,
Rejoicing now our Heads we raiſe;
Tho' Strangers once and far from God,
We're now made nigh by Jeſu's Blood.

2 For Jeſus the Partition Wall
Has broke and levell'd to the Ground;
A Way is open'd wide for all;
Mercy when call'd for may be found;
Strangers no more we need to be,
Free Grace for ev'ry Soul is free.

3 All Glory to the Lamb of God,
Who gave his Life, to make us free;
Who, by his All-atoning Blood,
Has purchas'd Grace and Life for me
A Stranger now no more to God,
But reconcil'd by Jeſu's Blood.

XCV

XCVI.

O God unſearchable! Thy Rays
Shine in my Heart with ſuch ſtrong Blaze,
Which ſhews the Riches of Thy Grace,
Sweetly diſplay'd in Jeſu's Face!

Great God! how dreadful was Thy Name
Until the God Man Saviour came!
How can a Sinner e'er know Thee,
Before Thy Son hath made him free!

O tender Mercy, glorious Grace,
To ſave a curs'd and damned Race!
To give Thy equal only Son,
To bleed and die for Slaves undone.

What ſinful Worm can know this right,
Till 'tis reveal'd by Thy own Light;
Our Hearts are hard and dark and blind,
Till Jeſu's Grace on them has ſhin'd.

We then aſtoniſh'd ſee Thy Love,
And Thy great Mercy know and prove,
O Joy unſpeakable! all bright
The Day Star ſhines! paſt is the Night.

With ſweeteſt Grace the Goſpel ſounds,
And flames forth Love in Jeſu's Wounds;

What ſtronger Pledge of Love could be?
Behold the bloody ſhameful Tree!

7 Can any Ill diſtreſs my Heart,
Since God with his own Son did part?
Whate'er I want can't be deny'd,
Becauſe for me the Lamb has dy'd.

8 Who can condemn, now Chriſt has died;
I, By His Blood, am juſtified;
He ever lives to interceed,
And ſend me Help in ev'ry Need.

9 What can me ſeparate from this,
The Love of Chriſt and peaceful Eliſs?
Shall Tribulation, or Diſtreſs,
Shall any Trials more or leſs?

10 No; I in all Things e'er ſhall prove
Conqu'ror thro' Him who did me love;
My Lord has got the Victory,
Sufficient is his Grace for me.

11 O Love unbounded! ſweet and ſure!
My helpleſs Soul now lives ſecure,
And ſees and feels Thy Pow'r divine,
Marvellous Light on me doth ſhine.

12 The more of this ſweet Light I ſee,
The more I know the Miſery,
The Pride and Treach'ry of Man's Heart,
And when I give my Saviour Smart.

13 Long

13 Long, this in Darkneſs lay conceal'd,
Till 'twas by that true Light reveal'd,
Which ſhews God's Love and Jeſu's Grace,
And fills the bruiſed Heart with Peace.

XCVII.

From the German.

N°. 1200.

1 O How unutterable is
The Love that Chriſt to us hath ſhewn!
O how incredible the Grief
We cauſe him, who are ſtil'd his own!
Who in his Wounds have found our Heav'n,
We, who have known our Sins forgiv'n,

2 O Jeſu! Lord and God of Thine,
In Mercy now bow down Thine Ear;
Since we can nothing bring to Thee,
Thy poor, Thy weeping Suppliants hear;
Our Tabernacle's Shame remove,
And fill our Souls with Thy pure Love.

3 Now dwell within Thy Temple, Lord,
(Thy Temple ev'n our Bodies be,)
Adorn it Thou, as Thou wouldſt have
Thy Spouſe adorn'd alone by Thee.
In us be all Thy Glory wrought,
Far above all Thy Children's Thought.

4 Hallow'd our ev'ry Meeting be,
And ſanctify'd our ev'ry Hour,
Our Glory drawing from Thy Death,
And in Thy Wounds poſſeſſing Pow'r;
Now let Thy Church redeem'd by Thee,
Thee ſtanding in th' Aſſembly ſee.

XCVIII.

1 O Jeſu, Jeſu, my good Lord!
How wonderful's Thy Love,
Thy Patience, Pity, Tenderneſs,
Which I each Moment prove;
For oh! how faithleſs is my Mind,
How apt to turn aſide,
And wander in its own Deceits
Of Reaſoning and Pride.

2 How does the old Corruption ſtrive,
And fight to reign again;
Sure there's not ſuch a Heart as mine
In all Thy Croſs's Train.
No that there cannot, patient Lamb,
No Heart's ſo hard as mine,
There is not one would try Thee ſo,
On whom Thy Grace does ſhine.

3 Yet, deareſt Saviour, love me ſtill,
The pooreſt and the worſt;
For well I know, where Sin abounds
Thy Grace aboundeth moſt.

On me, my King, exert Thy Pow'r,
Make old Things paſs away,
Create all new, and draw me ſtill,
Still nearer ev'ry Day.

4 O give me great exceeding Grace,
Thou ſeeſt for that I've Need,
'Twas for ſuch deep-corrupted Hearts
Thou didſt ſo freely bleed;
Yet let me not Thy Grace abuſe,
And ſin becauſe Thou'rt good,
But let thy Love fill me with Shame,
That I have it withſtood.

5 Thou know'ſt which Way to rectify
Each ſtubborn Ill within,
And to ſubdue my ev'ry Thought,
And conquer all that's Sin.
Thou canſt bring me, who am ſo weak,
To keep my Eye on Thee
Conſtantly fix'd; and ever in
Thy Preſence glad to be.

6 Saviour of Sinners, now do this,
Let me not turn away
From Thy dear Croſs and bleeding Wounds;
But bind me there to ſtay:
O let Thy Love conſtrain my Heart,
This fooliſh Heart of mine,

Thy

Thy Love will melt the hardeſt Rocks,
Its Power is divine.

7 Shew forth Thy Pity and Thy Love
On me, Thou tend'reſt Lord,
Watch over me with ſtricteſt Care,
And daily Strength afford:
Chaſtiſe me when I do amiſs,
Let not one Thought ariſe
Which can diſpleaſe my gracious Lord,
But ſend me freſh Supplies.

8 O give me Grace, ſtill give me more,
Still draw me nearer Thee,
O give me till I truly know
Thy boundleſs Love to me;
Impreſs Thy Wounds upon my Heart,
With all thy bitter Pain,
And there abide for evermore,
And all the Vict'ry gain.

9 Remind me of it conſtantly,
For I forgetful am,
Of Thy dear bloody Sufferings,
And all Thy Grief and Shame;
Lord ſpeak to me with Thy ſweet Voice,
And give me Ears to hear,
For Thou my Saviour Jeſus art,
Who me hath bought ſo dear.

10 Thou the more gracious art to me,
O Chriſt thou Son of God,
That I ſhould feel myſelf this Wretch,
Yet know and taſte Thy Blood;
I praiſe and thank Thee, deareſt Lamb,
For all which Thou haſt done,
Since Thou doſt take me as I am
For Thy redeemed One.

11 O praiſe the Lord, for he is good,
His Mercy laſts for ever;
O praiſe him, who ſo gracious is
Poor Sinners to deliver:
Jeſu, that bloody Sacrifice,
Which offer'd was for me,
O bring me always to behold,
And ſink with Shame 'fore Thee.

XCIX.

Fom the German.

N°. 1197.

1 O Jeſu, bleſs thy Witneſſes!
Spread over them thy Hands of Love!
Behold them in their deſtin'd Race,
Where bold in Faith's bright Path they move:
For each Miſtake, for ev'ry Want,
Give Grace and Abſolution;

And

And let them "Holy, Holy," chant
With all the Angels round the Throne.

C.

From the German.

N°. 1266.

O Jesu! Thee we bless:
Lamb! we our Thanks express!
Thee, as the great eternal Son,
All Things with deep Abasement own.
Angels, and all the Pow'rs above,
Whatever serves the Father's Love:
The Cherubim, and fi'ry Cloud
Of Seraphs, ever cry aloud,
"Unspotted, martyr'd Lamb!
"Bridegroom with Eyes of Flame!
"Who left'st Thy Throne on high,
"T' assume Humanity;
"Full of Thy glorious Pow'r Divine
"The Earth and highest Heavens shine"
The Twelve, Thy chosen Friends confest,
Thy Prophets, and Thy Martyrs blest,
Together all their Voices raise,
And yield Thee loud and solemn Praise.
By the whole Church, where'er dispers'd,
On Earth Thy Praises are rehears'd.
The Four, who rest not Night or Day,

Of

Of Thee have ſomething ſtill to ſay;
And of the high-enthroned Sire;
And Him that flames in ſev'n-fold Fire *.
The Elders caſt their Crowns away,
And willing Adoration pay.
O King of Glory, Chriſt the Lord,
Thou'rt God's own Son, th' eternal Word;
Yet to ſave Man, Thou didſt not ſcorn
Of a mean Virgin to be born.
Death Thou haſt wholly diſpoſſeſs'd,
And with Thy Church the World haſt bleſt.
At God's Right-hand Thou ſitteſt Lord,
Co-equal, and alike ador'd.
To be the Judge Thou ſhalt appear,
And Quick and Dead Thy Voice ſhall hear.
We pray Thee, help thy Servants, Lord,
Whom with thy Blood Thou haſt reſtor'd;
Let us with all thy Saints above
Enjoy thy everlaſting Love.
Thy People ſave from Satan's Rage,
And bleſs thy choſen Heritage.
Govern them here with watchful Eye,
In endleſs Glory lift them high!
Daily, O Lamb! our Voice we raiſe,
And tremblingly Thine Office praiſe.
" That Thou the ſacred Book could'ſt take
" Worthy its ſeven Seals to break;
" That Thou vouchſafeſt to proclaim
" O'er us Thy Friends the hidden Name;

" And

* Rev. iv. 5.

" And ſealeſt us ſecure and free
" From Sin and earthly Miſery;
" That we our Wedding-Garment view
" Kept by Thy Blood for ever new;
" That Thou abideſt ſtill the ſame,
" The Church's Temple, Light, and Lamb.

CI.

1 O Jeſus, the poor Sinner's Friend!
Moſt wretched ſhould I be,
Did not I ſee thy ſtreaming Blood
Flow freely unto me.
I ſhould be ſad and deep diſtreſs'd,
And could not be reliev'd,
When Weakneſs, Faintings, ſeize my Fleſh,
Each Part oppreſs'd and griev'd.

2 When I do hear the dreadful Voice
From *Sinai*'s flaming Mount,
And Death and Judgment call on me,
" Come bring in thy Account;"
Dear Saviour, this would fill my Soul
With Terror and with Dread,
Did not I ſee on *Sion*'s Hill,
That Lamb, which for me bled.

3 Oh how tranſcendent is that Grace!
Which Thou doſt then beſtow,
When nothing in myſelf I feel,
But Miſery and Woe;

'Tis

'Tis then indeed, my gracious Lord,
Its Riches ſhine ſo bright,
It cheers and comforts my poor Soul
With its moſt glorious Sight.

4 O give me, Saviour, give me ſtill
My Poverty to know;
Increaſe my Faith, each Day in Grace
And Knowledge may I grow:
Open ſtill more the Myſtery
Of Thy dear Wounds and Croſs,
And let me for this Happineſs
Count all Things here but Droſs.

CII.

From the German.

N° 1335.

1 O Lamb crucified!
When once I eſpied
The Beams of Thy Grace,
O how did I long for a Sight of Thy Face!

2 How blind had I been?
A mere Slave of Sin;
At once there came Light,
And rouz'd me from Death, and I knew it not right.

3 I felt ſuch a Smart
Around my hard Heart,

So flinty, ſo proud;
And all on a ſudden it melted and flow'd,

4 'Twas ſoon to me clear
What Friend I had near;
I could not him ſee,
Yet ſtraightway I thought him as fair as could be.

5 My Heart was on fire
With Love's ſtrong Deſire;
It no where could move
Without feeling cloſe its inviſible Love.

6 How was I o'erpower'd!
What Peace on me ſhower'd,
As Jeſus now came?
And this e'er my Heart well diſcern'd his ſweet Name.

7 But ſoon I him knew
By that bloody Hue
Wherein He was ſeen,
When he was up-lifted to ſave ſinful Men.

8 His warm holy Blood,
That Life-giving Flood,
Stream'd faſt from each Wound;
To ſee which I well nigh ſunk into the Ground.

9 My Need I cou'd feel,
My Death and my Hell;

And

And ſuch was my Caſe,
As if I too one of his Murderers was.

10 Then whiſper'd the Foe
Who ſtill plots our Woe,
"Sin's, Death's, and my Slave,
"To us thou belongeſt, and thee we will have."

11 Directly to Thee,
My Lamb! did I flee:
I ſunk at Thy Feet,
That Thou ſhould'ſt do with me, what Thou ſhould'ſt think meet.

12 I yet was full ſhy;
Yet hop'd ſtill that I
Thy Spoil ſhould be made,
That Thou would'ſt be gracious, and ſoon lend Thy Aid.

13 Then well could I hear
In Heart as in Ear,
"Wretch ſinful and baſe!
"Receive thou My Bleſſing, ev'n durable Peace."

14 Sweet Reſt I then had;
And ſaw Thee right glad
And ſtudious, my Lamb,
To give my Corruptions and Filth to the Flame.

15 So gain'd I choice Meat,
Sweet Manna to eat,
And drink that will laſt;
Whereto, Lamb! * Thy ownſelf Thou ſanctify'd haſt.

16 Thy red Stream of Blood
Death drown'd with its Flood,
Thy Water waſh'd clean,
Thy bleſſed Mouth call'd me to be of Thy Train.

17 When Satan eſpy'd
What Bliſs I enjoy'd,
He fretted and roar'd;
I let him fret on, and cleav'd cloſe to my Lord.

18 Now only one Word,
Ne'er leave me, my Lord!
I know nought but Thee;
Thus Light's happy Heir I ſtill am, and ſhall be.

CIII.

1 O Lamb! O Lamb! could I behold
And keep my Eye ſtill fix'd on Thee,
The Tempter's Snares, tho' manifold,
Could never fright or trouble me;

For

* John xvii. 19.

For thro' Thy all-attoning Blood
I ſtill ſhould find a Way to God.

2 O Saviour, could I always keep
My Eye on Thee, the living Way,
I then (tho' once a wand'ring Sheep)
Should no more err or run aſtray:
But whereſoe'er Thou wenteſt, I
Should ſimply go, not asking why?

3 O that I never could forget
One Moment, what Thou, Lamb, haſt done
To ſave my Soul and make me meet
To ſit with Saints upon a Throne:
O that Thy Off'ring on the Tree
Might evermore be ey'd by me!

4 For from Thy Death ſprings forth a Light
Which clearly ſhews our Sins forgiv'n,
Diſpels the Clouds of Nature's Night,
Aſſures us that we're Heirs of Heav'n:
No more can Darkneſs fill that Heart
Which doth not from the Saviour part.

5 But oh! my Lamb, when I reflect
How oft I've turn'd my Eye from Thee,
How treated Thee with cold Neglect,
And liſten'd to the Enemy;
And yet to find Thee ſtill the ſame,
This fills my Soul with humble Shame.

6 Aſtoniſh'd at thy Feet I fall,
Thy Love exceeds my higheſt Thought:
Henceforth be Thou my all in all,
Thou! who with Blood my Soul haſt bought.
O may I hence more faithful prove,
And ne'er forget Thy dying Love!

CIV.

1 O Lamb, O wounded bleeding Lamb!
My Heart's a-thirſt for Thee,
And pants and gaſps for thy ſweet Grace,
Each Moment water me!
Look with Thy tender piercing Eyes,
And ſearch my ev'ry Thought,
And all the Turnings of my Heart,
Look on the Worm Thou'ſt bought.

2 Thou haſt me bought, that I ſhould live,
And bring forth Fruit to Thee;
Pour out Thy Spirit on me, Lord,
That I may faithful be.
Behold my Wants and Feebleneſs,
Dear Saviour here I am;
I lie down at Thy bleeding Feet,
Thou ſlaughter'd holy Lamb!

3 Thy Wounds and Blood revive my Heart,
And give new Life and Strength;

What Thought can fathom thy great Love,
Or know its Breadth and Length?
Yet this Thou let'ſt me underſtand,
That Thou doſt Sinners love;
Give me this Knowledge farther ſtill,
That I more thankful prove.

4 This Anchor doth my Soul ſupport,
When my vile Heart I ſee,
And feel myſelf a Sinner poor,
My Love ſo cold t'wards Thee;
When I'm aſſaulted on all Sides,
By a whole Hoſt of Foes;
Thou doſt not leave me comfortleſs,
To bear theſe heavy Blows.

5 Thou doſt not give one Stroke for nought,
'Tis with a loving Heart
Thou doſt rebuke and chaſten me,
'Tis not to give me Smart:
Then, deareſt Lamb, move not Thy Hand,
'T'ill 'tis Thy gracious Will;
Finiſh Thy kind Deſign in me,
And Sin deſtroy and kill.

6 I am Thy own, for Thou haſt bought
Me with thy deareſt Blood;
Since I'm ſo precious in thy Sight,
Do with me as ſeems good.
Thou haſt ſo juſt a Right to me,
By all which Thou haſt done;

I have no Claim to any Part,
Body and Soul Thou'ſt won.

7 When I behold thy tender Love,
Tho' all my Sins appear;
I ſcreen myſelf within thy Side,
No Guilt can fright me there.
O whither can I go beſides,
Whence elſe to eaſe my Pain?
Had Righteouſneſs come by the Law,
The Lamb had dy'd in vain.

8 Thy precious and attoning Blood
Hath paid my Ranſom-price,
Redeem'd me from all Curſe and Death,
By *one* ſweet Sacrifice.
That Sacrifice lies in my Heart,
Thy Blood ſtill eaſes Pain;
Here lies my Strength, this Confidence,
"Thou for my Sins wert ſlain."

CV.

From the German.

Nº 1133.

1 ON whom while Breath we draw, ſhall we believe?
To whoſe Inſtructions ſhall we ever cleave?

2 To

2 To whom, my Soul, doſt Thou Allegiance owe?
O! to *that God* 'fore whom the *Elders* bow;

3 That *Lord and God*, within whoſe wounded Side
Chriſtians, as *Thomas* did, believing hide;

4 That Man, whom, as *his Light* within him ſhone,
Nathanael did for King of *Iſrael* own;

5 To whom the *Rock-Apoſtle*, taught of Heav'n,
Titles of *Chriſt*, and Son of God hath giv'n;

6 That *Seer*, whoſe Word with ſo much Power came
As ſet the *two Diſciples* Hearts on Flame:

7 (Yes, their Hearts burn'd, and more the Rapture grew,
When by his breaking Bread their Lord they knew.)

8 His, O my Soul! thou art, and His alone:
Tho' in thyſelf but mean, yet Jeſu's own.

9 While none can rob Him of his Pow'r and Grace,
So long canſt Thou with Safety him embrace;

10 And

10 And ſee the Heav'ns and Earth roll faſt away,
Void of all Hurt, and void of all Diſmay.

11 And when our Mirth we yet would higher raiſe,
O'er Jeſu's Flock we ſing a Hymn of Praiſe;

12 The Pilgrims in their diff'rent Paths we trace,
And what's our Proſpect ev'ry where? 'tis *Grace*.

13 Grace can allay the Heat's exceſſive Rage,
The glowing Wounds can ſharpeſt Cold aſſwage.

14 The Saviour's Blood heals ev'ry Malady;
And help'd by Grace, we venture out to Sea.

15 Grace leads ſome *Eaſt* ſome *Weſt*, in queſt of Souls,
And others to the *South* and *Northern* Poles.

16 Plain the *Sea-Congregation* ſees and feels,
That Jeſu's Grace the higheſt Waves out-ſwells.

17 Their Maſts may crack, and ſplit, and down may break,
The Babes will ſmile, tho' others fear and ſhake.

18 Grace

18 Grace keeps one Ship, detains its Anchor faſt,
And makes another like an Arrow haſte.

19 Grace is to Meſſengers, whom Jeſus ſends,
The Grave of ſome; and others' Life extends.

20 Grace ſurely loves to bleſs the Pilgrims Feet,
Who wiſh to catch loſt Sinners in their Net.

21 True, if mere Grace did not preſerve us ſtill,
The World would toſs and tear us at its Will.

22 But who are we? his Worms of Wonder all;
Who live but by his Grace, without it fall.

23 Grace, to our great Surprize, thus makes us glow,
And daily learns our ſtaggering Feet to go.

24 O Fleſh! why art thou of no ſtronger Frame?
Since ſo exceeding great is Jeſu's Aim.

CVI.

1 O Son of God, High-Prieſt and Lamb once ſlain,
Behold the Spoil of Thy ſo bitter Pain!

2 Thou

2 Thou ſeeſt us here aſſembled in Thy Name,
Give us to feel Thy Preſence, deareſt Lamb!

3 We are indeed poor weak and helpleſs Souls,
Who know not where to fly but to the Holes,

4 Which once Thou hadſt in Hands, and Feet, and Side;
There, there, dear wounded Lamb! grant us to hide.

5 Thou 'fore all Time for us prepar'dſt a Crown,
And in Thy Book our Names were written down.

6 And ſince Thou'ſt ſhed for us Thy precious Blood,
We Thee confeſs our only Lord and God:

7 To whom our Wants we may moſt ſimply tell,
And ſurely truſt Thou'lt all Things order well.

8 We know to find the Fonntain of Thy Wounds,
Where Life, and Peace, and Strength, and all abounds.

9 But

9 But, ah! fulfil both Thine and our Deſire,
To bleſs each ſingle Soul in ev'ry Choir.

10 Look round in ev'ry Claſs on every one,
And break, O break, thro' Grace, each
Heart of Stone.

11 Give Comfort to the weak, inflame what's
cold;
What proud is, bring Thou low, what's
ſhy, make bold.

12 Deliver ev'ry one from ſlaviſh Fears,
And melt their Hearts, thro' Pardon, into
Tears.

13 If any turns, like the unhappy Son,
Embrace and give him Abſolution.

14 Thy free, Thy tender Grace be ev'ry
Hour
Each helpleſs Sinner's Comfort, Rock, and
Tower.

15 Let all that know Thy Heart, for ever
hide
Within that ſhelt'ring Place, Thy gaping
Side.

16 The *married Choir* let ſo adorned be,
That ev'ry Pair may ſhew the Church and
Thee.

17 The *single Brethren* with true Zeal be fill'd,
That each to Thee may chearful Service yield:

18 Fill with thy Grace the *single Sisters* Mind,
Make them to all Things else both deaf and blind.

19 The *Children's* tender Hearts Thy Temples be,
And keep them all from Sin's Devices free.

20 Thus, Lord, will ev'ry Choir both Day and Night,
Exalt Thy Name, and be Thy Heart's Delight.

21 O may Thy Witnesses know this alone,
That Thou for all didst on the Cross attone.

22 And when they go to preach Thy Death and Grace,
Grant each a Peace-proclaiming Herald's Face.

23 Let all to Thee so bow the Hearts as Knees,
And feed upon Thy Wounds like hungry Bees.

24 Thy Blood our Moisture be, Thy Death our Life,
Our Joy Thy Church, the Lamb's beloved Wife.

25 And teach us more of thy Blood's Myſtery;
Amen! this our Requeſt ſhall granted be.

CVII.

1 O Tell me no more
Of this World's vain Store;
The Time for ſuch Trifles with me now is o'er.

2 A Country I've found,
Where true Joys abound;
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy Ground.

3 The Souls that believe,
In Paradiſe live:
And me in that Number will Jeſus receive.

4 My Soul, don't delay
He calls Thee away!
Riſe, follow thy Saviour, and bleſs the glad Day.

5 No Mortal doth know
What He can beſtow,
What Light, Strength, and Comfort: Go after Him, go!

6 Lo! onward I move,
And but Chriſt above
None gueſſes, how wondrous my Journey will prove.

7 Great Spoils I ſhall win
From Death, Hell, and Sin;
'Midſt outward Afflictions ſhall feel Chriſt within.

8 Perhaps for his Name,
Poor Duſt as I am.
Some Works I ſhall finiſh with glad loving Aim.

9 I ſtill (which is beſt)
Shall in his dear Breaſt
As at the Beginning, find Pardon and Reſt.

10 And when I'm to die,
"Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jeſus hath lov'd me, I cannot ſay why.

11 But this I do find,
We two are ſo join'd,
He'll not live in Glory and leave me behind.

12 Lo this is the Race
I'm running, thro' Grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to ſee my Lord's Face.

13 And now I'm in Care
My Neighbours may ſhare
Theſe Bleſſings: To ſeek them will none of you dare?

14 In Bondage, O why,
And Death will you lie,
When One here aſſures you Free Grace is ſo nigh?

CVIII.

CVIII.

1 O Thou, the faireſt of Mankind,
Thy Beauty ſtrikes both Heart and Mind:
Yet nothing is ſo fair in Thee,
As Thy Sweet Form upon the Tree.

2 Thy Croſs, whenever it appears,
It melts the hardeſt Heart to Tears:
Its Virtue no one can expreſs,
Who feels it, he feels Happineſs.

3 Thy Blood, which was ſo freely ſpilt
For ev'ry Sinner's Debt and Guilt,
The Nail-holes and the pierced Side,
And ev'ry Stripe, revive the Bride.

4 Away, ye Painters, with your Art!
The Spirit paints within the Heart;
Draws to the Life the Bloody Tree,
And lets us it in Spirit ſee.

5 O Lord, this Object deep impreſs
In each of Thy dear Witneſſes:
Let nought by them be ſo much ey'd
As Jeſus, and Him crucify'd.

CIX.

1 O Thou who bought'ſt us with Thy Blood,
Our Maſter, and our jealous God,
Whoſe Eyes are like a burning Flame,
To try all thoſe that bear Thy Name!
Trembling before Thy Face we bow;
And yet Thy kind Deſign we know,
Only on Sin to paſs Thy Doom,
Our Stubble, and not Us conſume.

2 Search out, O Lord, and now declare
Our ev'ry Secret Plague or Snare;
Whate'er in any Boſom here
With Thy pure Faith does interfere:
And O ſuſtain our ſtagg'ring Heart,
'Till from th' accurſed Thing we part,
And with a Soul all calm and ſweet
Hear Thy ſoft Calls, Thy Offers meet.

3 Behold us, Lord! rough Stones we are;
Yet for Thy Building us prepare:
Reject not one of us, we pray,
Teach us Thy Spirit to obey.
Nouriſh'd in Silence may we ſee
Thy Flock, all full of Love and Thee;
Aptly together knit and place
The willing Subjects of Thy Grace.

4 Ex-

4 Extinguiſh in us all Self-will,
The Root of all Diſſention kill;
Let us One Thing approve and build,
And meekly each to other yield.
Let us like little Children be,
Happy in ſuch a Friend as Thee:
Free from all Sorrows, Cares, Debates,
Which Man's vain Wiſdom ſtill creates.

CX.

From the German.

In the GERMAN *Meaſure.*

Nº. 1033. v. 14.

O Thou deareſt Bridegroom! ſlaughter'd Lamb!
Bring Thy own Fire fully into Flame,
Give us Abſolution,
And a gentle praiſing Tone,
Deep Foundation in thy Croſs's Stem.

CXI.

From the German.

Nº. 1204.

1 O Thou the Church's living Lord!
And of each ſingle Soul apart;

The

The Pilgrims Path and ſure Reward,
Our Body's Life and Soul Thou art;
We're poor and vile in our own Eyes,
Yet, thro' thy Mercy, Love and Grace,
We're happy to our own Surpriſe,
There take us to thy Arm's Embrace.

2 Why ſhould we farther plague our Heart,
With making out how Matters ſtand?
Thou know'ſt our deep and bitter Smart,
The ſecret Wringings of the Hand;
Thou know'ſt our Mind, how inly mov'd
To ſeek for Thee, and *Thee alone*;
We'll part with ev'ry Thing we lov'd
But one——Thy Congregation.

3 Here ſeeſt thou a little Choir,
An Image of the Church above;
Plead Thou its Cauſe before Thy Sire,
Thou who partak'ſt his Boſom-love;
Say, "Holy Father, come and view,
"Here's the Reward of all my Smart;"
Plead with the Holy Spirit too,
That he may draw us to thy Heart.

4 Embrace us, Bridegroom! in thy Arms,
With Rapture till our Spirits glow;
The Flame which thy pure Boſom warms,
Thy ever-growing Love we know;
For us ev'n wounded unto Death,
For us reſtor'd to Life again,

Come in our Mouth, Soul, Spirit, Breath,
Come, Sap of Life, each Branch ſuſtain.

5 We wiſh, and what we wiſh is gain'd;
For therefore only Thine we are,
Therefore we have thy Power obtain'd,
Therefore Thy Church's Bleſſing ſhare:
B. We would Thy willing *Servants* be,
S. And we thy *Handmaids* chaſte and pure,
Nor from Thy Service e'er be free,
Until we've made the Conqueſt ſure.

CXII.

1 O Whence was I brought?
From Darkneſs was ſought,
And led to that Kingdom which Chriſt's Blood hath bought.

2 Here ſhines a clear Light,
And raviſhing Sight,
From Jeſus the Saviour, who's God's Image bright.

3 Here is the Lamb's Blood,
That adorable Good;
Which cleans'd me from Sin, tho' I long reaſ'ning ſtood.

4 Here's Honour and Health,
And durable Wealth,

Which

Which no Thief can plunder by Force or by Stealth.

5 O here I'm at Reſt,
No Ill can moleſt,
Or ſhould it aſſault me, I ſee my Lord's Breaſt.

6 His Love and his Care,
I plainly read there:
In His kind Protection I ſhall ever ſhare.

7 To ſit at His Feet,
O this is moſt ſweet;
For where ſuch another Friend e'er can I meet?

8 To tell what he's done,
My Soul when he won,
Indeed I'm not able, I'll let that alone.

9 I once was his Foe;
But now, ſince I know
That He hath dy'd for me, I cannot be ſo.

10 His Wounds and his Pain
Are my Life and Gain,
O Wonder of Wonders! he for me was ſlain.

11 Now deep in my Heart
Lies his Blood and Smart;
The Enmity therefore muſt fly and depart.

12 O Jeſus my Lamb!
A Sinner I am,
For Thy Love ſign'd with Blood proclaimeth my Shame.

CXIII.

1 O Worthy Lamb! what endleſs Store
Of Bleſſings from thy Wounds flow o'er,
To me! unworthy, poor and baſe,
Made bleſs'd and happy in Thy Grace.

2 Can I enough adore that Blood,
Which Day and Night I find ſo good!
Thy Blood will every Grief aſſwage,
Throughout my earthly Pilgrimage.

3 Can I enough adore Thy Love,
In bringing me Thy Grace to prove?
When ſuch vaſt Numbers loudly ſay,
Chriſt ſaves thoſe only which obey.

4 My deareſt Lamb! I know I ought
To live to Thee who haſt me bought,
But my Obedience nothing brings,
Adoption from Thy Blood ſtill ſprings.

5 Then can a Child of God e'er ſay:
"I work and labour for my Pay?"
Can he forget his Ranſom Price!
The Saviour's bloody Sacrifice.

6 O dear Redeemer! gracious Lord!
What gentle Force comes from this Word;
Thy *Blood!* Thy Blood once ſhed for me,
Is my ſweet Law of Liberty.

7 No Threatnings need be us'd to thoſe,
Who in that Blood find ſweet Repoſe;
The Law is written in their Heart,
Whene'er they ſlip, they feel great Smart.

8 Yes! they feel Smart, yet without Dread,
The Members look up to their Head;
They know the Virtue of his Blood,
And thankful waſh in that pure Flood.

CXIV.

From the German.

1 PRaiſes to Thee, God Holy Ghoſt, we ſend,
Who doſt the Lamb's Attonement recommend,
And of that ſole Fountain
Of all Salvation,
Canſt ſo diſtinctly give us Intimation,
That we it know.

2 A precious Myſtery it is indeed;
The bleſſed Angels ſtill to learn proceed
More of God's deep Wiſdom,
Which they ſo value,
And by Chriſt's Church, and his elect Retinue,
They trace it out.

3 The

3 The Well-ſpring therefore of true Wiſdom this,
And ſince to us reveal'd that Myſt'ry is,
We than all the wiſe ones
That have been ever,
Whate'er of Science they could elſe diſcover,
Are happier far.

4 Thanks to Thee for that Croſs's Knowledge, Lord,
For Thou indeed, thy Blood in vain hadſt pour'd,
If to ſanctify us
Ought elſe availed,
Beſides thy dear Wounds, if ought could be called
The Soul's Support.

5 O! bleſſed be ye Wounds on him beſtow'd,
Who is alone th' eſſential Son of God
In the Father's Boſom;
Who took our Nature,
Becauſe none could but one of human Order
Be crucify'd:

6 Since He the Death and Puniſhment would bear,
To which our ſinful Race obnoxious were,
Since He on himſelf took
Our Penance bitter,

On ſuch a State of Being he muſt enter,
Which could feel Pain.

7 O Saviour (of that little Flock the Head,
Which thy ſtrict Purchaſe is ſince Thou haſt bled;
Which eternally was
Thine by God's Verdict,
But ſince its buying by the Croſs's Conflict,
Giv'n up to Thee:)

8 In this Conſideration let us ſtand,
When melts with Fire the Globe of Sea and Land;
When by God's own Torches
The World muſt periſh,
And all the Creatures in Diſmay ſhall vaniſh
Before Thy Face.

9 We then at his Right-hand ſhall fear no Shock,
But into our Lord's Heart directly look,
Thro' that open Wound which
From Spear he ſuffer'd,
When he Death's Forces abſolutely conquer'd
And all our Woe:

10 When from our Tyrant he did ſet us free;
When of his pow'rful Interceſſion He
Made us be Partakers,
And of all Graces;

When

When for himſelf he deck'd poor Duſt and
Aſhes
To be his Bride.

11 Of this great Truth our Mouths ſhall Witneſs bear,
Until his Kingdom ſhall unveil'd appear
One Day; till the Earth with
Her Sons ſo num'rous,
Shall ſee the Footſteps of what he doth for us,
With their own Eyes:

12 When all ſhall mourn, who did offend this King,
When thoſe he interceded for, ſhall ſing;
When for the ſelf-juſt ones
We ſhall crave Mercy,
And into our Tents ſhall receive that Party
In Time of Need:

13 When their frail Righteouſneſs will clean be gone,
And nothing left the Mind to lean upon,
(For then his good Actions
One ſhan't remember)
When all their Strength ſhall die away and wither,
Their Wiſdom too.

14 For therefore 'twill be found that we ne'er ſhall
Into that angry dreadful Judgment fall,

'Cauſe we did not truſt in
Work or Perfection
Of ours; but only did our free Election
Spy in his Wounds.

15 Write all this deeply in our Hearts, O Lord,
Of that great Matter a full Sight afford,
(So direct, that nothing
May give us Trouble,
Which perhaps wiſe ones to confound is able)
The Sinnerſhip.

16 So we will alſo in each Time and Place,
The Word ſo mighty of thy Patience preſs,
Thy Suff'ring and Ranſom;
And will admoniſh
All who our Partners in the Fall did periſh,
To go with us:

17 To go with us to heav'nly Grace's Throne,
View the Redeemer's Heart, God's only Son,
Why He ſo did ſuffer
On the Croſs bleeding,
And wherefore truly Torment ſo exceeding
He underwent?

18 For this there muſt be ſome moſt weighty
Cauſe;
And 'tis from hence the Church her main
Theme draws;

Therefore

Therefore are we holy,
And ſtand, thro' one Thing,
In the World upright, not ourſelves defiling,
He merited it.

19 Not that we better are, leſs vile had been
Than others; we by Nature are mere Sin,
Ev'n like the worſt People,
We are nought better,
Our Right to Mercy in itſelf's no greater
Than other Men's.

20 He who to us his Croſs's Help did lend,
Will likewiſe other Supplicants attend,
For he's moſt deſirous
They too might proſper;
To draw ſtill gently all Men to him nearer,
His Office is.

21 This is what ought our Subject now to be,
This ſhould we preach, O Croſs's Church, to Thee,
" To all Souls Succeſs is
" Promis'd by Jeſus,
" 'Tis his chief Pleaſure to relieve and bleſs us,
" His Heart's Delight."

22 What Wonder, ſpeak of nothing elſe we can,
But of the Sum and Price, and of the Man,
Who ſo kindly paid it
Us Worms to purchaſe,

Us into his Death happily baptized has,
And leaves us not!

CXV.

1 REdeemer! who at *Golgotha*
Once as a Lamb wert ſlain,
We pray Thee now moſt heartily,
Draw near to Thy dear Train.
Here are ſome Benches fill'd with Worms,
For whom Thou ſhed'ſt thy Blood:
Come then, ah come, Thou Sinner's Friend,
Our wounded Lord and God.

2 Lift up, O great High-Prieſt! Thy Hands,
Mark'd with the Wounds ſo dear,
And bleſs, O bleſs us graciouſly,
Us all, who now are here:
O ſlaughter'd God, Thy wondrous Love
Which ſtill is in a Flame,
Let this be felt amongſt us now,
And give us Joy and Shame.

3 Grant ev'ry one of us, to know,
What thou haſt done for him;
And give us in Thy Blood's red Sea
For evermore to ſwim.
O may Thy Spirit paint within
Thee, Jeſu crucified,
Then Thou, dear Friend, ſo white and red,
Would'ſt be for ever ey'd.

4 The

4 The Mouth would know, how to deſcribe
What ſparkleth in the Heart:
Not to confeſs Thy Blood and Death,
Would cauſe us Grief and Smart.
Each Heart would wiſh and long and burn
Some Work to do for Thee,
And one would call ſome Sinners more
Thee their dear Friend to ſee.

5 Lord Jeſu! give, O give us all
The Sinners holy Shame;
Then will we gladly go about,
Our Ranſom to proclaim:
We'll venture Honour, Life, and Blood,
Nor Fear or Storm or Waves;
And with the greateſt Chearfulneſs
Be Thy thrice happy Slaves.

CXVI.

From the German.

N°. 1054.

1 RIſe, exalt the Majeſty
Of our Sovereign Lord and King;
Glad he's thus ador'd to be,
Glad his Children him ſhould ſing,
On Thy powerful Day they riſe,
Off'ring Free-Will Sacrifice;

Thy

Thy victorious Triumph this,
Since Hell's Hoſt defeated is.

2 All, who loyal Subjects prove,
All exult with chearful Noiſe;
They, Thy Spoils, inflam'd with Love,
Each his Foes thro' Grace deſtroys:
Grace (what wondrous Thing it is?)
Wafts us to the Port of Bliſs,
Soldiers, who this Secret know,
May the Gates of Hell o'erthrow.

3 Deareſt Lamb! may we believe,
Venture all on Thy Free-Grace;
Boldly Things not ſeen atchieve,
Childlike view Thy loving Face:
Faith Thy People's Strong-hold is,
Their Delight and Pleaſure this;
Cloſely to Thy Wounds to keep,
Waking, Working, or Aſleep.

4 Faithful Lamb! who liv'dſt by Faith
On Thy Pilgrimage below,
On our Hearts Thy Spirit breathe,
Thee th' Eternal Life to know:
Hearts and Hands to Thee we give,
Unto Thee to die, to live;
Sion, if Thy Head depart,
Thou a lifeleſs Carcaſs art.

5 Head,

5 Head, Thy Body ne'er forſake,
Ne'er Thy Congregation leave;
They to Thee their Refuge take,
They to Thee their Huſband cleave;
Farewell bid to ev'ry Thing,
Our Support is Chriſt the King,
Who can his ſupreme Command,
Who in Earth or Heav'n withſtand?

CXVII.

From the German.

N°. 1226.

1 SAcred anointing Oil, o'erflow
And bleſs thy Churches here below,
Make all Things thro' Thy Light divine,
In Heart and Soul moſt clearly ſhine:
We are thy Harbingers who 'fore Thee ſtand,
Sinner-Apoſtles and Thy Soldier-Band.

2 O welcome and refreſh our Souls,
With free Acceſs to Thy Wound-holes,
Where we've ſo long been wont to flee,
With childlike Familiarity:
And may we thence ſuch Nouriſhment derive,
That we may vig'rous in Thy Service live.

3 O Thou whoſe Eyes the World paſs thro',
Each Servant and each Handmaid view;
We are Thy Booty, Thy Reward,

For

For whom Thou thought'ſt no Toil too hard:
Nay for this End haſt not Thy Life deny'd,
To make us Thy peculiar Joy and Bride.

4 Let ev'ry Member here be found
In Life's bleſt Bundle cloſely bound;
Quickly ſuch Light and ſuch Fire dart,
Which may diffuſe and fill each Heart;
O take us to Thy faithful Arms Embrace,
And reach out to us ſtill the wonted Grace.

CXVIII.

From the German.

N°. 104.

1 SEE, World, upon the bloody Tree
Thy Life there ſinks in Death,
Cover'd with Stripes and Wounds for Thee,
Thy Saviour yields his Breath.

2 Behold His Body ſwims in Blood;
Out of His tender Heart,
Deep Sighs and Groans He ſends to God,
In His exceſſive Smart.

3 Thou Prince of Glory, knew'ſt no Sin,
What caus'd Thee then Thy Pain?
Thou harmleſs, undefil'd, and clean,
What caus'd Thee to be ſlain;

4 My

4 My Sins, as num'rous as the Sands
Upon the Ocean Shore,
Have been the cruel murd'rous Hands
That wounded Thee ſo ſore.

5 Thy Anguiſh, Thy tormenting Pain,
And ev'ry dreadful Woe,
Thou didſt ſo willingly ſuſtain,
My Soul *ſhould* undergo.

6 Thou on Thy Shoulders tak'ſt the whole,
To eaſe my burthen'd Heart:
Thou bear'ſt the Curſe, to bleſs my Soul,
And heal'ſt me with Thy Smart.

7 Thy wondrous Love to evidence,
Thou would'ſt my Surety be;
Thyſelf would'ſt pay my Debt immenſe,
Thereby to ſet me free.

8 Thou art Deſtruction to the Grave,
Death's Enemy ſevere;
That each who was before his Slave,
Might now be ſav'd from Fear.

9 My Debt to Thee, dear wounded Love,
Weak Words cannot expreſs;
I cannot here, if there above,
Shew proper Thankfulneſs.

10 Grant me but this while I am here,
(Since I can nothing give)
Thy Suff'rings in my Heart to bear,
And in Thy Death to live.

CXIX.

CXIX.

1 SInce I can look upon Thee, Lord,
And not diſſolve in Love;
O ſend more Grace like Drops of Rain
Deſcending from above.

2 Water my thirſty barren Heart
From Thy pure living Springs;
Shine warm, Thou Sun of Righteouſneſs,
With Healing in Thy Wings.

3 Send gentle Showers, to refreſh
The Seed which Thou haſt ſown:
Then will it bud and bring forth Fruit,
Which will Thy Bleſſing own.

4 Fulfil Thy Promiſe, Lord, to me,
And to my Suit now yield,
Oh! turn Thou me a Wilderneſs
Into a fruitful Field.

5 Dear Jeſus, blow on me the Wind
Of Thy moſt holy Spirit,
Keep me inclos'd and cover'd o'er
With thy ſufficient Merit.

CXX.

From the German.

N°. 1308.

1 SInners! come, the Saviour ſee,
Hands, Feet, Side, and Temples view;
See Him bleeding on the Tree,
See his Heart on Fire for you!
View a while, then haſte away,
Find a Thouſand more, and ſay:
Come, ye Sinners! come with me,
View him bleeding on the Tree.

2 Who would ſtill ſuch Mercy grieve?
Sinners! hear Inſtruction mild,
Doubt no more, but now believe,
Each become a ſimple Child;
Artful Doubts and Reaſonings be
Nail'd with Jeſus to the Tree;
Souls who truly ſimple are
Surely ſhall the Bleſſing ſhare.

3 Thro' his Proverty, ye Poor!
All may quickly richer be;
That throws wide Heav'n's Mercy-Door,
Grace's Treaſuries makes free;
Here ſecurely take who will,
Each poor Sinner take his Fill,

Rich in Grace hereby commence,
Bluſh no more for Indigence.

4 They who ſearch their Hearts with Care,
And the Blame their own confeſs,
In the Lamb may have their Share,
To his Wounds have free Acceſs.
They that have been moſt in Debt,
'Mongſt the chiefeſt Sinners ſet,
Ne'er forget their kind Releaſe,
Beſt can reliſh pard'ning Grace.

5 Cover'd with a holy Shame,
Pardon'd Criminals remain:
Yet their Freedom they proclaim,
Their Adoption they maintain.
Truſting in our Righteouſneſs
Scarce does that begin to ceaſe,
Ceaſes the tormenting Striſe,
All within is Peace and Life.

6 Are you form'd a Creature new?
Have you prov'd the Cleanſer's Art?
Can you Chriſt in Spirit view,
Purified thro' Faith your Heart?
Riſe, to meet the Bridegroom go,
Mingle with the Virgin Row;
Oil you have, and need not fear
Tho' this Moment he appear.

7 Theſe move on the narrow Way,
Watchful, chearful, free from Toil,

Trim

Trim their Lamps from Day to Day,
Adding ſtill Recruits of Oil;
Doubly does the Spirit reſt
On that happy peaceful Breaſt,
Who himſelf to Praying gives,
Who a Life of Watching lives.

8 Up, go forth to meet the Lamb,
Sleep and Slumber far depart!
Let your Lamps be all on Flame,
Want of Oil will wound the Heart.
Gracious Scepter of our King!
Thee we touch, and Thee we ſing,
Under Thy propitious Sway
Live we, grow we ev'ry Day:

9 Here we learn with inward Shame,
How delightful 'tis and ſweet,
Thee to ſerve, O gracious Lamb!
Willingly Thy Love to meet.
Ours the Fault, we muſt confeſs,
If debarr'd from Happineſs;
Thou woul'dſt rather have us be
Hearty, ready, willing, free.

CXXI.

From the German.

N° 1080.

1 SInners Redeemer, whom we inly love,
Father of thine below, and thine above,
Brother of Worms who earthly Veſſels bear,
Bridegroom of happy Souls who ſimple are!

2 O! let us Day by Day with Rapture feel,
What Grace, what Love is, what Thy Spirit's Seal,
What fervent Zeal that prudently aſpires,
What heav'nly Drawings, what Seraphick Fires!

5 A manly Spirit too, dear Lord, impart;
A Face anointed, and a glowing Heart:
Let all our Members ſpeak forth holy Shame,
And inward Life and Chearfulneſs proclaim!

CXXII.

1 SMall might it ſeem, if Chriſt above
Me for His Servant had, or no,
Me who of little Uſe could prove:
But now I ſee it is not ſo.

2 He

2 He once hath ſhed his Blood for this,
A Family of Souls to gain;
Of theſe, tho' mean, if he ſhould miſs,
His Toil, His Death would be in vain.

3 'Tis in poor Men he has deſigned
His Gifts and Works to bring to Light;
If none t'accept them are inclin'd,
It puts a Stop to his great Might.

4 With an old Foe he is at Strife,
Who hath ſeduc'd the human Race:
That Foe prevails, where Unbelief
Poſſeſſion holds, and Chriſt where Grace.

5 Thus 'tis no longer a ſmall Point,
That I my Heart to Chriſt ſhould give;
His Vict'ry, Purchaſe, Praiſe art in't,
And the chief Joy he can receive.

CXXIII.

1 SUch who themſelves have known the Lamb,
Commend his quick'ning Blood,
Inviting others to the ſame,
Which they have found ſo good.

2 Thoſe who ne'er drank of living Streams,
Deſcribe not Jeſus well;
They paint him not with Mercy's Beams,
But Terrors brought from Hell.

3 Revenge was never in Thy Heart,
Nor Fury in Thy Mind,
Thy Nature, Lord, (not Man's Deſert)
Compells Thee to be kind.

4 Believe or not, Chriſt is the ſame;
His Love cannot expire:
But when we view that ſacred Flame,
Our frozen Heart takes Fire.

5 May all, who ſpread Thy Goſpel's Fame,
Jeſu, in Thee abide,
A ſlaughter'd Saviour ſtill proclaim,
And nothing know beſide.

CXXIV.

1 TEach me yet more of thy bleſt Ways,
Thou ſlaughter'd Lamb of God!
And fix and root me in the Grace
So dearly bought with Blood.

2 O tell me often of each Wound,
Of ev'ry Smart and Pain;
And let my Heart with Joy confeſs
From hence comes all my Gain.

3 For This, O may I freely count
Whate'er I have but Loſs;
And ev'ry Name and ev'ry Thing
Compar'd with This, but Droſs.

4 Anſwer

4 Anſwer me, tender gracious Lamb,
Why didſt Thou die for me?
Me full of Sin and void of Worth!
The Cauſe was all in Thee!

5 Thy loving Heart could never bear
To ſee me bleeding lie,
To ſee me fall a Prey to Death;
Thyſelf would'ſt rather die.

6 Ingrave this deeply in my Heart
With an Eternal Pen,
That I may, in my ſmall Degree,
Return Thy Love again.

7 But who can pay that mighty Debt,
Or equal Love like Thine?
Thou wert, when ſorely wounded Thus,
A Perſon all Divine.

8 O rather give me daily more,
More ev'ry Hour to ſee,
That Thou a bounteous Giver art,
I muſt a Debtor be.

CXXV.

From the German.

N°. 1282.

1 TEach us, O Lord! thy Croſs's Myſtery;
Yes, our ſincere Requeſt ſhall granted be.

2 What

2 What coſt Thee Life, Blood, Death, ſtrong Cries and Tears,
The ſame remains nor waxes old by Years;

3 Thy pow'rful Word o'er Walls and Ramparts flies,
Out-laſts (Thyſelf haſt ſaid) both Earth and Skies.

4 Who to His Blood ſhall Bounds and Limits give?
His Flock, yea all the World may drink and live.

5 Who can produce a Time, a Day, an Hour,
This Blood may not exert vindictive Pow'r?

6 'Tis no light Matter, when the Souls that lie
Beneath the Altar, Vengeance! Vengeance! cry,

7 Tho' 'bove a thouſand Years they thus have cried:
(Patience divine! how long wilt Thou be tried)

8 If by the Fiend this cry can't be withſtood,
Much leſs the ruſhing Stream of Jeſu's Blood.

9 But hark! what Cry doth from the Saviour burſt?
That ſtrong Heart-piercing Cry! *I thirſt! I thirſt!*

10 For

10 For what? of hoſtile Blood to drink his Fill?
No, for the Hearts of thoſe that uſe him ill.
11 He would not One ſhould loſt and faithleſs prove,
But ſeeks to pierce Us with his Darts of Love.
12 And while Mankind diſdains his Voice to hear,
(From the pure Spirit ſo averſe their Ear)
13 To ſend his Meſſengers he does not ceaſe,
And ſuffers ſcarce a Mouth to hold its Peace.
14 They cry in ev'ry Place in ev'ry Street,
Friend, let us catch you in the Goſpel-net!
15 We'll take you Captive for our Gracious Lord,
So need you never fear his two-edg'd Sword;
19 So need you never to the Mountains cry,
Let us within your Ruins buried lie!
17 Or to the Rocks, for Anguiſh while you rave,
Yield us ſome friendly Cavern for a Grave!
18 Juſt as you are, you may to Jeſus creep,
But come, he'll gladly take you for his Sheep:
12 Be you all over Sin, all over Shame,
There's waiting for you ſtill a Heart in Flame.

20 The

20 The Judge, to whom alone Revenge is giv'n,
Ordains for ſuch Poor Sinners Peace and Heav'n.

21 Who finds that Sin has quite o'erſpread his Soul,
That his own Efforts ne'er can make him whole,

22 As dead at Jeſu's Feet reſolves to lie;
Jeſus hath ſworn that Soul ſhall never die.

23 Were he a Bear, he ſoftens to a Lamb;
And were he cold as Ice, he burns a Flame;

24 And were he dead before, yet ſee he lives,
The Saviour quick'ning whom the Father gives:

25 The Spirit in his Temple takes his Place,
Decks it with outward and with inward Grace;

26 Likeneſs to Jeſu's Death Without is ſeen,
The Spring of Life eternal flows Within.

27 This Taſk we proſecute with all our Pow'rs,
(For this, the Spirit and his Gifts are ours)

28 To court poor Sinners, ſunk in Guilt and Shame,
Brides to commence and Partners of the Lamb:

29 Brides

29 (Brides of a King who Charms divine diſplays,)
The Joy of Angels, Themes for Songs of Praiſe.

30 We'll take you by the Hand in tend'reſt Love,
(Your Guilt and Mis'ry ſhall our Pity move;

31 This our good Wiſhes, our Eſteem excites,
In ſpite of all ſelf-righteous Hypocrites.)

32 We'll introduce you to our heav'nly King,
And promiſe you he'll welcome all we bring;

33 He'll moſt affectionate and gracious prove,
And Kiſs you with a tender Kiſs of Love:

34 He'll cloſe embrace you as his deareſt Friends,
My Juſtice, will he ſay, in Mercy ends.

35 Whatever Souls to him in Spirit come,
He'll kiſs immediately and take them Home.

36 To come in Spirit, (which we'll here explain,
Since none can otherwiſe Admittance gain,)

37 Is this: to know that for the World and me
Our Lord himſelf did Penance on the Tree;

38 That as He there expir'd, *'tis finiſh'd* cried,
The Spirit then the Saviour * juſtified;

39 That

* 1 Tim. iii. 16. 2 Cor. v. 21.

39 That as he triumph'd over Sin and Hell,
He gave us Right in heav'nly Realms to dwell.

40 And tho' unborn, tho' not in Perſon there,
Yet in that Act of Grace I have my Share;

41 To be a King and Prieſt was then reſtor'd,
Prieſt unto God, o'er Death and Devil Lord.

42 Therefore muſt Sin lie vanquiſh'd at my Feet,
Thro' Jeſu's Blood I muſt with Vict'ry meet.

43 When on my Ranſom I retire to think,
And in my Saviour's Wounds enamour'd ſink,

44 Then trembles all the World both ſmall and great,
Nor dare diſturb my Meditation ſweet.

45 And where's the Wonder? To the World at large,
A Charge long ſince is giv'n, a ſolemn Charge,

46 Not to awake a Child of Faith that ſleeps,
Much leſs to fright a Soul that watching keeps.

47 By the Lamb's Side his Sheep lie ſafely down,
Fearleſs as Lions, while the Lamb's their own.

48 Venture who dare to break that Man's Repoſe,
Who Jeſu's Voice to hear, in Stillneſs goes.

49 A New-born Soul how ſweet it is to view!
How does its Happineſs our own renew!
On ev'ry Houſe-top find us, Lord, a Place,
We'll ſhake to Atoms all Self-righteouſneſs.

CXXVI.

From the German.

1 THanks that God's holy Chriſt hath bled
Upon the Croſs in *Adam*'s Stead;
And freed us from th' unhappy Fall:
Thank him for this, ye Sinners all!

2 I'm griev'd no more for *Adam*'s Fall,
To me it brings no Harm at all!
If but the Lamb, who bore my Smart,
Is painted bright within my Heart:

3 If I but dare rejoice in Faith,
And feed upon my Saviour's Death;
And if, from taſting of his Love,
His Wounds ſhall daily ſweeter prove.

4 Thanks, that Mankind has ſuch a Lamb,
Who freed us from our Curſe and Shame,
Abundant Thanks, that thro' his Blood
All what we loſt is now made good.

5 Satan may fret eternally,
To God's dear Son the Lamb I fly,

Whom he, for my Miſdeeds and Pride,
To his own Loſs has crucify'd.

6 Hell's Gates ſhall break, however ſtrong,
When of the Lamb one ſings a Song;
Tho' Satan like a Lyon ſtood,
He's out of Heart 'fore Jeſu's Blood.

7 Permit me therefore, tender Lamb!
To praiſe and ſing, with inmoſt Shame,
Of thy ſo bitter Penance here,
Which Thou from Head to Foot didſt bear.

8 And that it is moſt ſurely ſo,
That Thou, a thouſand Years ago,
When on the Croſs they Thee revil'd,
Me *with Thyſelf* haſt reconcil'd.

9 Thy Side's-ſhrine now moſt clearly ſhew,
The Beauty of each Nail-hole too;
Thy Death my Joy and Pleaſure be,
Till I can view eternally.

10 And when thou there ſhalt ſhew my Heart,
How fair, my wounded Lamb! thou art,
So will I, with the Sinners Train.
Thank Thee for what thy Blood did gain.

11 And now I beg once more, while *here*,
Make ev'ry Wound exceeding clear,
That I thereon my Faith may place,
Till I ſhall ſee Thee Face to Face.

CXXVII.

1 THanks to Thy Mercy, deareſt Lamb,
That I, tho' late, have known thy Name;
That Things from wiſer Minds conceal'd,
To me a Babe have been reveal'd!

2 What am I, Worm, or what my Ways,
(To Thee a Rebel all my Days)
That Thou to ſuch a Soul hold'ſt forth
A Treaſure of unfathom'd Worth?

3 And can it be theſe ſinful Eyes
Have ſpy'd where that great Treaſure lies,
Have been directed to the Ground
Where preſent Bleſſedneſs is found?

4 Well, gracious Lamb, Thy Will be done!
Sinners Thou ſav'ſt, and I am One:
From this vain World henceforth I part,
And to Thy Service give my Heart.

CXXVIII.

1 THE Bridegroom is near,
And ſeeth us here;
His Heart is inflam'd:
To us ſinful Wretches: this makes us aſham'd.

2 What are we but Duſt,
Slaves once of each Luſt?

How could we be free,
But by this dear Bridegroom, who bled on the Tree?

3 He bought us by Blood,
To his and our God;
And choſe for his own
Us Sinners, before e'er his Love we had known.

4 'Tis moving indeed,
That Jeſus did bleed;
How can it but touch,
That he for vile Rebels ſhould ſuffer ſo much.

5 The Bride of the Lamb
Is cover'd with Shame,
Whenever a Kiſs
Or gracious Embracing ſhe feeleth of his.

6 The Bridegroom above
Is nothing but Love;
And that he was ſlain,
This moveth the Bride's Heart, to love him again.

7 My dear Brethren ſee,
How frozen were we,
And wand'ring about:
But Jeſus did fetch us, and warm us thro'out.

8 No Threat'nings at all
We heard in his Call;

" I died for thy Reſt,
" Be chearful, tho' ſinful, and lean on my Breaſt."

9 If we know him thus,
Each Member of us
Should gladly look round,
Where hundred or thouſand loſt Sheep might be found.

10 A Labourer's Choir
Should burn with Deſire,
To bring many Souls
To Jeſus, the Sinner's Friend's thorow-pierc'd Holes.

11 If therefore we find
The Lame or the Blind,
We'll beg our dear Lamb,
To prove and to glorify on them his Name.

12 If any be ſick,
Then we will be quick,
That Blood to apply,
Which cureth each Sickneſs, that not one can die.

13 If there's a deaf Ear
He can make it hear;
And then we'll proclaim
That Jeſus, who is our dear High-prieſt and Lamb.

14 The Dead ſhall perceive
The Son's Voice and live;

What Wonders are here!
Come, come let us ſerve him, who bought us
ſo dear.

15 Dear Brethren, 'tis right,
To wait Day and Night;
It is now his Hour,
He's ready to give us his Light, Life and Pow'r.

16 From this very Day
We will not delay,
To follow the Lamb,
To ſerve him with Gladneſs, and live for his
Name.

17 We will nought diffuſe,
But this welcome News:
The Lamb has been ſlain;
This Text we will preach of again and again.

18 This entreth thy Ear,
O Bridegroom moſt dear!
Thou Lamb that wert ſlain,
O be Thou the Leader of us and our Train.

CXXIX.

1 THE Blood of Chriſt by Faith applied
To a Believer's Heart,
Doth ſoften, heal, and purify,
And take away all Smart.

2 This

2 This precious Blood doth cleanſe from Sin,
And wipes away our Tears,
It makes our Garments white and clean,
And frees us from all Fears.

3 The Blood of *Abel* Vengeance cried:
But Jeſus cried, "Forgive,
"Father, they know not what they do,
"Forgive them, let them live."

4 The Father heard his Well-belov'd;
How could He Him deny,
Who for our Sins upon the Croſs
Did ſweat and bleed and die?

5 O ſweeteſt Saviour, let Thy Blood,
That precious Blood of Thine,
Sprinkle and overflow this Heart,
This ſinful Heart of mine.

CXXX.

From the German.

N°. 1202.

1 THE firſt-begotten Son of God
Takes up with Mortals his Abode;
He who was ſworn to *Abraham*,
Who ever was and is the ſame;
He came, and hidden Myſteries reveal'd,
Which from the World's Foundations were conceal'd:

2 Into

2 Into which Things, with wiſhful Eye,
Angels themſelves deſir'd to pry;
For they beheld Man's Wretchedneſs,
His Slavery and deep Diſtreſs,
They ſaw him plung'd in Sin and Miſery;
But yet that Love was ſtirring could they ſee.

3 The fiery Law, that came between,
Was an Eſtabliſhment too mean,
Too weak, Salvation to reſtore;
It Sin expos'd, but could no more,
It bid us Do, but could not Strength impart,
It knew to wound, but not to heal the Heart.

3 Then Love brake forth, "Behold me ſtill
"Prepar'd, O God, to do Thy Will!
"I freely come, I freely dye,
"For Guilty Man to ſatisfy;
"I, in Man's ſtead, will hang upon the Tree,
"From Sin, and Death, and Hell to ſet him free!"

5 And thus for our imputed Guilt
Our Surety's precious Blood was ſpilt;
The Sins of all on Him were laid,
And he for all has fully paid;
And now doth God for Children dear receive
All Sorts of Sinners, who on Him believe.

6 We dead in Sins and Treſpaſſes,
The narrow Way to Life and Peace

Had

Had neither Will nor Pow'r to find,
Nor was our Heart at all inclin'd
To wiſh, or aſk, that Happineſs to know,
Which only from the Saviour's Wounds can flow.

7 Out of pure Grace, unmerited,
Salvation ſhowers on our Head:
Merely becauſe the Lord has dy'd,
Becauſe a Lamb was crucify'd,
Are we invited to poſſeſs a Throne,
Before the World was made, ordain'd our own.

8 Hence the good Patriarchs of old,
In Faith were confident and bold,
They ſpy'd their native Land from far,
And wiſh'd already to be there,
With vehement Deſire thereafter ſtrove,
As Pilgrims on the Earth content to rove.

9 In Faith theſe ſtedfaſt liv'd and dy'd,
Long ere the Lamb was crucify'd:
We who in Faith's bleſt Seaſon live,
We alſo heartily believe,
And in our Saviour's bleeding Wounds can find
What they purſu'd with all their Heart and Mind.

10 Blood of my Saviour's Wounds! (how dear
This Sound to each Believer's Ear!)

What

What Multitudes ev'n now can feel
Thy Energy, and ſettling Seal?
Thou God unſearchable! Thou Lamb once ſlain!
Let us once feel Thy Blood, and Health obtain!

CXXXI.

From the German.

N° 1258.

1 THE Saviour's Blood and Righteouſneſs
My Fin'ry is, my Wedding-dreſs;
Therewith, when ent'ring Heaven's Land,
Full well ſhall I before God ſtand.

2 For tho' I once at Judgment-ſeat
Appear, I ſhall no Cenſure meet;
Since I'm abſolv'd already here;
And my whole Debt is paid off clear.

3 Th' Hand-writing on the Croſs is ſeen,
A Spectacle for Satan's Spleen;
The Nails, that have the Saviour ſlain,
Have torn th' old Covenant in Twain.

4 Tho' ſign'd and written with my Blood,
Moſt binding and moſt firm it ſtood;
Yet now the Bond is cancell'd quite,
And no Demands on me can light.

5 The

5 The Fiend's deserved Pay here see,
(Why nail'd he *God's Son* to the Tree?)
That he o'er Souls does lose his Sway,
And Jesus bears them sav'd away.

6 This knows full well the Serpent old,
That fairly he has lost his Hold
Of us and all Mankind hereby,
And with the highest Equity.

7 And now the Lamb from Blemish free,
Who, on the rugged Shameful Tree,
For me his Life laid freely down,
For *my true Lord and God* I own.

8 I do believe, his precious Blood,
That most inestimable Good,
Fills all the Treasuries divine,
And is in Heav'n still current Coin.

9 I do believe, if Sinners Race
Ten thousand Times more num'rous was;
Yet still the Devil had his Full,
'Tis without Right he keeps one Soul.

10 I b'lieve Eternity's Demand,
(Which does inexorable stand,
And lets nought damnable pass free)
Is paid for ev'ry Soul and me.

11 I do believe, the righteous God
Saw by his dear Son's Death and Blood,

His

His Juſtice better ſatisfy'd,
Than if *Adam* had been deſtroy'd.

12 'Tis true the Debt this would eraſe,
But Satan would t' inſult have Place;
And God had loſt his Image fair;
'Tis better, we releaſed are.

13 Now the whole Univerſe ſhall ſee,
How I in Heav'n receiv'd ſhall be;
Ye Angels! hear this too, and own
This Grace, before the Father's Throne.

14 If I ſhould, thro' Chriſt's Merit and Love,
A Servant e'er ſo faithful prove;
O'er all that's baſe the Vict'ry win;
Nor ev'n till Death commit one Sin:

15 Yet will I, when I come to you,
Nought think, how good I was and true,
But "here's a Sinner, who would fain
"Thro' the Lamb's Ranſom, Entrance gain."

16 There ſings our Father *Abraham*,
And all the Saints before the Lamb;
And in their Song one plain may view,
It ſtands: *That they were Sinners too.*

17 If aſk'd about my *Wedding-dreſs*,
Without which there is no Acceſs,
I'll ſay: "I Jeſus then put on,
"When naked from the Fiend I ran.

"I've

18 " I've kept with Care this ſhining Dreſs,
" It has this choice peculiar Grace,
" That Chriſt's unſeen ſpecifick Blood
" Preſerves it ever fair and good.

19 Suppoſe, that next the Queſtion were:
When in the World what didſt Thou there?
I'd ſay: " I thank my Lord, could I
" Good do, I did it willingly.

20 " And ſince I knew, his precious Blood
" Had Sin o'erwhelm'd with its pure Flood;
" And that one need not yield conſent;
" This gave me Joy and ſweet Content.

21 " If now there came a ſinful Luſt,
" I thank'd my God, there was no *Muſt*;
" I ſaid to Cov'touſneſs, Luſt, Pride,
" For you my Lord was crucify'd.

22 " No Parley with the Foe I'd make,
" But choſe the ſhorteſt Courſe to take,
" And ſimply to my Lord complain;
" Thus did I always Freedom gain.

23 " As Men are wont of Ghoſts to ſay,
" That by the Croſs they're driven away:
" What God the Lord nor prais'd nor lov'd,
" That by the Croſs I far remov'd."

24 Then will the holy Company
A great Rejoicing have o'er me;

And ſtill more Joy to me to bring,
They full of Sp'rit will with me ſing: *

25 *All Praiſe and Honour doth pertain*
Unto the Lamb; for He was ſlain,
And hath redeem'd us by His Blood,
And made us Kings and Prieſts to God.

26 Now while in Life I'm yet confin'd,
So is it my whole Heart and Mind,
To Chriſtians, Heathens, all and each,
This Point and only this to preach:

27 "That our for-ever-bleſſed God
"By his Son *Jeſu's Death and Blood*,
"Has ſhewn his Love to ſuch Degree,
"As ne'er in Truth can fathom'd be."

28 Ye Children all in Grace's Fold,
You heartily intreat I would,
Thro' all your Lives the Plan ne'er miſs,
But faithfully keep cloſe to This.

29 And ye, 'bove all, who Teachers are,
Nought you can do, (in Mem'ry bear)
Souls are ſtill empty, void of Good,
'Till you bring in th' *Attoning-Blood*.

30 O Jeſu Chriſt! all Praiſe to Thee,
That Thou a Man vouchſaf'dſt to be;
And for each Soul, which Thou haſt made,
Haſt an Eternal Ranſom paid.

31 O

* Rev. v. 9, 10.

31 O give us now, to ſpeak Thy Word;
To all the Captives Hope-afford,
That they, if to Thy Wounds they'll flee,
May find eternal Life in Thee.

32 O King of Glory, Chriſt the Lord;
Thou'rt God's own Son, th' eternal *Word*;
Let all the World Thy Mercy ſee,
And bleſs what ſolely cleaves to Thee.

33 Into Thy Wounds, while I am *here*,
I'll look, after my Grace's Share;
And, when *above*, ſhine in the Dreſs
Of Thy rich Blood and Righteouſneſs.

CXXXII.

1 THE Croſs, the Croſs, O that's my Gain!
Becauſe on that, the Lamb was ſlain;
'Twas there my Lord was crucify'd;
'Twas there the Saviour for me dy'd.

2 What wondrous Thing could move Thy Heart,
To take on Thee my Curſe and Smart?
When Thou fore-kneweſt I ſhould be
So cold and negligent t'wards Thee.

3 The Cauſe was Love, I ſink with Shame
Before Thy ſacred Jeſu's-Name,

That Thou ſhould'ſt bleed and ſlaughter'd be,
Becauſe, becauſe Thou lovedſt me.

4 Thou loveſt me: O boundleſs Grace!
Who can ſuch wondrous Mercy trace?
I, who unfaithful, fooliſh am,
Yet find Thee ſtill a patient Lamb.

5 To Thy red Croſs I lift mine Eyes,
That is the Tree will make me wiſe;
That that's *a Tree of Knowledge good*,
Evil was drown'd in Jeſu's Blood.

6 The bloody Croſs, That bears a Fruit,
Which does poor hungry Sinners ſuit;
It is *a Tree of Life* for all,
Who're doom'd to Death in *Adam*'s Fall.

7 See what a deep-dy'd red it bears!
Look how that Nail my Saviour tears;
Stain'd and beſmear'd with Blood divine,
There hangs the King from *David*'s Line.

8 Here will I ſtay and gaze a while
On Thee, Thou Friend of Sinners vile;
I'll look and ſee what I have done,
To God's eternal gracious Son.

9 Lord, what is Man, and what am I,
That Thou ſhould'ſt ſuch a Creature buy;

And

And ſeal my Ranſom with Thy Blood,
Languiſhing, melting on the Wood.

10 Here is an Enſign on a Hill!
Come hither! Sinners, look your Fill;
To look aſide is Pain and Loſs,
I'll glory only in the Croſs.

11 I'll live and dwell by this bleſt Flood;
The flowing Stream of Jeſu's Blood;
That Blood which he, in tender Love,
To ſhed, did leave his Throne above.

12 Here in a Glaſs I fix my Eye,
The Glory of the Lord t' eſpy;
'Tis by beholding I ſhall be
Chang'd to his Image who lov'd me.

13 His Glory did the Lord proclaim,
When *Moſes* pray'd to ſee the ſame:
" Before Thee ſhall my Goodneſs paſs,
" But thou can'ſt not behold my Face."

14 But we with open Face behold
The Glory, which before was told,
Should be reveal'd when Jeſus dy'd;
We look upon him crucify'd.

15 No flaming Sword doth guard this Place,
The bloody Croſs proclaims Free-Grace;
No other Way can Heaven win,
All by the Croſs muſt enter in.

CXXXIII.

From the German.

N°. 1546.

1 THE faithful Father *Abraham*,
With all who bore the Patriarch's Name,
The Prieſts and *Levites* in their State,
The Watchmen at the Temple Gate;

2 The Fathers ſtrong in Faith and bold,
With thoſe who propheſy'd of old,
The antient Tribe of Witneſſes,
And *Iſrael*'s ſanctified Race,

3 They had nor knew no other God,
But Him who thro' his Death and Blood,
(As his dear Father's Pleaſure was)
Did Penance for the Sinner's Cauſe.

4 The Lamb, the Church's Lord and Head,
With whom we're ſo enamoured,
Him *Abra'm* and his Seed ador'd
As their own God and only Lord:

5 Who left his Father's Majeſty,
And put on our Humanity,
He in the Covenant of old
Was as the Son of God foretold.

6 On

6 On this Account it is we read,
That *Abra'm* on His Day was glad;
And joy'd to view Him as his Lamb,
Bearing his Sins, and Guilt, and Shame.

7 Therefore they wiſh'd with thouſand Tears,
Until the num'rous Term of Years
Was ended, when th' eternal Son
Should ſtoop, and leave His Father's Throne,

8 That he thro' bleeding on the Tree
Might free them from their Miſery,
For all their Sins a Ranſom make,
And ev'ry Bond and Fetter break.

9 Now this whole Choir, with holy Shame,
Therefore adore their ſlaughter'd Lamb,
" And in their Song one plain may view,
" It ſtands, that they were Sinners too;"

10 That the Lamb brought them thro' with Pow'r,
And open'd wide their Priſon-Door,
And touch'd them with his bleeding Love,
And led them to the Realms above.

11 Therefore it ſtands moſt ſure and plain,
That the poor helpleſs Sinner-Train
Now thro' the World diſperſt abroad,
Hold Jeſus as their *Lord and God.*

12 We

12 We with the Lamb are ſatisfied;
Who knows or feels ought more beſide,
Belongs not to our Sinner-Choir,
The Lamb's the whole of our Deſire.

13 In Him we ever have our Fill,
And would we ſoar yet higher ſtill
To ſearch the Godhead's Myſteries,
There we can never reſt at Eaſe:

14 From ſuch a Search we turn again,
And childlike afterwards remain,
Viewing the Nail-Prints of the Lamb
From whence our Free Election came.

15 And would we yet the Father ſee,
This only thro' the Son can be;
Philip he ſaw him in the Son,
The Partner of his royal Throne.

16 Thank God, that I his Sinner am;
Put all my Selfiſhneſs to Shame;
While I'm of Jeſu's Blood poſſeſt,
That's it, whereon my Heart ſhall reſt.

27 Fall with me in this bleſſed Mind,
Brethren, and caſt all elſe behind;
As Duſt before the Saviour keep,
And rightly learn the Sinnerſhip.

18 Then ſimply Step by Step proceed,
Where Jeſu's Hand your Plan has laid,

And witneſs of our loving Lamb
Thro' Heat and Cold, Reproach and Shame.

19 Then when his bleſſed Will is ſo,
To call one from this World below;
He flies to Jeſu's wounded Breaſt,
Where thoſe departed Sinners reſt.

20 Now, God in human Fleſh reveal'd!
Thou know'ſt what's in my Heart conceal'd,
And that it's preſently inflam'd,
Soon as Thy Blood and Wounds are nam'd.

21 O let me ev'ry Hour be found,
My God, rejoicing in thy Wounds;
Thy Grace and Blood-bought Righteouſneſs
Remain my Strength, my only Dreſs.

22 My Text within Thy Church ſhall be
Thy Wounds, Thy Sores, and Miſery:
My Text, when to the World I call,
Thy Blood the Ranſom-Price for all.

CXXXIV.

From the German.

N°. 581.

1 THE Lamb is ſlain, let us adore,
And own how wonderful the Grace;
Let all within us feel his Pow'r,
And ſilent bow before his Face;

Who

Who feel his Pow'r, his Grace who prove,
Serve without Dread, with Rev'rence love.

2 The Lamb is ſlain, him Day and Night,
Th' united Choirs of Angels ſing;
To Him, enthron'd above all Height,
Heav'n's Hoſts their nobleſt Praiſes bring,
While here poor Sinners join the Song,
And praiſe him with a ſtamm'ring Tongue.

3 Gladly our own poor Works we leave,
Wealth, Honour, Fame, for Thee alone;
To thee, our Fleſh, Soul, Spirit give,
Thy Death hath claim'd them for thy own;
We take thee hence to be our Lord,
Be thou in ev'ry Heart ador'd.

4 Saviour of Sinners, may thy Blood
Our Hearts with Peace and Power fill;
Still may we make thy Fleſh our Food,
Still hear and love thy ſovereign Will;
Still more to thee united be,
By an unfeign'd Simplicity.

5 Thro' Thee we live, for thou haſt drown'd
Our Hell, our Curſe, our Sins and all
In this unfathomable Sea;
Fall proſtrate, loſt in wonder fall,
Ye Sinners, for the Lamb is ſlain,
Who dy'd that we might Life regain.

6 As

6 As Ground, when parch'd with Summer's Heat,
Gladly drinks in the welcome Show'r,
So may we liſt'ning at thy Feet,
Catch ev'ry Word, and feel Thy Power,
O let nought in our Hearts remain,
But this great Truth, *The Lamb is ſlain.*

CXXXV.

1 THE Son of God, what was his Aim
When he did ſuffer Toil and Shame?
What Gain or Comfort did he hope,
When he did drink that bitter Cup?
Yea, what ſweet Fruit from his Work done
Did he ſtill ſet his Heart upon?

2 His Hope was this, that by His Pain
Full many Souls ſhould Freedom gain;
Should live in Peace, and Joy, and Love,
Led by his Spirit from above;
Himſelf amidſt them did intend
To dwell, their Brother and their Friend.

3 O what Delight did He propoſe
In guarding theſe from all their Foes;
In filling them with Gifts of Grace,
Unknown before to Human Race;
In ſhewing what Improvements cou'd
Be wrought in Sinners by his Blood!

4 He

4 He went to Heav'n, expecting now
Our Hearts would to his Scepter bow;
That to His Blood with vaſt Reſort,
Poor Souls would come whom Sin had hurt;
That by that ſtrong and precious Stream,
The World from Satan He might claim.

5 All this He juſtly might expect:
Scarce could His loving Heart ſuſpect,
How ill we would our Ranſom treat,
And all His Tenderneſs forget;
How ſtubborn Souls, tho' bought ſo dear,
Would never to His Blood draw near.

6 O ye, who have not lov'd your Lord,
Nor known the Peace His Blood procur'd,
Think with yourſelves how great's the Guilt,
That as to you in vain 'twas ſpilt:
You have kept back his Purchaſe due,
Forbad Him to rejoice in you.

CXXXVI.

From the German.

N°. 1133.

1 THE Soul of Chriſt me ſanctify;
His Spirit ſeal me graciouſly;
His Body torn with many a Wound,
That make my Soul and Body ſound!

2 The Water ſpouting from Thy Side,
The Soldier's Spear had open'd wide;
That be my Bath, and let Thy Blood
Cleanſe me, and bring me near to God.

3 The Blood-ſweat trickling down thy Face,
Aſſure my Heart of purchas'd Grace;
Thy Croſs, thy Suff'rings and thy Pain
My everlaſting Strength remain.

4 Dear Jeſu, grant this my Requeſt,
Take, hide me quite within thy Breaſt;
And grant me in thy Wounds to dwell,
Secure from all the Pow'rs of Hell.

CXXXVII.

1 THEY who know our Lord indeed,
Find a Help in all their Need:
They who clearly ſee his Face,
See him full of mildeſt Grace.

2 Hence they can with Jeſus be
Juſt as with a Brother free;
They can tell Him all their Mind,
When they ſlip they find Him kind.

3 Yet the Souls who Jeſus know
Sink before him very low:
They who once have ſeen him clear
Much will to offend Him fear.

4 But this very Fear is ſweet;
'Tis but falling at his Feet,
While his gentle Voice doth chide
Our Unfaithfulneſs and Pride.

5 O how wond'rous is our Lamb
To all thoſe who know his Name!
Glad Abaſement, awful Joy,
At one Glance our Heart employ.

CXXXVIII.

1 THEY who *little Children* are,
Safe in Jeſu's Love and Care;
By this Fruit their Faith do prove,
They each other truly love.

2 From their being join'd in One,
In the Faith of God's own Son,
Mighty Bleſſings they expect:
Nor ſweet Fellowſhip neglect.

3 None in his own Wiſdom truſts,
None of his Attainments boaſts,
Each his Brother doth eſteem,
No Self-love is found in them.

4 Their Delight is when they all
With one Voice on Jeſus call;
And when fitly, without Strife,
Each his Duty does in Life.

5 Meek

5 Meek they are to all Mankind,
To good Offices inclin'd,
Ready, when revil'd, to bleſs,
Studious of the public Peace.

6 Tender Pity, Love ſincere
To each Soul of Man they bear;
And, as Chriſt doth give them Light,
Order all their Steps aright.

7 Grant in us this Mind may be,
Jeſu, from all Malice free:
While in Love we thus are join'd,
Thee ſtill with us we ſhall find.

CXXXIX.

From the German.

No. 1015.

1 THis tranſient World is not our Home,
No Soul finds here, or Reſt, or Bliſs,
The Man by this vain World o'ercome
Will of Salvation ſurely miſs.
Jeſus alone yields Comfort true,
Jeſus is Pleaſure void of Pain,
His Love alone is ever new,
His Friendſhip's Ardours ſtill remain.
The ſcorn'd ſelected Few thrice happy are,
Who Jeſu's ſweeter, firmer Friendſhip ſhare.

2 His Shame to all will be diſplay'd,
However ſpecious *Here* his Dreſs,
Who is not in the Robe array'd
Of Jeſu's perfect Righteouſneſs.
Who of Chriſt's Fulneſs ne'er receiv'd
Will tremble at the Judgment Day,
However righteous *Here* believ'd,
Then naked muſt he go away.
Haſte then to Jeſu's Wounds; thrice happy they
Who to the bleeding Wounds have found their Way.

CXL.

1 THOU Friend of Sinners! hear my Cry,
And grant me my Reqeuſt,
That in Thy Wounds I now may find
My everlaſting Reſt.
2 There is no Happineſs or Peace
That can be found elſewhere,
In them alone my Life I'll ſeek,
In them Thy Love declare.
3 May I no more reſiſt Thy Love,
No more Thy Spirit grieve,
But as a little Child become,
And ſimply Thee believe.
4 Faith is Thy Gift, my deareſt Lamb!
Thou'ſt purchas'd it for me;

From

From hence a Sinner's Right I claim,
Which is, to worſhip Thee.

5 To worſhip Thee who haſt redeem'd
Sinners from endleſs Pain,
That they may know no other Thing,
But that a Lamb was ſlain.

6 Impreſs this deeply on my Breaſt,
This Truth, *That thou haſt died*,
That in thy Wounds with Confidence
I ever may abide.

CXLI.

1 THou holy ſpotleſs Lamb of God,
Who left'ſt Thy glorious bleſs'd Abode,
In Love to Sinners vile,
To bleed for all loſt *Adam*'s Race,
Who all were curs'd, and dead and baſe,
Bound faſt by Satan's Guile!

2 Thou for their Sake, who hated Thee,
Didſt ſhed Thy Blood upon the Tree,
Thy Life for theirs did'ſt give;
Thou bar'ſt their Curſe, their Debt is paid,
Thy Soul for Sin an Off'ring made;
Thou dy'dſt that they might live.

3 Thou Lamb haſt bought them with Thy Blood;
That Price accepted was as good

By God for ever bleſs'd;
No Wrath remains on any one,
That will but come unto his Son,
And take his Righteouſneſs.

4 And now ſhould any Doubt remain,
Behold the Lamb, for Sinners ſlain,
'Midſt of the Throne is ſeen?
The Elders fall down at his Feet,
With a new Song of Praiſes ſweet:
That he did them redeem.

5 O could I join this bleſſed Choir,
With the ſame Love and holy Fire,
How happy ſhould I be?
Since ev'ry Creature on the Earth
Should ſing this Song of heav'nly Birth,
To him that made them free.

6 Then why not I, tho' I am Clay,
Since all my Sins are waſh'd away,
With his moſt precious Blood;
My deareſt Lamb who dy'dſt for me,
Make all my Heart both burn for Thee,
And tell Thy Love abroad.

7 Never may I depart from Thee,
Thou purchas'd haſt this Liberty,
That I may keep Thy Grace;
Thy Wounds my Glory and my Strength,
My Refuge ſure 'gainſt Sin and Death,
My ſafe abiding Place.

8 Still feed me with Thy living Fleſh,
That Bread will my poor Soul refreſh,
While I remain below;
Give me thy cleanſing Blood to drink,
Which freely for my Sins was ſpilt,
And nought elſe may I know.

CXLII.

From the German.

N°. 68.

1 THOU Jeſus art our King,
Thy ceaſeleſs Praiſe we ſing:
Praiſe ſhall our glad Tongue employ,
Praiſe o'erflow our grateful Soul,
While we vital Breath enjoy,
While eternal Ages roll.

2 Thou art th' eternal Light,
That ſhin'ſt in deepeſt Night:
Wond'ring gaz'd th' Angelic Train,
While Thou bow'dſt the Heav'ns beneath,
God with God, wert Man with Man,
Man to ſave from endleſs Death.

3 Thou for our Pain didſt mourn,
Thou haſt our Sickneſs born:
All our Sins on Thee were laid;
Thou with unexampled Grace,

All

All the mighty Debt haſt paid,
Due from *Adam*'s helpleſs Race,

4 Thou haſt o'erthrown the Foe,
God's Kingdom fix'd below;
Conqu'ror of all adverſe Pow'r,
Thou Heav'n's Gates haſt open'd wide;
Thou thine own doſt lead ſecure,
In Thy Croſs, and by Thy Side.

5 Enthron'd above yon Sky,
Thou reign'ſt with God moſt High,
Proſtrate at Thy Feet we fall:
Pow'r Supreme to Thee is giv'n;
Thee the righteous Judge of all,
Sons of Earth and Hoſts of Heav'n.

6 Cherubs with Seraphs join,
And in Thy Praiſe combine;
All their Quires Thy Glories ſing;
Who ſhall dare with Thee to vie?
Mighty Lord, eternal King,
Sov'reign both of Earth and Sky!

7 The venerable Train,
Patriarchs, Firſt-born of Men;
And th' Apoſtles of the Lamb,
By whoſe Strength they faithful prov'd,
Join t' extol his ſacred Name,
Whom in Life and Death they lov'd.

8 The Church, thro' all her Bounds,
With Thy high Praiſe reſounds:
Confeſſors undaunted *here*,
Unaſham'd proclaim their King;
Children's feeble Voices *there*
To Thy Name Hoſannahs ſing.

9 'Midſt Danger's blackeſt frown,
Thee Hoſts of Martyrs own:
Pain and Shame alike they dare,
Firmly, ſingularly good;
Glorying Thy Croſs to bear,
Till they ſeal their Faith with Blood.

10 Wide Earth's remoteſt Bound
Full of Thy Praiſe is found:
And all Heav'n's eternal Day
With Thy ſtreaming Glory flames;
All Thy Foes ſhall melt away,
From th' inſufferable Beams.

11 O Lord, O God of Love,
Let us Thy Mercy prove!
King of all, with pitying Eye
Mark the Toil, the Pains we feel;
Midſt the Snares of Death we lie,
Midſt the banded Pow'rs of Hell.

12 Ariſe, ſtir up Thy Pow'r,
Thou deathleſs Conqueror!

Help us to obtain the Prize,
Help us well to close our Race;
That with Thee above the Skies,
Endless Joys we may possess.

CXLIII.

From the German.

N°. 1270.

1 THou Lamb once slain! whose flaming Eyes
Sparkle with dazling Light;
How can a Sinner chuse but bow,
And sink beneath thy Sight?

2 Ev'n sinful Dust is now become
Thy own peculiar Spoil,
And Thine and mine are made one Heart,
Thro' Thy dear bloody Toil.

3 How did Love seize me, that pure Fire,
That flam'd within Thy Breast,
When Thou, before Thy Father's Throne,
Wert pleas'd to name me bless'd!

4 Scarce was the Work in Heaven seal'd,
But well I felt the Whole,
The sweet Communion-Oil o'erspread
My Spirit, Body, Soul.

5 So I became Thy Just Reward;
Now deck Thy new made Throne,
With

With Light and Glory, as Thou wilt;
Yea, all Thy Will be done.

6 Thy Child ſo minded ever keep;
Let me know nought beſide,
But Chriſt the ſlaughter'd King of Light,
But Jeſus crucify'd.

7 Let me to Thee in all my Wants
Childlike ſtill cloſer fly,
In all my Courſe regarding ſtill
The Beck of Jeſu's Eye.

CXLIV.

1 THou Saviour my good Shepherd art,
Thy Voice, dear Lord, I know:
For Thou haſt laid down Thy own Life,
To ſave me from deep Woe.

2 When I was loſt and far had ſtray'd
Into a Deſart wild;
Thou didſt me ſeek and bring back ſafe,
With tender Mercy mild.

3 When I was broken and Heart-ſick,
Thou pitiedſt my Pain,
Thou boundedſt up, and ſtrengthnedſt me,
And gav'ſt me Health again.

4 Thou didſt me lead and gently tend,
And feed in Paſture good:

And

And brought'ſt me to the living Stream
Of thy moſt precious Blood.

5 Thy Blood! O charming Sound to me
Thy poor and helpleſs Sheep;
Thy Blood's my ſure Defence by Day,
My Shelter when I ſleep.

CXLV.

From the German.

N°. 1045.

1 THou Soul's beſt Friend, Thou tender Heart,
Who full of Love by Nature art,
Who ever can preſume to ſay
He lov'd, ere Thou hadſt ſhewn the Way?
Who e'er could boaſt his Heart was in a Flame,
Before the Bridegroom woo'd, and overcame?

2 One well may wonder at ſuch Love,
All that is in us well may move,
To think, how One ſo good and great,
So holy, happy and compleat,
Should pant and burn to ſave loſt Men from Hell,
Who only know to hate him, and rebel.

3 Our Enmity's the only Thing
That we to move thee, Lord, can bring;

This forc'd thee from thy Throne above,
Even to Death This made Thee love.
Sweet Lord! how Kingly doth Thy Grace appear;
O what a Maſter-piece of Love is here!

4 What coldeſt Hearts can chuſe but burn,
When to thy Love's ſtrong Fire they turn?
Yes, they muſt feel a kindling Ray,
Diſſolve in Tears and melt away.
Dear Lamb! thy Love is ſuch an endleſs Store,
The Wit of Man muſt ſilently adore:

5 But yet, the ſimple Babes delight
To prattle of it Day and Night:
Poor Sinners to deſcribe it know,
All who continue ſmall and low,
Who both themſelves, and Thy kind Influence feel,
Theſe of their Lamb can pleaſing Wonders tell.

6 However weak and helpleſs we,
However pow'rful Sin may be,
Our Strength is, Thou haſt call'd and woo'd
And choſen us, when void of Good;
Hence we believe we never need to yield,
But leave it to our Lamb to gain the Field.

7 Yes, yes, thou faithful watchful Heart,
Thou ever lov'ſt to take our Part;
Thou know'ſt Thy own to ſhelter ſtill

In ev'ry Danger, ev'ry Ill,
Tho' Beelzebub, with all his helliſh Band,
Together join, and all againſt Thee ſtand.

8 And now our All (this be Thy Name;
Since all the Titles we can frame;
Thy Nature never can explain,
Or rightly to the Mark attain:
No Wit of Man this Point can farther drive,
Than to give o'er, not ſee, believe, and live)

9 See! we fall down (but not thro' Fear,
As if the Wrath of God was near;
No, thro' Thy Love's attracting Flame,
We ſink quite melted into Shame)
Before the Throne, where Thou, dear ſlaughter'd Love,
In Glory ſitt'ſt, ador'd by all above:

10 Reach out Thy Scepter, King of Love,
Let us Thy Royal Favour prove,
Its Point to us-ward ever turn,
Grant us a Touch, and make us burn:
The Heart thus warm'd, the Mouth to ſpeak will know,
Th' obedient Eye will learn to overflow.

CXLVI.

From the German.

N° 1072.

1 THou, who with Sinners ſmitten art,
Who doſt to Sinners friendly prove,
We now draw near to view Thy Heart,
That Heart, which burns and melts with Love.
We (God for ever be ador'd)
Of that thrice happy Order are,
For whom Thou chiefly *, gracious Lord,
The Scourge, the Thorns, the Croſs didſt bear.

2 Come then amongſt us, Sinners Friend!
We bind ourſelves for ever Thine;
For Thee our Lives engage to ſpend,
United in Thy Love divine.
Stir, Lord, that we may feel Thy Pow'r,
In Spirit when we Service yield;
And let us here and evermore.
With Seraphs holy Fires be fill'd.

3 Come hold a Love-feaſt with us, Lord!
Thy Fleſh and Blood the Dainties be;
One Look into Thy Wounds afford;
There let us our Election ſee;

* 1 Tim. iv. 10.

We kiſs the Prints the Nails have made
In both Thy Hands, and both Thy Feet;
O Love, dear Love! we ſhould be glad,
Were ev'ry Day Thy Death more ſweet.

CXLVII.

From the German.

N°. 1281.

1 THou who ſo near us art, more near
Than we can well expreſs,
Humbly with Veneration deep
Thy glorious Name I bleſs:
In Vileneſs here before Thy Throne
I lie, and ſafely feed
On the rich Fulneſs of that Stream,
Which God's own Son did bleed.

2 This in peculiar Manner now
Our needy Souls o'erflows;
Now likewiſe he doth us in him
Lock up, and faſt incloſe:
The Tryals ſoon will ſhew it plain,
That ſure his Flock of Grace
Has been provided well with Strength,
His Teſtament to praiſe.

3 But all our Senſes with his Wounds
So taken up we find,

As

As nothing but the Lamb's dear Pain
To know or have in Mind:
May Jeſus on the Croſs, remain
Our Aim, and fix'd Deſire;
And may his bitter Smart eat out
The Ruſt of Sin like Fire.

4 O Croſs's People ſtill believe!
Be this World's Tumult fled;
Of his bleſs'd myſtic Body Parts,
Be chaſte to him the Head:
Dead in your Members here on Earth,
Quick only to his Love,
Till after thouſand Victories,
You triumph there above.

CXLVIII.

From the German.

N°. 1147.

1 THus to her Huſband ſpeaks the Bride;
Let me from Thee be well ſupply'd
With Incenſe for my Pray'r;
Give me a childlike, chearful Heart,
A burning ſteady Light impart,
Whoſe ſtronger Flame defies the Air.

2 Give me an inward, liſt'ning Ear,
Which may Thy Voice diſtinctly hear;
An Eye to view Thee ſtill;

Right Prieſtly Lips to tell Thy Praiſe;
And Feet, Earth's rugged craggy Ways
To traverſe, without fearing Ill.

3 Give Hands to bleſs inceſſantly,
Thy Temple may the Body be,
The Soul thy Friendſhip feel,
A Wind of Grace the Spirit chear,
Unknown to all both far and near
Except the Bride, but ſhe can tell.

CXLIX.

From the German.

N° 20.

THY bleeding Wounds, dear Saviour, are
A deep unfathomable Sea,
Whence Crowds, elſe deſtin'd to Deſpair,
Drink out Salvation ev'ry Day:
This makes each Witneſs loudly call,
Plunge in this Sea, ye Sinners all.

CL.

From the German.

N°. 1382. v. 1, 2, 3, 5.

1 THY Eyes, Thy Mouth, Thy Side,
Thy Body crucify'd,
Whereon

Whereon we build ſo ſure,
We then ſhall ſee ſecure,
And kiſs and inly greet
The Prints in Hands and Feet.

2 Till then my Faith ſhall view
Thy Eye-ſtreaks black and blue,
The Clam on Mouth and Tongue,
Thy Corpſe with Torture wrung,
As in the holy Hymn
Deſcrib'd from Limb to Limb.

3 I b'lieve, in either Hand
A piercing Nail did ſtand;
And I believe, my Lord,
Thy holy Feet were bor'd;
And that another Wound
Within thy Side was found.

4 Thou know'ſt, O God, that I,
Were I juſt now to die,
No other Saviour have,
No other Wiſh or crave,
But Jeſus Sinners Friend,
A Saviour without End.

CLI.

From the German.

N°. 1214.

TO God the Holy Ghoſt we pray,
Who points us out the Goſpel-Way,
That

That He thoſe precious Gifts beſtow,
Which ev'ry thirſty Heart o'erflow,
Since Chriſt th' eternal Ranſom paid,
When all our Sins on Him were laid.

2 All Glory, Pow'r and Praiſe is Thine,
Sweet Comforter, who didſt incline
Our Hearts, when by the Father drawn,
To hear glad Tidings of the Son;
For what we of *Immanuel* know,
To Thy Inſtructions all we owe.

3 A Stranger Thou to ev'ry one,
Before *That* Sin to us was ſhewn,
Which more than any Crime confounds,
Believing not on Jeſu's Wounds,
Which full Forgiveneſs did procure,
Salvation ſtedfaſt and ſecure.

4 As ſoon as this Diſtreſs we felt,
That Unbelief within us dwelt,
And (owning our loſt wretched Caſe)
With Tears from Thee begg'd Faith and Grace:
Moſt kindly Thou didſt us receive,
And our diſtreſſed Hearts relieve.

5 Now let us in Thy School remain,
Till we the Father's Throne attain;
Be to our Souls a faithful Guide,
In Trials fierce with us abide:

Thy

Thy Witneſs to our Spirits bear,
" My Reſidence, my Temple's here."

6 The heav'nly Father's ſweeteſt Name
Sweetly in ev'ry Heart proclaim;
Let *Abba* ſoon, the childlike Cry,
As Echo to that Voice reply;
Th' eternal WORD fill up the Soul;
And for Thy Dwelling fit the Whole.

CLII.

From the German.

N°. 1000.

1 TO Jeſus all our Soul directed is,
We now have bound ourſelves for ever His.
O! he hath drawn us with the Cords of Love,
His ſatisfying Sweetneſs now we prove.

2 He dips us in the Blood and Water-ſtream,
We taſte the Honey, find a light'ning Beam:
He hath deſerv'd us; free ourſelves we give;
He hath redeem'd us, to him will we live.

3 He was our Surety, he retriev'd our Loſs,
Bleſs'd Founder of the Order of the Croſs;
He leads us now, as once old *Iſrael*'s Race,
Who can recount the Wonders of his Grace?

4 Lord

4 Lord, we would hate ourſelves for Love to Thee,
And on matureſt Thought thy Servants be;
Only Thy Influence with Power ſhed,
And all our Enemies ſhall be as Bread.*

CLIII.

From the German.

N°. 1142.

1 TO me 'tis a clear Caſe,
That I my Saviour's was
From my firſt Infancy;
This by His Calls I ſee,
And Drawings all along,
Frequent, diſtinct, and ſtrong.

2 This too to me is clear,
That I no Parting fear,
That thro' his Mercy free
His I ſhall ever be;
Nothing ſhall us divide;
I know for me he dy'd.

3 This makes me ſink for Shame,
Since I ſo worthleſs am;
Down in the Duſt I flow ——
Lamb, keep me ever low;
Thou art my only Chief
In whom is my Belief.

* Numb. xiv. 9.

CLIV.

From the German.

N°. 1241.

1 TO ſuch the King will give *a Kiſs of Love*,
Who, at a Loſs which Way to turn or move,
Fly to a private Place,
And cry for a new Spark of Grace.

2 On ſuch the King his *Bleſſing* will confer,
Who, when they meet a faithful Labourer,
Afford Him Honour due,
Reſpect and Love ſincere and true.

3 To ſuch the King will grant *Protection meet*,
Who love to ſit in Silence at his Feet,
And ſay, "Alas! O Love,
Who ſhall the heavy Stone remove?"

4 To ſuch the King will deign His *Teaching mild*,
Who gladly liſten to the meaneſt Child,
And chearfully allow
They Learners are, and little know.

CLV.

From the German.

N°. 1365.

1 TO the Lamb ſtain'd with Blood,
Who for my Sin and Need,
Upon the ignominious Tree
To Death Himſelf did bleed;
To the bleſs'd Prince of Life,
Who felt ſuch racking Smart,
While the whole World's collected Sin
Transfix'd and tore his Heart:

2 To him I wholly give
Myſelf this Day anew,
As his own Booty dearly gain'd,
His Spoil and Purchaſe due;
That with me he may do
What's pleaſing in his Sight,
And from me take whate'er he will,
Whate'er he thinks not right.

3 How very weak I am
My Saviour well can ſee,
And how exceeding ſhort I fall,
Of what I ought to be:
Compaſſionate High-prieſt,
To thee I muſt appeal;

M

My numberleſs Infirmities
O kindly haſte to heal.

4 In his moſt precious Blood
He waſhes out my Stains,
Which trickles Healing on my Soul,
Out of his open'd Veins;
It is his daily Care,
His helpleſs Sheep to feed;
To purify their ſpotted Souls,
And tend and gently lead.

5 My gracious loving Lord!
When I begin to think,
How thy impatient yearning Zeal,
From Sin and Hell's dark Brink
Hath me deliver'd ſafe,
And with ſuch tender Art;
And how thy ſweet Almighty Blood,
Fill'd and weigh'd down my Heart:

6 I ſink beneath thy Feet,
Amaz'd at Grace ſo free;
But ſoon I recollect myſelf,
And aſk how can it be,
That Sinners baſe and vile
Should be ſo greatly lov'd,
Who ſo much Trouble ſtill have giv'n,
And ſo unfaithful prov'd?

7 Me thy all-ſeeing Eye
Has kept with watchful Care,

The trueſt Pains and Tending kind
O! never didſt thou ſpare:
This makes me firmly truſt,
Thou'lt lead me farther ſtill;
And guard me ſafe throughout the Way
That leads to *Sion*'s Hill.

8 Thou haſt, me Sinner poor
Snatch'd to Thy Heart in Haſte,
With tend'reſt Mercy fetch'd me Home,
And grav'n me on thy Breaſt;
Who, under a deep Senſe
Of all thou doſt beſtow,
Can chuſe but ſink in Thankfulneſs,
And even melt and flow?

9 O glorious King of Heav'n!
A little Piece of Duſt
Is not eſteem'd too ſmall and mean,
To be thy Friend in Truſt,
'Tis true thy Love's too great,
To be by us conceiv'd;
By ſuch as unexperienc'd are,
Too great, to be believ'd.

10 Therefore, my deareſt Lord!
I give my Heart to Thee;
Altho' uneaſy or in Pain,
Still wholly Thine I'll be;
My Buſineſs then is *this*,
(O may I it fulfil!

Thee

Thee to exalt with all my Strength,
To eye Thee only ſtill.

CLVI.

1 TWO Points ought All to know
Rich, Poor, and High, and Low;
Firſt, their own Fall and Guilt;
Next, that Chriſt's Blood was ſpilt.
Whenever this I feel,
Then wretched I am well.

2 Yes, yes, upon the Tree
Chriſt ſhed his Blood for me:
Him may I never grieve
Refuſing to believe!
For this His greateſt Grief,
Ungrateful Unbelief.

CLVII.

From the German.

N°. 1030. and 1006.

1 UNfathom'd Wiſdom of our King!
In Stillneſs he collects his Flock,
Leads on, and to Perfection brings,
And grounds them on Himſelf the Rock;
With little Hurry, Noiſe or Shew,
He ſafely guideth ev'ry Soul;

No more the blinded World can do,
Than ſcorn and ridicule the Whole.

2 Thy Church, great Saviour! bought with Blood,
Outcaſts of Men, but dear to Thee,
Eſteems thy Croſs a pleaſant Load,
An eaſy Yoke; thrice happy ſhe,
When, bearing thy Reproach below,
She ſtill partakes of thy free Grace,
Which from thy Wounds doth ſweetly flow,
And all Afflictions Load outweighs.

3 Thou many, with thy winning Charms
Haſt melted, touch'd by Fire divine,
And many with maternal Arms
Embrac'd, and ſeal'd for ever thine:
And, ſince they ſo unite in Love,
Thy very Soul's Delight are they,
And thou ſecurely from above,
Doſt guide them, thro' Life's narrow Way.

4 Come, tender Lord, ſupport the Weak,
Support thy little ones with Grace;
Thou know'ſt, for Thee a-thirſt we ſeek,
Kind Maſter of thy choſen Race;
Faithful we know thy tender Love,
Thy Wounds our Heav'n, our Paradiſe,
May Spirit, Soul and Body prove
An ever-living Sacrifice.

5 Within

5 Within the Circle of thy Arms
O may we ever live ſecure,
'Tis by thy Oath that Thou art ours,
Bond ever ſacred, ever ſure!
Thy Work with mighty Arm ſupport,
Satan ſhall ne'er prevail o'er Thee:
Let thy true Followers, though oppreſs'd,
Beneath Oppreſſion Conqu'rors be.

CLVIII.

From the German.

N°. 1360.

1 WE thank our God the Holy Ghoſt,
Who Jeſus in the Heart diſplays;
That he the numerous faithful Hoſt
Of bleſs'd departed Witneſſes
Brought home to Chriſt; inceſſantly
Hoſannah! Hallelujah! cry.

2 Not the leaſt Scruple can we hold,
But thou, great Maſter! (as thou'rt bound)
To his own choſen Croſs's Fold,
Who have him, and in him are found,
His Wounds will daily clearer ſhew;
It is thine Office ſo to do.

N. B. This Hymn was on the Death of a Witneſs, who had not been obedient to the Lord.

3 *He on the Croſs, our Lord and God!*
(Tho' ſcorn'd for this by all Mankind;)
Still is our Motto moſt avow'd,
Whereby we eaſily can find,
Whom as a Brother dear to greet,
This, this our *Schiboleth* moſt meet.

4 To miſs Chriſt on the bloody Tree,
Where he for Love to us did melt;
When Chriſt our Eyes no more can ſee,
When in the Heart he's no more felt;
This fills the Soul with helliſh Smart,
Yes, God knows this, who knows the Heart.

5 So ſtand we therefore, to this Hour,
In one firm Bond of Peace and Love;
Sinners at Enmity no more,
Thro' Chriſt at Peace with God above;
Our Father God, his Children we,
Since Chriſt our Brother deign'd to be.

6 O that not one may leave the Plan!
Whom Satan once aſide can lead,
Tho' he bethink himſelf again
And his *firſt Steps* would gladly tread,
Perhaps he ſha'n't obtain *this* Grace:
This has already been the Caſe.

7 Weigh well the Baniſhment ſevere,
Which *Moſes* griev'd, that Man of God,
(Of

(Of the Croſs Prophet Image clear;
For he gave up himſelf and wou'd
Have freely dy'd in *Iſra'l*'s Stead,
And them by interceeding freed:)

8 *Let me yet enter that good Land,*
Heav'n's fav'rite Witneſs wiſhful pray'd,
To his eternal Love and Friend,
In Pain and Anguiſh all diſmay'd;
"Peace," was the Anſwer, "humbly die,"
For Mercy, God, to Thee we cry!

9 O where ſhall we ſure Refuge take?
We wretched, weak, forlorn and poor,
To *Death*, what equal Off'ring make?
Or how eſcape, thro' what kind Door?
No other Way, but th' open Space
Of Jeſu's Wounds, the Door of Grace.

10 You, who the Croſs's Subjects are,
By theſe dear Wounds I earneſt pray,
Your Heart's firſt Love, with watchful Care
Still cheriſh, leſt it ſlide away;
Who lets it go, fierce Smart will feel;
'Tis Death's laſt Agony, 'tis Hell.

11 Heralds of Grace would you commence?
Of this firſt ſelf-experienc'd be;
Firſt thro' thoſe Wounds you would diſpenſe,
Yourſelves be reconcil'd and free;

When

When Pardon, Life, and Grace you find,
Then publiſh it to all Mankind.

12 We and the Lamb's whole Company,
His Blood-bought Blood-beſprinkled Train,
Will Witneſſes for ever be,
That only thro' the Lamb once ſlain,
All the whole World may find Releaſe
From all their Sins, and endleſs Grace.

13 Chriſt's happy Flock ſweet Reſt enjoy,
Still on their Friend they lean in Peace,
This, this their Buſineſs, their Employ,
In the wide Ocean of free Grace,
In Jeſu's Blood their Element
To ſwim and bathe with full Content.

14 Live they? they witneſs this with Pow'r
That ſtrikes and faſtens in the Heart;
Bear they this earthly Houſe no more,
But hence to their dear Lamb depart?
Yet their *laſt Looks* ſerene and fair,
Shall witneſs they *Believers* were.

CLIX.

1 WHat Energy and Pow'r divine
Comes from thoſe bleeding Wounds of Thine,

Thou

Thou Sin-ſubduing Lord!
Whene'er I ſtedfaſt look on Thee,
No Fiend or Storm can injure me,
Thou doſt ſuch Help afford.

2 But if I turn my Eyes from thence,
I loſe that Strength and Confidence,
Which Thy ſweet Wounds do give;
If I but look on either Side,
In Reas'ning's Path I wander wide,
Till thou ſay'ſt, turn and live.

3 This by Experience do I know,
I have ſo often found it ſo,
That I this Truth can tell:
What Comfort in Thy Blood I find,
When turn'd from that, how lame and blind;
One Look again makes well.

4 No longer then I'll look behind,
Since ſtill I find the Saviour kind
To this and ev'ry Fault;
Onwards unto the Mark I preſs,
Praiſing the Lord our Righteouſneſs;
No longer will I halt.

5 The Mark ſtill ſhines as cleareſt Day,
The Drops of Blood pave all the Way,
Where Jeſus bore his Croſs;
Erected there he hangs aloft,

Look

Look up, my Heart, till all be ſoft
And melted from the Droſs.

6 When I behold his Blood and Wounds,
What inward Peace and Life abounds,
And ſolid Happineſs!
I ſee him there made Sin for me,
His Righteouſneſs he gives moſt free,
The naked Soul to dreſs.

7 I now know nothing elſe beſide;
The Lamb, the Lamb once crucify'd
Hath took away my Guilt;
His precious and attoning Blood
He offer'd up for me to God,
For me his Blood was ſpilt.

CLX.

From the German.

N°. 1369.

1 WHat is it, wounding bleeding Love,
That ſtrikes ſo ſenſibly?
'Tis when I view the fervent Zeal,
That urg'd Thee on to die;
And how from that dear Blood of Thine,
So freely ſhed for me,
Flows all my Happineſs in Time,
And in Eternity.

2 And

2 And this, ſo long as Life ſhall laſt,
Moſt humbly I'll proclaim,
I, who a little worthleſs Worm,
Who Earth and Aſhes am;
'Tis deeply rooted in my Heart,
Torn thence it cannot be,
That, at th' Expence of all Thy Blood,
I'm now redeem'd and free.

3 No! no! I cannot it forget,
While I'm a Sinner poor;
My Heart's ſo taken with't, ſo fir'd,
So all enamour'd o'er;
That ſuch a little filthy Worm
Of ſuch a baſe Degree,
Should e'er Thy own dear Child become,
And more, Thy Soldier be;

4 I thank Thee with a Thouſand Tears
For this amazing Grace,
After my ſmall Degree I'll ſound,
And blaze it to Thy Praiſe;
Be only ſtill my gracious Prince,
Still kindly lend Thy Aid;
So will I conſtant Service yield,
And Thou o'er me be glad.

5 O! I have taſted once and felt
The Virtue of Thy Blood,
What Sin had ſpoil'd and marr'd throughout,
Thoughout

Throughout that makes all good;
'Tis fix'd then deeply in my Heart,
Eras'd it ne'er can be,
That at th' Expence of all Thy Blood
I'm now redeem'd and free.

6 Ye gaping bloody Wounds, to me
How dear are ye and ſweet!
In you I've found for evermore
A ſmall, but ſafe Retreat.
How willingly I own myſelf
But Duſt and Aſhes vile;
While yet I'm nothing leſs than this;
The Lamb's triumphant Spoil.

7 If my frail Nature chance to ſlip
Beyond the proper Bounds,
Thou know'ſt, O Lord! what Smart it gives,
How grievouſly it wounds!
With eager haſte I therefore fly,
And ſafe for ever hide
Within the Holes of Thy dear Wounds,
Within Thy pierced Side.

8 My Heart this Minute leaps for Love
Of Thee, my deareſt Lamb!
How I may wholly live to Thee,
This, this is all my Aim;
To thee, who me haſt dearly bought
With all Thy precious Blood,

An

And out of burning Love to me
Wert ſtretch'd upon the Wood.

9 Thy Suff'rings then, and bloody Death
My Heart ſhall e'er retain;
And earneſtly I'll ſhun what gives
Both thee and me ſuch Pain:
For nothing now in all the World,
Howe'er ſo ſeeming nice,
Can yield me any farther Joy,
Nought but my Ranſom-price.

10 My deareſt Heart's Love, here I am,
My Fellow-members too;
We are thy Fleſh and Bone, with us
As Love ſhall prompt thee, do;
Protect each Member of thy Flock,
Let us ſtout Warriors be,
And one more Favour we would aſk;
O make us Lambs, like Thee!

11 For ever then remain engrav'd
Deep in our Heart's Receſs!
And whom in Heart we ſo much love,
O let our Mouths confeſs!
That ſo each Sheep of all thy Fold,
Ev'n till the Judgment-day,
May, on his Sinner's-Forehead, ſtill
Thy Seal confeſs'd diſplay.

CLXI.

From the German.

N°. 1349.

1 WHAT Joy or Honour could we have,
We all unclean and baſe,
Unleſs the righteous Lamb of God
Our Joy and Honour was?
What boaſted Work, what faireſt Thing
Of all that Ours we name,
Could we unto the Judgment bring
Of Him whoſe Eyes are Flame?

2 Who is ſo rich, ſo pure, ſo juſt,
If ſcann'd and try'd above,
That his beſt Plea and Self-defence
Of any Weight could prove?
Who, who, has ever found a Way
Into the Holy Place,
By any other Door but One,
Chriſt's Wounds, and His free Grace?

3 No Soul I know in all the World:
And if in Man's Eſteem,
One ſeems t' attain by other Means,
Alas! he does but *ſeem*.
But we, whoſe earneſt Boſom ſeeks
A Bottom true and ſound

Whereon

Whereon to reſt, with us accurſt
Be ev'ry *ſeeming* Ground.

4 We from the Depth of our poor Hearts
Will ever be in Care,
Cloath'd with that gracious Light which flows
From Jeſu's Blood, t'appear.
We know the Righteouſneſs compleat,
Which Sinners may put on;
We know the Welcome and Love-feaſt
Of that poor younger Son:

5 We know the Shepherd's Heart, who left
The ninety nine behind,
And thro' the Deſart anxious went
His hundreth One to find:
And what Concern the Woman felt
For her loſt Piece we know;
And gueſs the Yearnings of our Lord
For each loſt Soul below.

6 We know what Joy the Angels feel,
Heav'n's mild and loving Saints,
When they perchance can ſee poor Men
Coming all full of Wants,
Perplext and ſtagg'ring in their Path,
Brought to the laſt Diſtreſs,
But only for free Grace reſolv'd,
If ſuch there be to preſs:

7 Then, then high Pleaſure and Content
Fills all the holy Choir;
Nothing they ſee in their own World
Can e'er afford them higher.
The Man who feels the Marks now told,
And that this Wretch is he,
He need not, no, he need not bluſh
His own low State to ſee.

8 To be ſuch Sinners full of Blame,
And forc'd ourſelves t' accuſe,
From hence the firſt true Right to Heav'n,
Our native Land, enſues.
Yet oft ſuch Hearts, thro' Want of Light,
In Jeſu's Love unſkill'd,
Bewail as hopeleſs this their State,
With deep Amazement fill'd.

9 And ev'n the Comfort which they ſoon
From his ſoft Voice receive,
Still ſomewhat trembling they accept,
And hardly dare believe.
However, by their earneſt Bent
And longing thus for Grace,
And once the World with its whole Scheme,
Out of their Minds doth paſs:

10 If Hindrances before and Knots
In our dark Souls did ſpring,
Not only are we now let looſe,
But dead to all the Thing;

What

What Point before in Thought and Will
We labour'd at in vain,
That Point we now in Fact and Life
Insensibly attain:

11 Upon the World and its fine Things
Our Thoughts no longer stay;
To it we leave its own broad Path,
We're call'd another Way:
The Cross, the Cross is all our Aim,
To this our Eye we guide;
Of this we a sweet Feeling have,
Would nothing feel beside.

12 Our King mean while (who from a Love
Beyond Repayment far,
Lends to our Uses all good Things,
This gracious King) takes Care
That in those happy Years of Life
Which yet remain to run,
We ne'er shall want our needful Food,
Nor Raiment to put on.

13 We thank Him for it, our good Lord!
But yet it is confest,
To us these Gifts of His are not
The dearest or the best:
There's other Hunger, other Thirst
In each anointed Heart;
By the Lamb's dying kindled 'tis,
And by His bitter Smart.

14 The Fountain of his Grace we fain
In largeſt Draughts would drink,
And feed upon his Word, till we
Beneath the Sweetneſs ſink.
The Righteouſneſs that comes by Blood,
Is our Life-giving Feaſt;
Still on thoſe Wounds our Souls would hang,
As Infants on the Breaſt,

15 And when we have for our Wants
Receiv'd enough and more,
When from the bleſt attoning Blood
Our Hearts do now flow o'er;
Then we with deep Compaſſion look
On other Souls around,
And gladly call them to partake
Our Spoil that we have found.

16 "Ye Sons of Men, attend, we cry,
We have good News to tell:
Come taſte and ſee what Bliſs is here!
I'm fill'd and furniſh'd well."
Our Saviour works in us Himſelf
This tender friendly Will;
And as we further know his Love,
We grow the tend'rer ſtill.

17 Among his Family of Grace
This Secret He hath ſaid,
"My Gifts will by imparting grow,
"Their Nature is to ſpread."

The more we therefore give and ſpend
In our poor Brethren's Aid,
More richly ſtill in each and all
The Bleſſing is diſplay'd.

18 So, like a Tide that can't be check'd,
The Virtue of his Wounds
To perfect in us all his Will,
Myſteriouſly abounds:
Holier and purer ev'ry Day
The Soul within doth grow;
A Glory this, but ſuch as Chriſt
Is ready to beſtow:

19 To each 'tis giv'n, whom duly He
Hath choſen by his Grace,
And made his own, and number'd with
His Children's happy Race;
Such at that Moment in one Gift
True Freedom do receive;
And of this Privilege the Soul
No Devil can bereave.

30 Freedom it is, to purge the Heart
With the exacteſt Care,
That neither Avarice nor Luſt
Nor Pride do harbour there.
And when ſome Ill won't leave its Hold
For ought that we can do,
We know the Remedy; 'tis Grace;
We let that Stream flow thro'.

21 This,

21 This, by the Saviour's Pow'r expels
All Remnants, ev'n the leaſt,
Of what the Enemy firſt wrought
And planted in our Breaſt.
He who *in gen'ral* has deſtroy'd
The Devil's Work and Reign,
How eaſy can He *in one Heart*
Command that all be clean?

22 That ſomewhat of this Kind in us
Is done thro' Grace divine,
Ev'n that with God, as Prieſts of his,
We ſtand, this is the Sign:
While to our virt'ous Lives and Deeds
The World doth Witneſs bear:
But a ſmall Spark, an Infant Faith
It doth to us appear.

23 Eaſy for us to think of each
Poor Sinner that we ſee,
He to the Children's Order too
Belongs as well as we:
And could I bring him once to know
Our Jeſu's Blood and Love,
Better than I, upon that Sight,
He in one Hour would prove.

24 For with the ſweet familiar Joys
Felt from indulgent Grace,
A perfect Senſe how wretched we
In ourſelves are, keeps Pace.

The farther then Grace leads us on
With freſh Succeſſes crown'd,
Still the more pleaſant to our Ear
The Sinner's Hymn will ſound.

CLXII.

1 WHat Pains poor Souls go thro' to trace
The Way to Peace and Happineſs,
Before 'tis on their Minds impreſs'd
That Chriſt's the Sinner's only Reſt!

2 His Wounds ſtand open to receive
Such helpleſs Sinners as believe;
Thither I fly with eager Haſte,
And kiſs His Croſs, and hold it faſt.

3 His Wounds to me are very ſweet;
When I ſink down before his Feet,
As poor and helpleſs, then my Soul
Melts, and His Blood runs thro' the Whole.

4 Strive I to make my own ſelf Poor?
I get much Pain, but nothing more:
Strive I in Comforts to be great?
Inſtead of Joy I Mis'ry meet.

5 But when he ſhews me how I rove,
And court my Brethren's Praiſe and Love,
How Self-will raiſes Diſcontent
Againſt my Saviour's Government.

6 When

6 When Satan tempts how ſoon I ſtart,
Paſs by Convictions in my Heart,
Let my beſt Love and Zeal abate,
Fall, and my very Falls forget:

7 When I ſee This, I can't expreſs
What melting Shame, and yet what Peace
Breaks on my Soul from ev'ry Side,
Becauſe for This my Saviour died.

8 Thoſe Souls who ſtray not from their Hearts,
Nor from the Grace the Lamb imparts,
They feel how far extends his Death,
And live the happy Life of Faith.

9 Thou know'ſt, for this I thirſt, my Lamb!
To live this Life is all my Aim;
And tho' too oft Self creeps between,
Yet Self and all Things elſe are Pain.

10 Compleat Thy Work, my gracious King!
My Heart into that Order bring
Which Thou wouldſt have, that all in me
May to Thy Scepter bow the Knee.

CLXIII.

1 WHat Praiſe unto the Lamb is due!
How ſhould our Spirits all take Fire,
When we his boundleſs Love review,
And ſee him in his Blood expire;
Who can deſcribe, how much he lov'd,

Or

Or paint that ſtrong uncommon Zeal,
With which his tender Heart was mov'd,
When he ſuſtain'd the Pains of Hell?

2 Who knows what Pain he underwent,
When from the Croſs he cry'd ſo loud,
Why, why, (His Heart with Anguiſh rent)
Forſak'ſt Thou me, my God, my God?
This was a bitter Cry indeed,
This was a dark and doleful Hour;
His very Spirit ſeems to bleed,
And Hell t'exert its utmoſt Power.

3 The Burthen's great, yet can't He reſt
Till all the Curſe from Man's remov'd,
Tho' ſo intolerably preſt,
Yet to the laſt he faithful prov'd:
Reſolv'd to make loſt Man his Spoil,
He ſeems before the Foe to yield,
And ſuffers all, nor minds the Toil,
Till with his Life he wins the Field.

4 While others make the Law their Aim,
Thence count their Gain, thence mourn their Loſs,
We'll know nor ſeek no other Name,
Then Jeſus bleeding on the Croſs;
Jeſus the hungry Sinner's Feaſt,
Jeſus the Sinner's only Good,
This will we only thirſt to taſte,
The Quinteſſence of Jeſu's Blood.

5 This is our Point; his dying Smart
Alone can Unbelief remove,
Alone can melt the ſtubborn Heart,
And make it feel the Warmth of Love;
This muſt each reas'ning Thought controul,
Pardon each unadviſed Step,
Renew and purify the Whole,
And in its proper Order keep.

6 In livelier Colours, Jeſu! draw
Thy bleeding Wounds within my Breaſt;
And make Thy dying Love my Law,
Till Sin is wholly diſpoſſeſt:
By this alone I wiſh to live,
Nor from the Law ſeek eaſe again;
For if Thy Blood can't Victʼry give
Legal Attempts muſt all prove vain.

CLXIV.

1 WHat ſays a Soul, that now doth taſte
Some fellowſhip with Chriſt by Faith;
That on the Croſs its Eye hath caſt,
And ſees thro' That a wond'rous Path,
Leading to Life and ſweet Repoſe
As only the Believer knows?

2 It ſays, for me there's Nothing good,
(Infant in Grace, and old in Sin)
But ſtill to look to Jeſu's Blood,
And waſh me ev'ry Hour therein;

In

In ev'ry Caſe this Balm apply,
My neareſt deareſt Remedy.

3 Should any Contemplation fair,
Should any Thought however bright
From Jeſu's Blood divert my Care,
'Twould rob me of true Life and Light;
The Soul that ſtrays from this one Point,
Is weak, and ſore, and out of Joint.

4 What Thanks can I repay my Lord,
That he has ſhewn to me His Wounds;
That to my inward Ear, this Word
His Blood, like ſweeteſt Muſic ſounds;
Mine, who thro' Pride could never yield
Till now upon that Rock to build?

5 O precious Grace! I look with Dread
Both inwardly and all around;
Call'd forth, while other Souls are dead,
Call'd forth, yet in myſelf unſound;
Jeſu, who call'ſt me, be my Aid,
Under Thy Wings I'm not afraid.

CLXV.

From the German.

N°. 812.

1 WHat Souls, dear Huſband, doſt thou love?
What does Thy higheſt Pleaſure prove?

What is't that moves Thy ſtrong Deſire,
And ſets Thy inmoſt Soul on Fire?
Thou that art holy, great, and ſtill the ſame,
And beareſt Wonder in Thy very Name?

2 The Anſwer, if we would be juſt,
Muſt lay us bluſhing in the Duſt:
"I love thee, Sinner, as thou art,
'Tis thou that haſt inflam'd my Heart;
Almighty, rich and glorious tho' I be,
And thou mere Nakedneſs and Miſery."

3 What Wonder in the Soul takes Place,
To hear and feel ſuch Words of Grace!
To know one's own accurſed Heart,
And Thy great Name, and what thou art;
And yet to find Thee ſtill ſo gracious prove,
This makes us ſink away for Shame and Love.

4 We all know Who, and What we are,
And all with one Conſent declare,
That we no Good in us could find
To move Thee, Lord, to be ſo kind:
Yet many here with inward Rapture feel
Thy Spirit's Unction, and aſſuring Seal.

5 O ground us deeper ſtill in Thee,
And let us Thy Diſciples be!
And when we witneſs here below,
Let Thy pure Joy our Heart's o'erflow.

Thy

Thy Spirit breathe, and Words of Life inſpire,
And dart them to each Soul, like burning Fire.

CLXVI.

From the German.

N°. 98.

1 WHat then, dear Jeſus, hadſt Thou done or ſaid
To draw ſuch cruel Treatment on Thy Head?
What horrid Blaſphemy, what helliſh Fact,
Did Thy Tongue utter, or Thy Hands e'er act?

2 Lord, Thou wert ſcourg'd and crown'd with piercing Thorn,
Struck on the Cheek, purſu'd with Spite and Scorn,
Stretch'd on a Croſs a Laughing ſtock for all,
When thirſty, mock'd with Vinegar and Gall.

3 What was the Cauſe of all this Grief and Pain?
My Sins, alas! have Thee my Saviour ſlain!

All *that*, dear Lord, of right belong'd to me,
Which fell with ſuch amazing Weight on Thee.

4 But oh! how ſtrange this Proceſs in our Eyes!
See! for his Sheep the loving Shepherd dies!
The Maſter for his Servants wipes away
The Debt immenſe, when they had nought to pay.

5 O wond'rous Love! O Love beyond Compare,
Which made Thee ſuch a World of Torment bear!
In worldly Mirth and Joy I had my Part,
And Thou, dear Lamb, muſt ſuffer all the Smart.

6 Great Potentate, thro' endleſs Ages great!
Who all thy Love can worthily relate?
No Wit or Pow'r of Man can e'er attain
To make the leaſt Return for all Thy Pain.

7 Were I to ſtretch the Powers of my Mind,
O where ſuch Mercy could I ever find?
O may I ſenſible and thankful prove!
In Fact, I never can return thy Love.

CLXVII.

CLXVII.

From the German.

N°. 1250.

1 WHat to my Maſter ſhall I ſay?
He ſnatch'd me from the World away,
And rank'd me 'midſt His choſen Train,
Which for his Bride He doth ordain.

2 O heartily beloved Love!
Thy yearning Bowels would Thee move
To call me from Death's gloomy Night
Into Thy own amazing Light.

3 Yes, I was wholly dead in Sin,
Wholly corrupt and ſpoil'd within?
The carnal Mind ſtill bore the Sway,
And hurried me a Slave away.

4 It mov'd Thy tender loving Heart,
It gave Thee real Pain and Smart,
The Purchaſe of Thy Blood to ſee
So deeply ſunk in Miſery.

5 Then wouldſt Thou Satan's Pow'r deſtroy,
And me Thy proper Spoil enjoy;
Therefore Thou ever didſt invite
And cloſe purſue me Day and Night.

6 Moſt ſweetly didſt Thou draw and woo,
Till Thou hadſt overcome Thy Foe:
Till Sin's ſtrong Pow'r Thou hadſt ſuppreſt,
And till my weary Soul had Reſt.

7 In Thy dear Wounds I now have found
Peace, Righteouſneſs, and ſolid Ground:
Now 'midſt Thy conſecrated Band,
Thro' free electing Grace, I ſtand.

8 And fain would I Thy Feet embrace,
And melt in Love and Thankfulneſs:
From Sin's hard Burden I am freed,
Becauſe theſe holy Feet did bleed.

9 I ſink before Thee, O my King,
And Hymns of Praiſe in Stillneſs ſing;
My Eyes with Tears are overflow'd
For all the Mercy Thou haſt ſhew'd.

10 And now ſince I have Mercy found,
And to Thy gentle Yoke am bound,
(Which Yoke O may I ne'er forſake,
Altho' for this my Blood I ſtake!)

11 While I behold this Earth and Skies,
I am Thy living Sacrifice;
Spirit, Soul, Body, all ſhall be
Devoted heartily to Thee.

12 Let me thro'out my Pilgrimage
Pay the ſworn Fealty I engage;

Thy

Thy Blood and Croſs, and bitter Pain
Life, Strength, and Banner ſtill remain!

13 There Thou haſt Life and Soul, my King!
Bound for Thy Service theſe I bring:
My fleſhly Tenderneſs break down,
Thy Fire conſume whate'er's my own.

14 And thus I even here ſhall be
Well fitted for Eternity,
Abide Thy Purchaſe all my Days,
And live, dear Saviour, to Thy Praiſe.

CLXVIII.

From the German.

N°. 1352.

1 WHen our dear Monarch from on high,
Th' incarnate Lord of all, did know,
That he ere long his Family,
His little Ark muſt leave below;
(For ſince the Saviour born in Time
Is leſſer than the Father's Name,
Now the King Jeſus muſt to Him
Return again, from whom he came:)

2 He was by this Time ſo inur'd,
His human earthly Veſt to bear;
Since all Things he in Fleſh endur'd,
But his Zeal's Food and Trophies were;

That

That now His Godhead to regain
Leſs was he preſs'd, than was the Smart
To quit it and become a Man,
As purpos'd in His gracious Heart.

3 Full thus of ſecret Pain of Love,
And in a Strait ev'n to commence
The Father's *Word* enthron'd above;
His Farewel he muſt now diſpenſe.
Well he diſcern'd Perdition's Son,
Already trampling on his Lord:
Yet with his Kindneſs he went on,
Nor to ſalute ev'n him abhorr'd.

4 O Meekneſs new, and ſtrange to Man!
One muſt in *Mary* be conceiv'd
By God's own Sp'rit, or it ne'er can
Come in the Thoughts or be contriv'd:
For us, we can but ſilent ſtand
With melted Eyes and Hearts on Flame,
Mark what is doing by Love's Hand,
And then all ſimply do the ſame.

5 The Heart of Love, what does He then?
The Soul with myſtic Longings fill'd,
The Body ſeaſon'd with Death's Pain,
Its Blood now ready to be ſpill'd?
He fetches Water, pours of it
Into a Baſon, Office mean!
Bids the Diſciples ſtretch their Feet,
That He himſelf may waſh them clean.

6 One

6 One of them, with that Mind poſſeſt
First to know why? and what is meant?
Will not at once grant this Requeſt,
But ſoon, you'll ſee, he muſt conſent;
For what indeed were God all-wiſe,
If He muſt in his Ways lie bare
To narrow reas'ning Nature's Eyes?
No, his leaſt Footſteps ſearchleſs are.

7 Hapleſs, yet pitiable Fools,
Whom God doth to his Kingdom call,
But ye will, by your Forms and Rules,
To Fellow-worms account for all:
'Twere better (ſince in Him we live
And move, ſurrounded with his Pow'r,
Veſſels of Grace, if we'll believe;)
To thank him, follow, and adore.

8 "If I don't waſh thee, Jeſus ſaid,
"*Peter*, thou haſt no Part in me—
"Oh not Feet only, Hands and Head!—
"No, the Feet only it ſhall be."
So then he goes from Man to Man,
Waſhes their Feet in careful wiſe,
His Word mean while their Souls makes clean,
And, one excepted, all are His.

9 Look here, my Brethren ev'ry one,
On Knowledge elſe not much intent,
But the Lamb's Myſtery alone
To know, with duteous Ardor bent!

Look

Look here, heroic Cherubims,
Majeſtic Thrones who rule and ſerve,
With God devoted Seraphims,
This will your beſt Regard deſerve.

10 " Now, O my People! you who know
" My Word, by which thou judg'd ſhall be,
" This Thing, this Act of Love, on you
" You've ſeen performed thus by me;
" 'Tis my laſt Will herewith, and meet,
" As I on you have Water pour'd:
" That you ſhould waſh each other's Feet,
" Should go and imitate your Lord."

11 Come, holy Watchers! tho' unſeen,
Attend on this Solemnity,
And joyful all around us join
Our Choir in one bleſt Harmony:
For tho' we nothing ſee nor hear,
Yea can't, (abas'd within ſo low;)
To the glad Heart there doth appear
A Light of Love, that's worthy you.

12 Riſe then, and do with due Reſpect,
With inward Feeling do the Thing,
Which is, to ſome not vain Effect,
Preſcrib'd by our beloved King:
Since by his Pow'r, his Servants can
Pardon of Sin to Souls convey;
How eas'ly can their Hands again
Find the Feet's Duſt, and waſh away?

13 Be preſent with us, Maſter dear!
Forgive whate'er has not been right!
Abſolve us all together here,
Thus in the holy Angels Sight;
Kindle our Flame of Brother's love,
Humble us from our inmoſt Heart,
Faithful in Thy Work may we prove,
Thou Man who felt'ſt the Croſs's Smart.

14 Sure as Thou liveſt and Thy Flock,
Sure as our Flame's of earthly Mould;
So ſure are we, from *Adam*'s Stock
Now by Thy Pain waſh'd to pure Gold:
Sure as Thy little Church remains
Here, as the World's poor Spectacle;
So ſure within, Thy Spirit reigns,
And Thou in this Thy Houſe doſt dwell.

CXLXIX.

From the German.

An ancient MORAVIAN *Hymn.*

N°. 16.

1 WHEN the due Time had taken Place,
God look'd upon the Sons of Men,
Saw them a ſinful curſed Race,
Perverſe, polluted and unclean:

Yet

Yet did He on His Oath reflect,
Which to the Fathers he had made,
And to the Prophets, his Elect;
And turn'd away his Wrath, and said,

2 " My only first begotten Son,
" I must paternal Mercy shew
" To Mortals utterly undone,
" Who can no good or think or do:
" I must to them a Saviour send,
" To whom they may themselves apply,
" Who can both bless them, and defend
" From Satan's curs'd Tyranny.

3 " Their Pow'r of doing good is o'er;
" Therefore, my dear beloved Son,
" Whom all My Angels now adore,
" Wilt Thou thyself stoop humbly down,
" And help these Wretches in Distress,
" Upon Thee take Humanity,
" Without its Sin and Wickedness,
" Else, all its Pains and Weakness try?

4 " For this, the Heathen shall be Thine,
" They Thy Reward and Portion prove;
" To Thee I will their Hearts incline,
" And sweetly draw them to Thy Love:
" And all who will Thy Brethren be,
" To Thee themselves entirely give,
" Will not resist Thy Mercy free;
" All such eternally shall live,"

At

5 At once did this great Work begin,
The WORD Eternal Fleſh was made,
Conceiv'd without Orig'nal Sin,
According as 'twas promiſed,
On Earth he ſojourn'd, and began
To ſerve and teach the Will of God,
Sought to convert poor ſinful Man,
And bruis'd the Devil with his Rod.

6 He ſaid to us forlorn and weak,
" From Bondage I will ſet you free,
" Your Cauſe a happy Turn ſhall take,
" I'll wreſtle for you earneſtly:
" For you I'll give my Life and Soul,
" For you I'll Sin and Death o'erthrow,
" For you I'll Satan's Power controul,
" And teach you Me the Life to know.

7 " Come! all who feel your Miſery,
" Come here, all ye who Grief have known;
" Surrender up yourſelves to Me,
" You whom I've choſen for My own:
" So will I give Myſelf to you,
" With Meat and Drink your Souls ſupply,
" Feed as my Sheep, true Reſt beſtow,
" And never from you turn my Eye."

8 Now hearken, Children, Mark and ſee
What Jeſus is, and does, and ſays;

And turn from all your Enmity,
From all your proud and hurtful Ways:
Let Jeſus lead you ſafely Home,
Let Him His Work begin and end,
Let Him incline your Will to come,
And He will ever be your Friend.

9 Ah! come Lord Jeſus, hear our Pray'r,
Thou worthy Son of God moſt High,
Our Hearts and all our Souls prepare,
That we may to Thy Mercy fly:
That we may all believe on Thee,
And on Thy Fleſh and Blood may feed,
True Members of Thy Body be,
For ever join'd to Thee our Head.

CLXX.

From the German.

N°. 1354.

1 WHEN ſhall I gain my Wedding-dreſs,
Prepar'd to cloath my Nakedneſs?
That Robe ſo white, my Lord and God,
Beſprinkled with Thy precious Blood.

2 Doſt Thou reſerve it, gracious Love,
To ſhine and glory in above?
I want it now, without a Veſt
I cannot be a Wedding-Gueſt.

3 A Garment I myſelf had gain'd;
A Staff I had whereon I lean'd,
Which fell, when tried, from out my Hand;
My Robe—I burn'd it to a Brand.

4 My carnal Staff, my worldly Stay,
Did never ſolid Help convey;
My ſeeming-fair, and ſelf-ſpun Dreſs,
Ne'er cover'd half my Nakedneſs.

5 But now the ſolemn Work is done:
I put my Lord and Saviour on.
The Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,
Will ſee I never ſhall be loſt.

6 When Chriſt our Life ſhall once appear,
'Twill then be manifeſt and clear
Whether or no the ſprinkling Blood
Hath waſh'd our Robes, and kept them good.

CLXXI.

1 WHO views the Lamb with ſtedfaſt Face,
His bleeding Wounds, his pierced Side,
He drinks from hence the Springs of Grace,
An healing Pow'r, a laſting Tide.

2 Hence flows His conſtant Calm of Peace,
'Tis hence he knows his Sins forgiv'n,
In Jeſu's Pains he feels his Bliſs,
Ev'n in his Wounds he finds his Heav'n.

3 But ah! we ſhun the chearing Sight,
Our fooliſh Minds will needs miſgive;
Yet turn again unto the Light,
Yet look again, and thou ſhalt live.

4 The ſmalleſt Spark that ſtirs within,
And moves us to believe the Word,
Inflicts a deadly Stroke on Sin,
And takes a Part in Chriſt the Lord.

5 And tho' the Fleſh ſhould ſtill preſume,
Yet he, who ranſom'd us, is true;
Forth from his Wounds the Light ſhall come,
And burſt the Bonds of Darkneſs thro'.

6 Satan ſhall feel the Stroke and fly,
And dare to trouble me no more;
I in the Saviour's Arms will lie,
Fed with His Blood, fill'd with his Pow'r.

CLXXII.

1 WHO could have thought, my loving Lord,
Thy Truth and Juſtice could afford
To ſhew the leaſt Regard or Grace
To one ſo wicked as I was?
We ſtill believ'd that Guilt and Sin
Stood like a mighty Gulf between;
Nor e'er imagin'd, by Thy Blood
All Sinners were brought nigh to God.

2 O wond'rous, unexpected Love,
Which doth at once all Griefs remove!
Quite to the Bottom of my Heart
It ſinks, and ſearches ev'ry Part.
See here a Sinner vile and poor
So happy in Thy Mercy's Store,
That he can nothing ſay beſide
" Take me, O Jeſu crucify'd."

3 O take me, ſeal me ever Thine!
Tho' Devil, World, and Fleſh repine,
Tho' Reaſon frowns and can't believe
Sinners with Thee ſo ſweetly live.
In Thy kind Heart and Wounds I reſt,
A Place where Evil can't moleſt:
Tho' my Heart fail and Fleſh decay,
Here I've a Home 'till the Great Day!

CLXXIII.

1 WIthout the Camp, beyond *Jerus'lem*'s Gate,
He who the World by ſpeaking did create,
Array'd in human Fleſh was hang'd on high,
'Twas then to ſave that World he deign'd to die.

2 O Jeſu Chriſt! Thy offer'd-up Blood-ſtream,
'Tis that ſhall ſurely be my conſtant Theme,

Throughout the miſerable World ſo wide,
I'll praiſe the Balm which flow'd from Thy pierc'd Side.

3 What I poor Wretch not able was to pay,
Was then and there compleatly waſh'd away;
There all my Sins and each were blotted out;
Then, why, ye worſt of Sinners, ſhould ye doubt?

4 Of this ſweet Truth by Grace I am made ſure,
Th' *Ungodly*, not the Righteous, nor the Pure,
Have need of Chriſt's all-healing precious Blood,
'Twas ſhed indeed for them and their Souls Good.

5 Ye chearful Witneſſes! I cite you all,
In Jeſu's Name go forth, and loudly call
All Sorts of Sinners: "Ho! ye Men, receive
"With Joy this News, your Pardon firm believe.

6 "The Heart of that once offer'd gracious Lamb
"T'wards you, ye Sinners, ſtill is in full Flame,

"That

" That ſav'ry Off'ring ſtill moſt ſweetly
ſmokes,
" For you the Son his Father ſtill invokes.

7 " The Father out of Love to us decreed,
" That Jeſus once to Death for us ſhould
bleed;
" So by this Means loſt Man ſhould be re-
ſtor'd;
" Come Sinners! now receive your bleeding
Lord.

8 " The Father is, we know it to be true,
" In firmeſt Peace, nor angry is at you;
" For this he gave up free his only Son,
" That thus the World from Death might
all be won.

9 When his dear Son to ſlay, the Jews had
Pow'r,
(The Son and Father knew it was their
Hour)
They both rejoic'd, knowing, while ſo he
died,
The whole World's utmoſt Debt was ſatis-
fied.

10 I ign'rant Child as yet know but in Part
Th' eternal Father's truly-tender Heart;
Yet by Experience this I can perceive,
He too loves thoſe, who on his Son believe.

11 O Lamb! Give me the Priv'lege to diffuſe
This gracious, good, and ever-bleſſed News;
Explain it to Thy Servants more and more,
And ſpread it ſoon to ev'ry diſtant Shore.

12 With Knowledge, O Thou ſlaughter'd Lamb, of Thee,
When ſhall the Earth thro' all its Bounds once be
(Taught by Thy Spirit) taken up and fill'd,
And ev'ry Sinner know, God's reconcil'd?

13 O haſten thoſe ſo wiſh'd-for happy Days,
So wilt Thou haſten perfectly Thy Praiſe!
To this great End, O ſpeedily increaſe
The Number of Thy faithful Witnneſſes.

14 Now mighty Conqueror! with Pow'r ariſe,
Thou valiant Hero! ſeize Thy own dear Prize;
Thy Life obedient, and Thy Death have won
For Thee each Nation that hath ſeen the Sun.

15 And yet Thy Child will tell Thee one Thing more,
Thy faithful Father, who is Truth, has ſwore,

Be

Becauſe with Willingneſs Thou once haſt
died,
Thy Travail Thou ſhalt ſee well ſatisfied.

16 Whoe'er is taught by Thee this one Thing
firſt,
That Thou haſt after Souls ſo great a Thirſt,
Can he one Moment be in Fear or Doubt,
But Thou'lt do more, than we can e'er find
out?

CLXXIV.

From the German.

N°. 1324.

1 WITH deepeſt Reverence and Awe,
Before my Sov'reign's Feet I draw:
Muſe I on paſt or future Things,
O'er all my Heart this ſtraitway brings
A Melting down, and Shame, but Power
too,
Which quickens me again, and brings me
thro'.

2 The Melting's from the King's Embrace,
And the O'erflowings of his Grace,
Which the dear Lamb does free impart,
Who is enamour'd with my Heart;

And

And who oft makes ſome worthleſs Thing his own,
And leads it from the Dunghill to his Throne.

3 Hence regularly flows the Shame,
That I ſo little love the Lamb;
That Lamb who bought me with a Price,
And ſince that Time, with his Advice
In many dubious Hours has brought me Aid,
And in my Mind his Beams of Grace diſplay'd.

4 The Power's center'd in Thy Blood,
And Thy heroic Fortitude,
With which Thou fought'ſt for each loſt Soul,
And bor'ſt ſuch Pain to make them whole:
Me with this Pow'r, to work for Thee, inveſt;
And when my Labour's finiſh'd, let me reſt.

5 Nay more; Thou know'ſt my utmoſt Aim,
It is to glorify Thy Name;
Not for myſelf, but only Thee;
Yea, I would wiſh to ceaſe to be,
When I thy Church and Thee ſhould ſerve no more;
For you two I do love with my whole Pow'r.

6 Thank

6 Thank God! this is moſt evident,
That I henceforth ſhall thro' no Rent,
While on his bleſſed Earth I tread,
Be e'er divided from my Head;
For ſince not one poor Soul he can deceive,
So, to the End, thro' all, will I believe.

7 Now, my ſo dear beloved Man,
I pray thee earneſt as I can,
Take thy poor Child and let me be
Laid on thy Heart moſt tenderly:
To all my Faithfulneſs, and Toil, and Sweat,
Apply thy Grace, which only gives it Weight.

8 But more eſpecially, keep bleſt
With one calm undiſturbed Reſt
My Body, conſecrated thine:
That it may be thy ſacred Shrine,
'Till Thou in thy full Glory ſhalt appear,
When we ſhall joy o'er our chaſte Conqueſts here.

CLXXV.

From the German.

WITH tender Longings and Love's Smart,
With hundred Tears ſprung from the Heart;
Thy Flame I wait for here;
On this ſweet Day for Bleſſings meant,

I wait the End of all Complaint,
The Bridegroom's kind and open Ear.

2 I aſk a free clear State of Soul,
In Spirit of my Mind a full
Recov'ry certify'd;
An humble Senſe mean while within,
And ſolid Feeling what is Sin,
But not to work Sin, God forbid:

3 A Mind unto the Duſt inclin'd,
A gall-leſs Dove's unſpotted Mind,
A Mind that ſtrives untir'd
For a true ſpiritual Frame;
Shut up herein, that Poor I am,
From hurtful Fancies far retir'd.

4 I aſk to be with All at Peace;
Still faithful the Lamb's Hymn t' expreſs,
In Prayers faithful too,
For other Souls to Him to ſpeak,
The En'my's Plots and Schemes to break,
To the Friend daily join'd anew:

5 To myſelf preſent evermore,
In readineſs for Thee each Hour,
And Thy each Beck and Will;
In th' Holy Sacrament all Times
Touch'd evidently by His Beams,
Who doth my Soul there feed and fill:

6 A Terror to the adverſe Part,
But to God's Friends a Joy of Heart,
A Servant of His Train;
Ready in witneſſing and bleſs'd,
Refreſhing, when I preach, confeſs'd,
In Walking ſimple, upright, plain:

7 To Souls who know that Myſtery,
Joyful to look upon and ſee
Our Love how much He can;
For Comfort of th' amaz'd with Guilt,
The Children from the Bottom ſpoilt,
In Jeſus now a finiſh'd Man:

8 Entirely ſerious, childlike too,
In all Eſſentials fix'd and true;
An Ear that one may truſt,
A hearty genuine Brother's Heart,
To ſympathize with ev'ry Smart,
Which chance ſometimes 'mong Brethren muſt:

9 In Converſe willing to oblige,
Invincible when Storms beſiege,
And ſteddy in my Step;
Touching one Point, the Bundle of Life,
A ſimple Child, that from all Strife
Will only ſtill behind Thee creep:

10 A Check to Satan and his Band,
A Cov'ring to that Place or Land

Where Thou ordain'ſt m' Abode,
A Joy above to Angels good,
To Thy Choirs here like chearing Food,
To Chriſtians falſe a heavy Load:

11 In Pilgrim's Life ſincere of Mind,
To the bleſt Unction quite reſign'd,
In Fleſh and Soul content;
To outward inward Soundneſs rais'd,
In all my Senſes exercis'd,
While Gladneſs-Oil doth me anoint.

12 Ye Devils, let me do my Taſk!
Ye Angels, your kind Aid I aſk,
Ye Brethren, love me ſtill;
Ye Foes, let me love you howe'er,
Ye Fellow-Lab'rers, help me here,
My working is from no Self-Will.

13 Yea, Father God, rejoice o'er me,
One of Thy Son's poor Members ſee;
Embrace me Sp'rit divine,
Me for Thy Child receive and guide;
Redeemer of my Sin and Need,
My better Self! I'm wholly Thine.

CLXXVI.

1 YE Arms of Love, once pierc'd with Nails,
Outſtretch'd upon the Wood;

Ye Arms, out of whoſe charming Holes
Did flow th' attoning Blood;
How ſweetly reſts a weary Child,
When cloſe embrac'd by you!
Let Reaſon ſay whate'er it will,
'Tis yet for ever true.

2 For when the Law's tormenting Yoke
Does a poor Heart moleſt,
And fills with Reas'ning, Doubts and Fears,
A troubled Head and Breaſt,
And half-deſpairing one cries out,
Who is't that ſets us free?
" None but the Lamb, who did fulfil
" The Law upon the Tree.

3 How happy I, when once I died
To the condemning Law;
As ſoon as I the Son of God
For me condemned ſaw!
If now I ſee a Sinner come,
Quite ſunk in Miſery,
I'll lead him, to behold the Lamb,
Attoning on the Tree.

4 The more a frighten'd Soul can view
The ſlaughter'd King of Light,
The more is ſcatter'd and diſpell'd
The diſmal cloudy Night:
The glaring Beams, which pow'rfully
Break forth from out the Lamb,

Theſe kindle each cold lifeleſs Heart,
And make it all on Flame.

5 Is there a Thing, that moves and breaks
A Heart as hard as Stone,
That warms a Heart as cold as Ice?
'Tis Jeſu's Blood alone:
One drop of this can truly chear
And heal the wounded Soul,
What Multitudes of broken Hearts
This living Stream makes whole?

6 Hark, O my Soul! what ſing the Choirs
Around the glorious Throne?
Hark! *Lamb* and *Blood* for ever-more
Sound in the ſweeteſt Tone.
The Elders there caſt down their Crowns,
And all both Night and Day
Sing Praiſes to the Lamb's dear Blood,
Which wip'd their Guilt away.

7 And this, while here, will we proclaim
Chearful in our Degree,
That thro' the Blood of God's dear Lamb
Each Soul may happy be;
But Thou, O Lamb! make every Day
Thy Wounds to us more ſweet,
Till we behold thy gaping Side,
And kiſs thy Hands and Feet.

CLXXVII,

CLXXVII.

From the German.

An HYMN *for the Witneſſes of Jeſus, ſung at the Love-Feaſt before the* LORD's-SUPPER.

N°. 1340.

1 YE happy Cloud of Witneſſes,
Preferr'd to Goſpel-Pilgrimſhip,
Your Walking-Staff in all your Way,
Your Strength, your Baggage, Girdle, Scrip,
Is that bleſt Covenant of Blood,
Which the old Fathers Faith ſo good
Wrote on the Poſts of ev'ry Door,
Which made the Slayer paſs them o'er.

2 'Twas God's free Grace gave this Advice,
The Sequel ſhew'd His Finger clear;
God's choſen People, to its Praiſe,
Obſerv'd a Thank-feaſt ev'ry Year:
Where ſolemnly in God's dread Sight
They thought upon the Paſchal-Night,
And on that venerable Blood
Which ſuch amazing Wonders cou'd.

3 Blood of the Paſchal-Lamb, Thou'rt good!
Before Thee quake (as here we ſee)
Ev'n Death and Hell; but ſomething more,
Sure as God lives, is meant by Thee:
(To a hard Stone once *Moſes* ſpoke;
But in the Heav'ns abides the Rock,)
Lion of *Juda*'s Tribe, Thou'rt He,
Who yet our Lamb vouchſaf'dſt to be.

4 From *Moſes* paſt a thouſand Years,
Then He from everlaſting ſlain,
(For me and equally for Thee
Up-offer'd, and for ev'ry Man)
The ne'er enough adored Lamb
Was nail'd upon the Croſs's Stem:
If this Lamb's Blood does but appear,
Th' old Dragon flies with conſcious Fear.

5 Rejoice ye o'er your Paſchal-Lamb,
Old Fathers of the Pillar-Cloud:
The happy Bride, the Fleſh and Bone
Of Him upon the Croſs's Wood,
Can a new Paſchal-Supper taſte,
Where her dear Huſband lets her feaſt;
Weak Words can't half expreſs her Joy,
Taſte, ſee, then Hallelujah cry.

6 Therefore we now aſſembled are
Before the high enthroned Sire;
Before the glorious flame-ey'd Lamb;

Before

Before the Seven Lamps of Fire;*
Before the Beings full of Eyes;
Before the Elders grave and wiſe;
Before the Holy Angels all,
And God's Elect in General:

7 And ere we to our Huſband go,
In the moſt Holy Sanctu'ry,
And there confirm the League of Blood
With Him, that can't divided be;
Ere the Lamb's dear beloved Wife
His Body eat, the Bread of Life,
And drink His Blood divine and ſweet;
We ſocially together eat.

8 Eat to Him, eat in this bleſs'd Feaſt!
Elſe-while to faſt for Him afford:
Mark well, my Friends, the Pilgrim's Lot,
You, whom the Cov'nant-Awl has bor'd.
But then in everlaſting Day,
Where the Harps preach ev'n while they play,
And where the Preachers ſweetly reſt,
There to him we'll do ſo; that's beſt.

9 *There* if a Soul, that God adores,
Should aſk: "My Fellow, whence cam'ſt thou?"
Thro' much Diſtreſs, from Mis'ry's Vale,
And but One Thing has brought me thro."
"What

* Revelations iv. 5.

" What was it?" " *If thou doſt not know,*
No happy Spirit thou I trow;
It was the Lamb's moſt precious Blood:"
" O, that's here too the chiefeſt Good."

10 In Order by our Side will ſtand
Of Prieſts in white a goodly Throng,
And Lamb, and Blood, and chiefeſt Good,
To all in Heav'n's a well known Song:
Then " *Amen, Amen,*" will they cry,
All joining in the Harmony,
" *One only Thing has brought us thro',*
" *Dear Lamb, Thy being ſlaughter'd ſo.*"

11 Now hark, my Friends! your Paſs I'll read;
And the World over, it is This:
Here's One who nothing farther knows,
But that a God and Saviour is.
Whoever proudly higher flies,
And ſays, he's one of us, he lies.
Jeſu, my Lord, all Praiſe to Thee
That Thou vouchſaf'dſt a Man to be!

12 Dear Members all of little Strength*,
Here are two Things for us to do;
From Travel firſt to reſt a while
And breathe, and take refreſhment new;
Next, ere we move on Pilgrimage,
Each One's Safe-Conduct for his Stage
With joint Concern to render Good,
By drawing it thro' Jeſu's Blood.

13 Now

* Rev. iii. 8.

13 Now ev'ry where, with ſuch a Shout
That all the Pow'rs of Hell may hear,
(Which Sound ſuch cannot underſtand
Who carry an unopen'd Ear)
Let's write it on each Pilgrim's Door, †
Blood Region is this Land all o'er:
That this World's God, tho' ne'er ſo fain,
May not the Heathen-World detain.

14 Think on the Pilgrims and their Toil,
Dear Saviour! a right Paſs they uſe;
Where'er they move, let Free-Grace blow,
And let th' Accuſer ſomewhat loſe!
In *Ceylon*, and St. *Thoma's Iſle*,
In *Surinam* and *Greenland's* Soil,
In *Penſylvania*, *Carolina*,
The *Cape*, St. *Crux*, *Barbies* and *Mina*.

CLXXVIII.

From the German.

N°. 1216.

1 YE bleſt Domeſtics of the ſlaughter'd Lamb;
Ye joint Partakers of illuſtrious Shame;
Ye Twigs and Branches of the ſtandard Wood;
Ye ſtout Aſſerters that the Lamb is God;
You

† 1 Cor. xvi. 9.

2 You who by Nature curſed Sinners were,
Yet now of Sons and Heirs the Glory ſhare;
You who have found ſweet Reſt in Jeſu's Smart,
More or leſs happy, as you know his Heart;

3 You as yet ſingle and but little ty'd,
Invited to the Supper with the Bride,
That, like the former Warriors, each may ſtand
Ready for Land, Sea, Marriage at Command;

4 You who would rather live and fight a while,
Than be diſmiſs'd as yet from glorious Toil,
Who from the World's bewitching Luſts are fled,
And burn t'advance the Glory of your Head:

5 Before the Youth divine, come, bow the Knee,
Eldeſt of all the Heav'nly Family;
And lie ſo long before the gracious Throne
Of the ſcorn'd *Nazarene*, call'd *Joſeph*'s Son,

6 So long, ſo long, from Interruption free,
Till you can Him in Spirit ſmiling ſee,
Till He with each of all your ſingle Train
Shall go, the Ways on Earth to pave and plain.

7 O Holy Maſter, O Eternal Love,
Teacher of Spirits perfect made above,
Experteſt Bridegroom Hearts to win and woo,
Here ſeeſt Thou Benches full of Scholars too!

8 Come, Lord, at upper End aſſume thy Place,
Talk, till the Tears run trickling down our Face;
The Tears, which Thy ſweet Words ſhall cauſe to flow,
Till where, or what we are, we ſcarce can know.

9 Thou our Defence, our Caſtle, Rock and Shield,
We to thy Yoke ourſelves moſt gladly yield;
This makes each Burthen as a Feather light,
Which heretofore would ſtagger and affright.

10 At thy Command, we go, or here, or there,
Many Commands, as many Conqueſts are,
Speak but the Word, all Obſtacles muſt flee:
Here moves a Mountain, there divides a Sea.

CLXXIX.

From the German.

1 YE Learners of the Grace and Blood,
Feed, feed, and learn, this Time embrace,

Waſh

Waſh yourſelves clean in that pure Flood,
And gain their Health and Chearfulneſs:
Of Right belong ye to the Lord,
Who bought you at ſo dear a Rate,
And who to make you his Reward,
Baptiz'd you in his Blood and Sweat;
Ye all for Drink unto this Well may go,
Till your Eyes ſparkle, and your Hearts o'erflow.

2 Who once has drank, thirſts Day and Night,
For what? for Sinners loſt and dead,
To ſeize them as the Saviour's Right,
And wed them to their Lord and Head:
This was his Thirſt upon the Tree;
This Thirſt is then our Call of Grace,
Which from the Moment we were free,
Within our Hearts obtain'd a Place;
Thirſt then, till you can loud this Grace proclaim,
And call the wildeſt Heathens to his Name.

3 This I am ſure's your only Aim,
Ye who are Jeſu's Witneſſes,
To ſee the Heathen kiſs the Lamb,
And ſtoutly claim their Right of Grace,
The helpleſs worthleſs Sinner's Right,
That weighty Point ſo little known:
Gird ye then ready for the Fight,
And in your Ranks march boldly on,

Traverſe both Earth and Seas to ſpread this
Flame,
And preach up ev'ry where the ſlaughter'd
Lamb.

4 We chearful Hallelujah cry,
Thou faithful Witneſs Chriſt the Lamb,
Thy Zeal once urg'd Thee on to die,
And Thou this Moment art the ſame;
Thou bid'ſt thy Sparks of Grace ariſe,
Which ev'ry where a Flame produce;
Tow'rds many Slaves Thou turn'ſt thine
Eyes,
And ſo prepar'ſt them for thine Uſe,
That they with Longing after others move,
Shewing the Greatneſs of thy bleeding Love.

5 Can there among you one remain,
Ye Brethren who the Saviour know,
Who're freed from Sin's accurſed Chain,
Whoſe very Spirit does not glow
For *Surinam* and *Thomas Iſle*,
For *Penſylvania*, and *Barbies*,
The *Cape*, and *Greenland*'s diſtant Soil,
The *Calmucks* and the *Cherichees?*
Who for the Heathen has not burnt and glow'd,
To dip them in the Stream of Jeſu's Blood?

6 Ye know what Honour he hath won
With Brethren in the ſingle State,

Whom with his Blood he melted down,
Then made them Watchmen in the Gate:
Nor was this Grace to them confin'd,
Ye can alike partake the ſame,
Whoſe Hearts are thirſty, free, inclin'd
To act as Servants of the Lamb;
Ye may in Lands remote rove far abroad,
And tell the Savages, the Lamb is God.

7 He only wants us to be true,
Obedient, ſuited to our Plan;
He gives us Oil each Day anew,
And uſes us in all he can;
In all Things we may truſt his Grace,
And reſt on his Almighty Arm,
He keeps us in a ſettled Peace,
And ſhelters us from ev'ry Harm;
He Bleſſings, as his Pleaſure is, diſplays,
And our ſole Buſineſs is to liſp his Praiſe.

CLXXX.

1 YE who have known th' attoning Blood,
To *walk with Chriſt* henceforth muſt know;
To Him its Author, for its Food
Faith muſt anew each Moment go;
The firſt ſweet Grace that made you whole
Muſt be ſtill cheriſhed in the Soul,

2 Each

2 Each Soul knows how her Lord to pleaſe:
No Methods need that Man be told,
Who ſtrongly to the Mark doth preſs,
And can this one Conviction hold;
That he a Sinner loſt and poor,
In Chriſt hath Glory, Life and Store.

3 And let that Man conſider right,
To Bliſs divine he now is led;
When little Obſtacles would fright,
Theſe under Foot his Faith muſt tread:
From ſerving Chriſt, he may ſuppoſe,
Nothing but ſweeteſt Freedom flows.

CLXXXI.

1 YOU who of endleſs Woe would gladly miſs,
And want to know the certain Way to Bliſs,

2 With Sin and Luſts would end the fruitleſs Strife,
And long t' enjoy eternal Reſt and Life:

3 Let ſuch attend, the Way you'll eaſy find,
Nor in perplexing Mazes does it wind.

4 Our Innocence in *Adam* loſt, no more
We need bemoan, nor our hard Fate deplore:

5 When on the Croſs our Saviour's Side was bor'd,
Full Pardon gain'd he, ſurer Life reſtor'd.

6 Now how this ſov'reign Remedy we may
Apply with Safety, Chriſt hath ſhewn the Way;

7 And that vain Search and Striving we might ſpare,
Himſelf the Way, Truth, Life, he does declare;

8 An happy Life, bleſt Truth, and peaceful Way
To Sinners poor His Goſpel does diſplay.

9 Your Miſery, my Friend, you need but bring
To the Lamb's Side, to that eternal Spring

10 Of Peace and Life; you then will quickly prove
Its wond'rous Pow'r, how warm it flows with Love.

11 O ſweeteſt Flood of Blood, how does thy Sound
Make my Soul leap with Joy, with Gladneſs bound!

12 How does it warm my cold and frozen Heart,
And with an holy Shame fill ev'ry Part!

13 Our Unbelief and Malice, Luſt and Pride,
Theſe are the Things for which the Saviour died.

14 Enter

14 Enter the Door of Life which open ſtands,
With *Thomas* take you Faith from Feet and Hands.

15 Your ſin-ſick Mind freely to him confeſs,
He came to ſave from Sin, and give Redreſs.

16 Your legal Strife give o'er, you can't diſpleaſe
The Saviour more, than by ſuch Arts as theſe.

17 But alſo this and more forgiven is,
And now nought's left, us to exclude from Bliſs.

18 No Parley with the Foe, I pray you, make,
But to the Lamb at once your Cauſe betake.

19 You, full of Guilt and Sin He'll not deſpiſe,
Becauſe for Sin he's made a Sacrifice.

20 Want of a proper Garb you need not fear,
When at the great Tribunal you appear;

21 For his attoning Blood and Righteouſneſs
Shall be your gorgeous Robe and ſhining dreſs.

22 With me you'll join and all the heav'nly Choirs,
And thoſe who round the Throne do tune their Lyres.

23 In Songs of Praiſe to the victorious Lamb,
Who Sin, and Death, and Hell for us o'ercame.

CLXXXII.

From the German.

N°. 1188.

YOUTH divine! with Staff in Hand,
Who protect'st thy Sheep from Harms;
Think on thy poor little Band,
Thou who wast a Child in Arms:
Let our Joy be daily new,
That Thou once wert here below:
Thou wert childlike, happy, true,
Make us happy Children too.

CLXXXIII.

A HYMN *for the little Children.*

1 OUT of Love, O Saviour dear,
Thou hast brought us Children here,
For to know that Thou hast dy'd,
And for us wert crucify'd.

2 When our Hearts feel this indeed,
That Thou, Lamb, for us didst bleed,

That

That Thou bar'ſt our Guilt and Blame;
O how ſweet is then Thy Name!

3 Self-will, that moſt cruel Thing,
May we bring to Thee our King:
For when we as Sinners come,
In Thy Nail-holes we find Room.

4 Other Children cannot be
Half ſo glad and bleſs'd as we;
They don't hear, that Thou, dear Lamb,
On the Croſs haſt dy'd for them.

5 Be our Shepherd ev'ry Day,
That we little Lambs ne'er ſtray;
That whene'er we hear Thy Voice,
To obey we may rejoice.

6 Thanks be for Thy tender Care,
Thanks, that Thou haſt brought us here:
Grant, O deareſt Lamb, that we
True, tho' little Servants be!

CLXXXIV.

1 WHAT feels that Soul, that ſees not Thee
Jeſu, who once has ſeen Thy Heart?
No Pain with that can equall'd be,
The Loſs as matchleſs as the Smart!
Dear Brethren, well this Thing obſerve,
With Care your Hearts in Light preſerve.

2 O! never turn from him your Eyes,
The Sinner's only Hope and Friend;
The Soul that from his Keeper flies,
None other can from Harm defend:
Ye happy Souls, that Jesus know,
From Him ah! whither would you go?

3 Turn then, whoe'er is turn'd astray,
Turn to the Shepherd of the Sheep:
He by his Death your Debts did pay,
His Life shall you in Safety keep:
Be not afraid, but go, believe,
He will his Sheep with Joy receive.

4 It is not in Him to destroy,
He came to save the Souls of Men;
His Spirit is in full Employ
Therefore to bring them home again:
Hear, Soul, He calleth Thee by Name;
Be not afraid — He is a Lamb!

CLXXXV.

1 STream thro' the Bottom of my Soul,
Blood of the Son of God!
And take away whate'er in me
Thee hath so long withstood:
Drink up my Nature's active Fire,
Drown all my useless Strife;
And let my Heart for nothing thirst
But Thee the Well of Life.

2 Here

2 Here let me drink, for ever drink,
Nor ever once depart:
For what I taſte, makes me to cry,
"Fix at this Spring my Heart!"
Dear Saviour, Thou haſt ſeen how oft
I've turn'd away from Thee;
O let Thy Work renew'd to-Day,
Remain eternally.

CLXXXVI.

1 O deareſt Saviour, might my Heart
Be quite giv'n up to Thee!
O might it, to be always Thine,
My higheſt Pleaſure be!

2 Thy Love, with ſuch a jealous Flame,
Would have me wholly Thine;
Thy Blood ſo ſhed, demands that I
Should be no longer mine!

3 But Lord, what loveſt Thou in me?
Thou ſeeſt me as I am!
Yet if Thou chooſeſt ſtill to love,
Thy Choice I will not blame.

4 Ah Lord! it is the only Way,
The only Maſter-Art,
To conquer ſuch a Soul as mine,
And break ſo hard a Heart:

5 Here

5 Here I confeſs to all the World,
I ſhould have ne'er lov'd Thee,
Hadſt Thou not dy'd for me and firſt
Shewn ſuch a Love to me.

6 O Love, O bleeding Love, I would
Always with Thee remain:
O let my Soul with Thee yet more
Inward Acquaintance gain.

7 For this I feel, did even I
But know Thee as Thou art;
I from that Time with thouſand Joys
Should give Thee all my Heart.

CLXXXVII.

From the German.

NOW will we go and ſilent be,
And humbly bow both Heart and Knee
Before our Lamb and Head:
We'll venture gladly ev'ry Thing
At the Command of Chriſt our King,
By Him we'll be for ever led.

INDEX.

	Page
AH! who is this appears to me	1
After the Labours of thy Life,	2
All Glory be to God on high!	3
And is it then our happy Lot,	4
Ariſe, my Soul, ariſe, and ſing	7
Ariſe ye, who are captive led,	9
Attend, O Saviour, to our Pray'r!	12
Behold the loving Son of God	13
Behold the Saviour of Mankind,	14
Beloved Saviour, Prince of Life,	15
Beloved Saviour, Sinners Friend	16
Blood of the venerable Lamb!	17
Brethren, what is your Deſire?	18
By our own Strength there's nothing done,	20
Chriſt crucify'd,	20
Come let us join our chearful Songs	21
Could we Sinners fully tell,	22
Could but the World its Wiſh obtain,	23
Dear glorious King, thy Church's Spouſe,	24
Dear Jeſus be near,	26
Dear Lamb from everlaſting ſlain,	26
Dear Lamb, in me fulfil	28

INDEX,

Dear Saviour, hear a Sinner's Pray'r, 29

Ev'ning Star, I follow Thee, 30

For ſuch poor Souls who dare of nothing boaſt, 31

From Life and Grace this we are bold 33

Go forth, in Spirit go 34
Grace! how good, how cheap, how free, 35
Grant, in the Bottom of my Heart 36
Grant, Lord, I ne'er may doubt again 36
Great Saviour, one ſweet Look of thine 37
Grace! Grace! O that's a charming Sound 39

Haſte, Lord, within my worthleſs Heart, 42
Hear what of Chriſt and me this Day 42
Henceforth, my Soul, thou dwell'ſt in Peace: 43
He who was laugh'd at on the Tree, 45
High on his everlaſting Throne 45
Holy Lamb, and Prince of Peace, 49
Holy Lamb, who Thee receive, 50
How can a Sinner hear theſe Words: 52
How Chriſt his Souls doth bleſs, 53
How happy is the Heart, 54
How happy we when Guilt is gone! 56
How rich! how happy is the Soul, 57
How rich the Grace, how great the Love, 58

INDEX.

How ſtrange, that Thou, the mighty God, 59
How ſweet's the Dream of her that ſleeps, 62
Huſband of Souls; thy Stream of Grace 63

I am a little Child you ſee, 64
I bow before the Father's Throne; 66
Jeſu, each blind and trembling Soul 67
Jeſus! all Praiſe is due to Thee, 68
Jeſu, knit all our Hearts to Thee, 69
Jeſu, my Light and ſure Defence, 70
Jeſu, our glorious Head and Chief, 71
Jeſu, that gentle Touch of thine 77
Jeſu, Thou art the only Good, 78
Jeſu, Thou Sinner loving Lord, 79
I pant for Mercy free: 80
Is there a Thing beneath the Sky, 84
I thirſt, Thou wounded Lamb of God, 85
I've thought, and thought, and thought again, 87
Know ye, how redeeming Grace 88

Lamb, Lamb, O Lamb. 88
Lamb, Lamb, Thou ſlaughter'd worthy Lamb! 92
Lamb, what Wonders haſt thou wrought? 93
Lamb, Lamb, O Lamb, my Sacrifice! 95
Lamb, Lamb, O Lamb! ſo greatly try'd, 97
Long I ſtrove my God to love, 100
Look up my Soul, and ſee thy God 101

INDEX.

Look on me, Lord, till I do weep, 103
Lord Chriſt, Thy Blood ſo ſhed, 104
Lord, I fain would happy be, 105
Lord, in this preſent Hour of Grace, 106

Make thyſelf ready, O thou bleeding Love, 106
Many, who under Sin were ſold, 107
My Heart's ſweet Treaſure, when I look 107
May Jeſu's Blood and Righteouſneſs 109
Moſt worthy Spirit, Guide of Jeſu's Train, 112
My deareſt Saviour! caſt an Eye 113
My deareſt Lamb, I inly pray 115
My deareſt Lamb, I now ſink down, 116
My Jeſus, look on me Thy Child, 117
My Saviour, Thou didſt ſhed 118
My wounded Prince enthron'd on high, 119
My wounded Prince, thy choſen Race 120

No Comfort have I, Lord, 122
No more with trembling Heart I try 123
Now I have found the Ground, wherein 123

O deareſt Lamb, take thou my Heart; 125
O Friend! be Thou near; 126
O Church, God's Fulneſs, how 127
O glorify'd Head! 130
O glorious Saviour, King of Souls 132
O God of Mercy, Love's Abyſs! 134

O Go

INDEX.

O God unſearchable! Thy Rays 135
O how unutterable is 137
O Jeſu, Jeſu, my good Lord! 138
O Jeſu, bleſs thy Witneſſes! 141
O Jeſu! Thee we bleſs: 142
O Jeſus, the poor Sinner's Friend! 144
O Lamb crucified! 145
O Lamb! O Lamb! could I behold 148
O Lamb, O wounded bleeding Lamb! 150
On whom, while Breath we draw, ſhall we believe? 152
O Son of God, High-prieſt and Lamb once ſlain, 155
O tell me no more 159
O Thou, the faireſt of Mankind, 161
O Thou who bought'ſt us with thy Blood 162
O Thou deareſt Bridegroom! ſlaughter'd Lamb! 163
O Thou the Church's living Lord! 163
O whence was I brought? 165
O worthy Lamb! what endleſs Store 167

Praiſes to Thee, God Holy Ghoſt, we ſend 163

Redeemer! who at *Golgotha* 174
Riſe, exalt the Majeſty 175

Sacred anointing Oil, o'erflow 177
See, World, upon the bloody Tree 178

Since

INDEX.

Since I can look upon Thee, Lord, 180
Sinners! come, the Saviour ſee, 181
Sinners Redeemer, whom we inly love, 184
Small might it ſeem, if Chriſt above 184
Such who themſelves have known the Lamb, 185

Teach me yet more of thy bleſt Ways, 186
Teach us, O Lord! thy Croſs's Myſtery; 187
Thanks that God's holy Chriſt hath bled 193
Thanks to thy Mercy, deareſt Lamb, 195
The Bridegroom is near, 195
The Blood of Chriſt by Faith apply'd 198
The firſt begotten Son of God 199
The Saviour's Blood and Righteouſneſs 202
The Croſs, the Croſs, O that's my Gain! 207
The faithful Father *Abraham*, 210
The Lamb is ſlain! let us adore 213
The Son of God, what was his Aim 215
The Soul of Chriſt me ſanctify; 216
They who know our Lord indeed, 217
They who little Children are, 218
This tranſient World is not our Home, 219
Thou Friend of Sinners! hear my Cry, 220
Thou holy ſpotleſs Lamb of God, 221
Thou Jeſus art our King, 223
Thou Lamb once ſlain! whoſe flaming Eyes 226
Thou Saviour my good Shepherd art 227

INDEX.

Thou Soul's beſt Friend, Thou tender Heart, 228
Thou, who with Sinners ſmitten art, 231
Thou who ſo near us art, more near 232
Thus to her Huſband ſpeaks the Bride; 233
Thy bleeding Wounds, dear Saviour, are 234
Thy Eyes, thy Mouth, thy Side, 234
To God the Holy Ghoſt we pray, 235
To Jeſus all our Soul directed is, 237
To me 'tis a clear Caſe, 238
To ſuch the King will give a Kiſs of Love, 239
To the Lamb ſtain'd with Blood, 240
Two Points ought all to know, 243

Unfathom'd Wiſdom of our King! 243

We thank our God the Holy Ghoſt, 245
What Energy and Pow'r divine 248
What is it, wounded bleeding Love, 250
What Joy or Honour could we have, 254
What Pains poor Souls go thro' to trace 261
What Praiſe unto the Lord is due! 262
What ſays a Soul that now doth taſte 264
What Souls dear Huſband, doſt thou love? 265
What then, dear Jeſus, hadſt thou done or ſaid, 267
What to my Maſter ſhall I ſay? 269
When our dear Monarch from on high, 271
When the due Time had taken Place, 275

When

INDEX.

When ſhall I gain my Wedding-dreſs, 278
Who views the Lamb with ſtedfaſt Face, 279
Who could have thought, my loving Lord, 280
Without the Camp, beyond *Jerus'lem*'s Gate, 281
With deepeſt Reverence and Awe, 285
With tender longing and Love's Smart, 287

Ye Arms of Love, once pierc'd with Nails, 290
Ye happy Cloud of Witneſſes 293
Ye bleſt Domeſtics of the ſlaughter'd Lamb! 297
Ye Learners of the Grace and Blood, 299
Ye who have known th' attoning Blood, 302
You who of endleſs Woe would gladly miſs 303
Youth divine, with Staff in Hand! 306

Out of Love, O Saviour dear, 306
What feels that Soul, that ſees not thee 307
Stream thro' the Bottom of my Soul 308
O deareſt Saviour, might my Heart 309
Now will we go and ſilent be, 310

FINIS.

BOOKS Printed for and Sold by JAMES HUTTON, *at the* Bible *and* Sun *in* Little-Wild-Street, *near* Lincoln's-Inn-Fields: *Where may be had Bibles, Common-Prayer-Books, and moſt Sorts of other Books.*

I. SIxteen Diſcourſes on the Redemption of Man by the Death Chriſt: Preach'd at *Berlin* in the Year 1738, by the Right Rev. and moſt illuſtrious Count *Zinzendorf*, late Biſhop of the ancient *Moravian* Church. Tranſlated from the *High-Dutch*. Price bound 1*s*. 6*d*.

II. Seven Sermons on the Godhead of the Lamb, or the Divinity of Jeſus Chriſt, by the ſame Author: Preached in the Congregation, juſt before his ſecond Voyage to the *Weſt-Indies*. Price bound 8*d*.

III. A Collection of Hymns, with ſeveral Tranſlations from the Hymn-book of the *Moravian* Brethren. Pr. bound 1*s*. 8*d*.

IV. An Appendix to the Collection of Hymns; conſiſting chiefly of Tranſlations from the Hymn-Book of the *Moravian* Brethren. Price bound 8*d*.

V. A Manual of Doctrine: Or an Eſſay to bring into the Form of Queſtion and Anſwer, as well the Fundamental Doctrines, as the other Scripture Knowledge, of the Proteſtant Con-

Congregations who for 300 Years paſt have been call'd *The Brethren*. With an Introduction tranſlated from the *High Dutch*. Price bound 1*s*. 8*d*.

VI. The Traveller's Preſent: Or a Letter giving a ſhort Hiſtory of Religion. Price 1*d*.

N. B. This Letter may be ſent by the Poſt as a ſingle Letter.

VII. The Watch Words of the Covenant in the Blood of Jeſus for the Year 1743. 8*d*.

VIII. The Lamb of God to his Servants and Churches, repreſented as well in his divine, as in his abaſed human Form; according to all the Revelation which was given by him to his Prophets and Witneſſes. Tranſlated from the *German*. Price bound 8*d*.

IX. A ſhort Hiſtory of the *Bohemian Moravian* Proteſtant Church of the united Brethren. Written by *Arvid Gradin*, A. M. a Member of the ſaid Church, in a Letter to the Archbiſhop of *Upſal*, Primate of *Sweden*. Tranſlated from the *Latin* Manuſcript. Pr. 9*d*.

N. B. All Books wrote by the *Moravian* Brethren, which are or ſhall be tranſlated, will be to be had at the above Place only.

X. A Sermon on Salvation by Faith, by *John Weſley*, A. M. Fellow of *Lincoln-College Oxford*, Large Letter. Pr. 2*d*.

XI. The Doctrine of Salvation, Faith, and good Works: Extracted from the *Homilies* of the Church of *England*. Large Letter. Pr. 2*d*.

Printed
Little.

AN APPENDIX TO THE COLLECTION OF HYMNS:

Consisting chiefly of

TRANSLATIONS

From the HYMN-BOOK of the *MORAVIAN* BRETHREN.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for JAMES HUTTON, at the *Bible* and *Sun* in *Little-Wild-ſtreet*, near *Lincoln-Inn-Fields*. 1744.

APPENDIX

TO THE

COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS:

Consisting chiefly of

TRANSLATIONS

From the HYMN-BOOK of the

MORAVIAN Brethren.

APPENDIX.

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

From the German.

1 AS eager Hunters, who their Game attend,
Wiſh that their Sport might never have an End,
So I in my Saviour would joy for ever,
If but in his Heart my Place I loſe never,
I want none elſe.

2 We've leſs Connexion with this vain World's Good,
Than the hard Iron hath with Clay or Wood,
They can ne'er be mixed;
And ſo we find it,
That the Lord's Servants always were ſo minded,
ev'n in th' old Times.

3 But why have we Thee? Husband of our Hearts!
Who know'ſt ſo well our wretched Nature's Parts?
If thou had'ſt not ſought us,
and follow'd ever,
We had not ſought for Thee, nor known Thee never.
Who's like to Thee!

CLXXXIX.

From the German.

1 CHild, born without Sin,
Who hath Thee within,
Is ſo fill'd with Thee,
That even in all Things He would be like Thee.

2 Behold then how we
So gladly would be
Quite clean thro' thy Blood.
The Robe of thy Righteouſneſs deck us, O God.

3 Tho' we are but vile,
Yet are we thy Spoil:
Thy Blood-ſtream ſo red
Hath made us thy Booties, and Thou art our Head.

4 Who this can believe,
To him thou giv'ſt Leave,
The Sanctuary
To enter, and there his Redeemer to ſee.

5 The bright ſhining Flame,
From the bleeding Lamb,
There ſhews us quite plain,
How near we're related to God's royal Train.

6 And when once our Face
Can ſee the bright Rays,
Shoot forth from the Lamb,
It makes our Hearts burning and melt by Love's Flame.

7 One comes to the Throne,
And worſhips the Son,
The Angel affords
That Incenſe which daily goes up to the Lord.

8 Lamb! worthy all Praiſe,
Who wert 'fore all Days,
The Saints great and ſmall,
Embrace Thee moſt inly, for Thou art their *All.*

9 O bleeding dear Lamb!
With Eyes full of Flame,
Of Glory and Light,
What Creature can help bowing down in thy Sight?

10 We all at thy Throne
Enamour'd fall down.
Praiſe to Thee our God,
Be brought by us Sinners redeem'd with
thy Blood.

CXC.

From the German.

N° 121.

1 COme now to the Lamb's Feaſt,
In white your Spirits dreſt;
For we in Guilt's Red-Sea
Forſaken do not ſtay;
The Lord our Prince and Friend
Be praiſed without End.

2 His Body, our rich Food,
Prepar'd on Croſs's Wood,
The Blood, ſo crimſon red,
This Paſchal Lamb did ſhed,
Our Ranſom is, whereby
We are to God brought nigh.

3 The Slayer's Night is o'er,
On us he has no Pow'r;
From *Pharaoh* we're ſet free,
And all his Tyranny;
Led forth, deliver'd clean
From Yoke of Luſt and Sin.

4 There-

4 Therefore our Feaſt is Chriſt,
That Lamb once ſacrific'd:
Th' unleaven'd Bread, which ſuits
New Life and its pure Fruits,
Is his Fleſh, for our Good
Up-offer'd and beſtow'd.

5 Off'ring adorable!
Which burſt the Bars of Hell:
What Satan held before,
Shall ſee the Light once more,
Yea is, by Jeſu's Pain,
Reſtor'd to Life again.

6 The Lord now leaves his Tomb:
Th'Abyſs He hath o'ercome,
The murd'ring Prince has bound,
From all his Pow'r dethron'd,
And from fair *Eden*'s Door
The Bolt ſo ſtrong has tore.

7 Great Father, ever bleſt!
Receive this our Requeſt:
And what thy Son, when here,
By Combat gain'd ſo dear,
Reſcue from Death, and all
Which Miſchief we muſt call.

8 Thou, Lord, be highly prais'd,
Who from the Dead art rais'd!
With Sire, and Spirit too,
Who Strength can us allow

Still more, till Time ſhall be
Loſt in Eternity.

CXCI.

In the German *Meaſure.*

1 COngregation! Chriſt's Relation!
Be for ever glad and well.
Thro' the Suff'ring, and the Off'ring,
Which hath ranſom'd thee from Hell.

2 He, who cleaveth, moves and liveth
Ev'ry Hour in Jeſu's Wounds;
Whoſe Heart gloweth, and who goeth
In the Light which there abounds:

3 He who bleſſes and embraces
That dear Heart, ſo full of Grief;
Who relying on his dying,
Finds in all his Wants Relief:

4 He dare anſwer, when demanded:
Who He is? and whence He came?
I'm a Sinner and a Lover
Of the Child from Bethlehem.

5 *Jeſu's dying* makes thee joying,
Church of Philadelphia! *
Who hath dearer Things or nearer,
Goes Laodicea's Way.

* Rev. iii. 10.

CXCII.

A HYMN *for Widows.*

1 DEar Lamb, ſo freely ſlain,
Ev'n for the Widow's Train,
Explain to us our State,
And all of us create
As thou would'ſt have us be;
Make us eſpous'd to Thee.

2 Thou art the Widow's Friend,
To us thy Spirit ſend;
Be in our Huſband's Place,
And fill us with thy Grace.
All worldly Care remove,
Since Thou tak'ſt care Above.

3 O with that Singleneſs
Of Heart us kindly bleſs.
O that not one might know
What it is wanton grow
Dear Saviour againſt Thee,
Who wilſt our Huſband be.

4 Root out each carnal Luſt;
In Thee let's put our Truſt;
Our Children, thoſe poor Souls,
Take all in thy Wound-holes.
In ſhort, give what we need
To be Widows indeed.

CXCIII.

In the Tune, O thou deareſt Bridegroom.

1 DEareſt Saviour! thy beloved Bride,
Is enamour'd with thy bleeding Side,
And the Prints in Hands and Feet,
Give her Meditation ſweet,
Grant her thereby ever to abide.

2 Let each Member's Body and his Soul
Dwell and harbour in each Wound and Hole,
Which the Scourge, the Nails, the Spear,
Made in thy Fleſh, Saviour dear!
And thy Blood flow ſtreaming thro' the Whole.

3 O how charming is the bloody Tree!
Come ye Sinners hither, come and ſee!
See here hangs the Lamb of God!
Who redeem'd you thro' his Blood,
And who pardons your Iniquity.

4 O how ſweetly didſt thou call and woo
Us thy Servants, and thy Handmaids too,
Who are all ſo vile and baſe,
Where could be ſuch Love and Grace?
There was never ſuch a Lamb, that's true!

5 Show'rs of Bleſſings we have felt indeed,
Far exceeding all and every Need,

For

For no Servant of our King
Ever lacked any thing;
'Twas to bleſs us when he there did bleed.

6 Come then, Brethren, who thus bleſſed are,
Join together both in Work and Pray'r,
Venture all on him the Lord,
Who hath given us his Word,
That without Him we ſhan't loſe one Hair.

7 Lord, have Mercy on this Land and Place,
And the Labours of thy Servants bleſs:
Stand by them with Life and Pow'r,
That they every Day and Hour,
Glad and boldly may thy Croſs profeſs.

CXCIV.

1 DEareſt Children, hark and ſee,
What a Saviour now have we,
He in *Mary*, *Joſeph*'s Wife,
By God's Sp'rit was brought to Life.

2 Tho' He is the Son of God,
Yet He took our Fleſh and Blood,
And as other Children came,
When brought forth in *Bethlehem*.

3 Now, that God became a Child,
Shews that he is kind and mild;
Nothing moved Him indeed,
But that he to Death might bleed.

He,

4 He, who our Fleſh not deſpis'd,
He was alſo circumcis'd,
Named *Jeſus*, and God gave
Him this Name, for he ſhould ſave.

5 He ſhould all his Souls ſet free
From th' unhappy Slavery,
Wherein they were to his Shame;
Children! let us love his Name.

6 *Jeſus* is the ſweeteſt Name;
He is alſo call'd a Lamb,
Of whom *John* could gladly ſay,
That it takes all Sin away.

7 *Jeſus* is our Saviour,
Who once all our Sickneſs bore,
Who was full of Grief and Smart,
Whom at laſt Death broke his Heart.

8 Children, let us think: alas!
If there now no *Jeſus* was,
To whom all poor Souls could creep,
O then all the World might weep.

9 Jeſu, here thou ſeeſt ſome Forms
Fill'd with little helpleſs Worms;
Come, thou Childrens tender Friend,
Take us in thy Arm and Hand.

10 Bleſs us all as here we ſit,
Make each Heart for thy Houſe fit,
We beſeech thee heartily,
Let us thy Heart's-Pleaſure be.

11 O that from this very Hour,
Each could feel thy Love's ſweet Pow'r;
O that we ſoon, ſoon could ſee,
Each of us in love with Thee.

12 O thou deareſt wounded King,
Let us ſoon thy Praiſes ſing;
Let us ſoon exalt thy Name,
Loving Shepherd! ſlaughter'd Lamb!

13 Give to us poor little Souls,
Rooms and Beds in the dear Holes
Of thy Hands and Feet; yea, hide
Each, and all, within thy Side.

14 And when Satan at an Hour,
Comes one Chicken to devour,
Let the Childrens Angels ſay,
Theſe are Chriſt's Chicks, go thy way.

CXCV.

1 ELder of thy Train!
Lamb of God once ſlain!
Thy dear Flock, thy Congregation,
Sinks, with Child-like Adoration,
Down before thy Feet,
Whoſe Prints are ſo ſweet,

2 O how weeps her Heart
At the Lamb's great Smart!

On the Croſs to ſee Him bleeding
Is all Sweetneſs far exceeding:
Ev'ry Limb of His
She greets with a Kiſs.

3 O how does ſhe ſink!
When ſhe inly thinks,
How out of his Side is flowing
That, which makes the Heart ſo glowing,
That atoning Blood
Of the Lamb of God.

4 Thus by Day and Night,
It's her Heart's Delight,
To conſider the Lamb *crying*,
Sweating, *thirſting*, *bleeding*, *dying*;
Then, her Heart on Flame,
Sings Lamb, Lamb, O Lamb!

CXCVI.

From the German.

1 FEW Years ago
(As well we know)
We were but five *,
To us did four arrive.
We loſt twain of our few
They too.

* See the Hiſtory of the *Moravian* Brethren.

What

What did we gain
For the Lamb ſlain?
O Thouſand Souls
Who ſound of his Wound-holes.

2 Lord Chriſt once dead!
Thy Wounds ſo red
Theſe lead thy Hoſt
There on the other Coaſt.
And in our Country here
Burns clear
A ſhining Flame,
Which (ſince the Lamb
Baptized was)
Aſcendeth from his Croſs.

3 The only Bark
Since *Noah*'s Ark
(As Hiſt'ry ſhews)
Devoted to God's Uſe,
To Jeſu's Spouſe brings near
From far,
Juſt ſuch a Train
Of happy Men,
As once we find
In Heart and Soul were join'd *.

4 O'er all, bleſt Lord!
Th' eternal Word!

* Act. i. 15.

Each Creature's Head
(Since all by Thee were made)
God! who the World ſo wide
Do'ſt guide,
Who mad'ſt by Blood,
What ſpoil'd was, good;
Our Holineſs
Thou'rt Lord! we Thee embrace.

5 Bring in then here
The Father dear,
The Spirit too,
Which forth from Thee does flow.
Then come Thou Three in One
Sit down,
Feaſt with us all
In this bleſt Hall;
And rule with Pow'r
Now and for evermore.

6 Sure as Thou liv'ſt
And as Lord mov'ſt
On Cherubim,
And aw'ſt the Seraphim;
As JEHOVAH's thy Name
And Lamb:
So ſure's the Blood
The chiefeſt Good
Of Sinners poor,
'Till Death ſhall be no more.

CXCVII.

From the German.

1 GOD Holy Ghoſt, I thank and praiſe thy Name,
My Fellow-members alſo do the ſame,
That Thou haſt the Saviour
To us revealed,
That we can love him, and with Fire are filled
Thro' thy kind Aid.

2 That Thou from Hearts and Eyes haſt quite diſpers'd
The Miſt with which we blinded were and curs'd;
That we can ſee clearly,
And know aſſured
What He for us hath on the Croſs endured.
Hallelujah!

3 Now to the Lamb our Hearts we wholly turn,
Who to redeem us felt ſuch deep Concern;
And we wiſh to witneſs
To each poor Creature
Who's plagued thro' the Blindneſs of his Nature.
O help us here!

4 For ſince He on the Croſs remains our God,
We never think Reproach a heavy Load;
Lamb, and Blood, and Saviour,
Are our bleſt Treaſure,
The World may laugh and mock us at its Pleaſure,
It hurts us not.

5 We therefore witneſs this in every Hour,
And pray that all may ſoon be drawn with Pow'r
Unto thy dear Wound-holes,
Which thou haſt ſuffer'd,
In Hands, Feet, Side, when thou for us wert offer'd,
In this we're glad.

6 Now, Father, bleſs thy dear Son's Sweat and Toil;
On all thy Brethren's Work, Lamb, pour thy Oil!
And now kindly water
What we've been ſowing;
Our hearty Tears ſhall too be freely flowing.
O proſper it!

7 We from our Hearts will praiſe the Lamb To-day,
Since to thy bleeding Wounds we've found the Way,
That thy Blood and Mercy
We may inherit,

And

And thou'ſt inflam'd us with a witneſs Spirit
Thro' thy free Grace.

8 Here as we are our Hearts to Thee we give,
O let us to thy Praiſe and Honour live,
And of thy dear Sufferings
Witneſs inceſſant,
Till we've ſpent all our Strength in this Employment,
And go to Thee.

CXCVIII.

From the German.

GO paint the Lamb before their Eyes,
How He to be our Sacrifice
Bore Death's ſo bitter Pain:
O ye his Croſs's Booties! bear
Thro' all our Land both far and near,
The Goſpel of the Lamb once ſlain.

CXCIX.

From the German.

1 HOW vain th' Attempt, to want to overthrow
What our dear Lamb has once decreed to do,

For his poor Sinners and Relations dear,
Who're bound to Him by Bond of Blood
ſo near.

2 We greet each other in thy Name in
Love,
Knowing as ſure as that Thou rul'ſt Above,
That *Sion*'s Bulwarks, holy Walls, and
Tow'rs,
Remain eternal 'ſpite of all Hell's Pow'rs.

CC.

From the German.

JESU, our Joy and loving Friend,
Both thy dear Wings around extend,
Thy little Chickens hide:
Would Satan ſeize us as his Prey,
Then let the Angels ſing and ſay,
This Chick ſhall undiſturb'd abide.

CCI.

In the German *Meaſure.*

1 IS that my deareſt Brother?
Says one of low Degree,
Who t' be the Father's Equal
Did not think Robbery *.

* Philip. ii. 6.

And

And who became a Man like me,
And is ſo mild and loving?
He is it certainly.

2 Church who art ſo enamour'd
With his Side's open Space;
You once in Heart ſo grieved,
Now joyful Flock of Grace!
What think you, that to Him on high,
'For whom ev'n *John* did tremble,
One dare approach ſo nigh.

3 He ſhow'rs his choiceſt Bleſſings
This Day upon thy Heart,
And alſo to thy Body
Theſe Bleſſings he'll impart.
That Blood which from his Wounds he ſhed,
Is thy Drink, and his Body
Is thy true heav'nly Bread.

4 He ſaid, My Fleſh is truly
Meat, and my Blood is Drink:
So did, unto his Glory,
The Twelve believe and think.
We too believe, we alſo feel,
We can with full Aſſurance
To this Truth ſet our Seal.

5 Church! haſt thou now embraced
Thy Lord with Heart on Flame?
Who is't, whom thou wert viewing?
Chriſt, the tormented Lamb.

O Church! thy dear Immanuel
Is a conſuming Fire,
Lord, over Death and Hell.

6 But yet I will behold Him
For me in Croſs's Smart.
To Him one may come boldly,
And go quite near his Heart.
His coming in the Fleſh, ſo bleſt,
O may that keep his People
In Soul and Body chaſte!

7 Now Church, his ſacred Body!
Fill'd by his Death with Life,
Thou by the Lamb thy Huſband
Acknowledg'd as his Wife!
Come! and this Mercy's-wonder own.
He is the GOD from Heaven!
Fall!---Blood-bought Church!---fall down.

CCII.

From the German.

The Language of a Brother or Siſter, when not admitted to the Lord's Supper.

1 I'M yet not ſhy to thee, my Lamb,
Tho' now chaſtis'd by thee I am,
That with thy Church I dare not meet
Thy Fleſh and Blood with her to eat.

2 Had I ſtill ſome Self-Righteouſneſs
And ſelf-wrought Stuff of Holineſs,
I ſhould be miſerable now,
Nay I ſhould quite confuſed grow.

3 But ſince I am a Sinner True,
I ſink before thee as 'tis due,
'Fore thee, my deareſt Lamb and Head!
I dare do this, for thou haſt bled.

4 My longing is, o'erwhelm me yet
Who like a Worm twine round thy Feet,
With the red Stream of thy dear Blood
Which all what's ſpoil'd makes wholly good.

5 'Tis true, no hidden Curſe I feel,
That thou art mine I dare to tell:
But yet within thy ſearching Sight,
Thy flaming Eyes, I am not right.

6 I find the Faults are numberleſs
Which thy poor Child committed has,
For which I have deſerved this;
But yet my Pardon purchas'd is.

7 Make me a Piece of Duſt, my Lamb,
'Till I quite low and little am,
I feel ſtill much of Selfiſhneſs,
O free me from it by thy Grace.

8 This Day I give myſelf again,
As thy Reward for all thy Pain:
Form me into thy Image, Lamb,
Thro' Love, or Smart, for thine I am.

9 I kiſs thy Rod moſt heartily,
I know that thou mean'ſt well to me,
Here lies before thee my poor Heart,
Which caus'd thee ſo much Grief and Smart.

10 This Heart is and remains thy own,
For with thy Blood thou haſt it won:
Receive me now ſo as I am,
Lord Jeſus Chriſt, my deareſt Lamb!

11 O dip me deeper in thy Blood,
So ſhall I hence more faithful prove,
And this thy Blood and Righteouſneſs,
Will be my Beauty and my Dreſs.

CCIII.

From the German.

KEEP us in true and living Faith
Father! on Chriſt thy Son,
And give us now from all our Sins
Full Abſolution.

We truſt thou can'ſt not this deny,
For Thou has promis'd us;
That he took all our Sins away,
And bore our Burden on the Croſs.

CCIV.

1 MY Soul come bow this Day,
And Adoration pay
To free electing Grace;
With melted Heart now ſay,
" Thou ſaw'ſt me as I was,
" All Sin and Miſery,
" And knew not where to flee,
" But never thought on Thee.

2 But Thou not only ſaw'ſt
Me in the Vulture's Claws,
And void of all Relief,
But harraſs'd by the Law,
Which caus'd me deadly Grief;
I fought and beat the Air,
Strove, but could not get clear,
And rov'd I know not where.

3 But ſtill thou follow'dſt me
Altho' I flew from Thee,
And by thy Pow'r divine
Snatch'dſt me from Miſery,
And brought'ſt me ſafe to Thine;
Now here made free from Doubt.
With humbled Heart I ſhout,
What Grace has brought about!

4 O Lamb! Thou Source of Grace,
Receive Thou all my Praiſe,
For from thy Wounds and Blood
I firſt convinced was,
That Love's the Name of God;
God, in thy Jeſus' Face,
I ſaw all full of Grace,
Tho' I ſo ſinful was.

CCV.

From the German.

MAY GOD be gracious to us here,
His Bleſſing on us pour,
And may his Countenance moſt clear
Shine on us evermore,
That we may know what is thy Will,
What glorifies thy Name,
And that the Heathen ſoon may feel
Salvation in the Lamb,
And be brought home to Him.

CCVI.

The Language of the Church.

1 MY Jeſus bears far greater Love to me
Than one can outwardly obſerve or ſee.

2 When

2 When I before Him my Complaints make known,
He both can hear and bear them as his own.

3 When I with *Peter* weep, o'erwhelm'd with Shame,
And give myſelf to Him ev'n as I am:

4 Then in the Lamb, ſtain'd with attoning Blood,
I find a tender *Huſband*, *Nurſe*, and *God*.

5 I'll witneſs, even to this Day and Hour,
That I can nothing do by my own Pow'r.

6 His Death and Grace ſuch Life and Strength afford,
That I can all Things do, thro' Him my Lord.

7 So oft as I approach the holy Place,
And bow 'fore Him, in whom I live by Grace;

8 Thus anſwers He each Cry, and each Requeſt;
Amen, it ſhall be ſo, Then I'm at Reſt.

9 He by his Blood takes ev'ry Sin away,
That none can hurt me, none can give Diſmay.

10 Could I have purchas'd for me any Good,
Then He in vain had ſhed his precious Blood.

11 He is my *All*, my Sacrifice and Prieſt,
My Lord, my God, my Help, my Lamb and Chriſt.

12 He is too ſtrong for all my bitt'reſt Foes,
His Blood none can ſucceſsfully oppoſe.

13 His am I both in Body and in Soul:
How can Sin, World, or Satan, me controul?

14 My Body's waſh'd in his Side's Water-Flood;
My Soul and Spirit glories in his Blood.

15 And if ſome Duſt defiles my Feet again,
By the ſame Blood 'tis ſoon waſh'd off quite clean.

16 I drink afreſh the Rivulets of Grace,
And get new Strength to run my future Race.

17 His flaming Wounds give me my Warmth and Shine:
And thus I am my Lord's, and He is mine.

CCVII.

In the German *Meaſure.*

MY God! Thou ſeeſt them flying,
And Thee denying,

Thro'

Thro' Satan's envious Lying;
Thy Shame alone.
Remember Jesus dying!
He is thy Son!
How can one his Heart's joying
Him be denying,
Who by Death, Tears, and Crying
The Heathens won?

CCVIII.

1 NOW breath the Spirit's rushing Wind!
Church! cast all other Cares behind,
The Lamb draws near, his Oil this Hour
Will give his Servants Life and Power.

2 Receive then, Brother, Sister, from on high
That which you now shall sanctify.
The Spirit purchas'd by his Blood
Ordains you Priest before our God.

3 He will with Incense you supply,
Whose Smoke ascends to God on high.
And fill your Heart with burning Love,
Where-e'er you rest, or stand, or move.

4 He pierces thro' your Flesh and Soul,
And richly flows throughout the Whole;
Anoints your Head, and Hands, and Heart,
And gives you Mother's Joy and Smart.

5 Thanks, Praiſe, and Adoration,
Be to Thee, Lamb, thou gracious Son!
That Thou vouchſaf'ſt to be always
With thy Church, till to th' End of Days.

6 Think on each Flock where'er diſpers'd,
Wherein thy Praiſes are rehears'd.
In *Europe* and *America*,
In *Aſia* and in *Africa*.

7 And bleſs the venerable Train
Of *Elders*, whom Thou doſt ordain
To be on Earth thy Images;
Give Hearts to pray, and Hands to bleſs.

8 Give to our *Biſhops* watchful Eyes,
To hinder all that Satan tries.
Let them and all the *Wardens* ſtand
For thy dear Flock with Life in Hand.

9 And all the *worthy Offices*
In thy Blood-Congregation bleſs!
Give unto *ev'ry Labourer*
For Souls a tender Love and Care.

10 And bring each Soul to know thy Death
To go on this Truth's ſimple Path,
That Thou who bought'ſt us with thy Blood,
Art the whole Church's Lord and God.

CCIX.

From the German.

NOW, Brethren and Sisters, come join Hands in Love!
In all Places faithful to Jesus to prove,
Where we and our Fellows obediently stand,
To sow and to reap at his Call and Command.

CCX.

From the German.

N° 1222.

1 O Ye who Grace's Children are,
Who the poor Sinners Title bear,
To many quite unknown;
Ye who can offer to your King
(Who'll not despise the meanest Thing)
Nought that is really your own:

2 Come, and sing Praise with one Consent;
And tho' ye have no Instrument
But a poor bruised Reed,
Which had been broke, but for his Care;
Yet will He thereto lend an Ear,
And o'er your Choir his Blessing shed.

CCXI.

From the German.

O Holy Ghoſt, what flows from Thee
I often ſenſibly have found:
Thy hard and gentle Staff I ſee
Give me a deep and ſolid Ground.
When I, my Leſſon to repeat,
To Thee my holy Maſter go:
Then is the *Lamb* and his *Reward*
The Queſtion and the Anſwer too.

CCXII.

From the German.

N° 1575.

1 O Thou unrivall'd Lamb!
We muſt adore thy Name,
When we, of Faith poſſeſt,
Behold the ſtrong Love's Flame
Which fills and warms thy Breaſt,
And th' impatient Zeal
That Souls this might feel.

2 'Tis ſtill upon thy Heart,
What in the World Thou wert,

That

That Man might Life regain;
How, as a Man of Smart,
Thou yieldeſt to be ſlain
On the Croſs's Stem,
As th' Attoning Lamb.

3 Thy Impulſe moves around
In ev'ry Place and Ground;
Thou ſtirreſt up the Hearts,
Thro' the moſt pow'rful Sound
Of thy Death's bitter Smart;
Thy Wounds ſparkling Light
Shines moſt clear and bright.

4 For the majeſtick Rays
Which each Nail-print diſplays,
Can even melt a Stone,
And, to thy laſting Praiſe,
The ſtrongeſt Rocks throw down:
Who beholds them right
Makes them his Delight.

5 The Church, which even now
Sits at thy Foot-ſtool low,
Can praiſe Thee heartily:
The Worth ſhe well does know
Of thy Election free;
For thy Wounds and Grace
Is her Happineſs.

6 The World can nought deviſe
Which ſo well ſatisfies,

And ſuch Content can yield,
As our dear Ranſom Price;
Hereon our Hopes we build:
Each remains thereby
In Simplicity.

7 Thy choſen Path we tread,
Refreſh'd and comforted:
Us in thy Hand up-bear,
And daily forward lead
With thy moſt tender Care;
Yea, by every Step
Cloſe to our Side keep.

8 From Grace to Grace reveal
In us thy perfect Will.
Let each One onward move,
As a Worm baſe and vile,
As ſuch a little Dove,
Which hath no Abode
But thy Wounds, O God!

9 The Ranſom Price ſo dear,
Be weighty, ſtrong, and clear.
Let us ne'er hold our Peace;
But nakedly declare
To each in every Place,
What thy Blood and Grace
Does for Sinners baſe.

CCXIII.

From the German.

Before the Sacrament.

1 O That the Saviour's faithful Bride
This Moment in the Grave might hide
With her Beloved who was ſlain,
And bore for us ſuch racking Pain.

2 O that the Members all might be
From their own Nature wholly free,
So dead to all Unrighteouſneſs,
As once they were to Righteouſneſs.

3 O Thou who with the two-edg'd Sword,
Haſt many a Hold of Sin o'erpow'r'd,
What of our own does yet abide
Be thro' thy Body mortified.

4 Church, tremble both in Fleſh and Soul,
The Lamb's Death now goes thro' the Whole;
The Paſchal Fleſh, which we ſhall taſte,
Keep Thee in Soul and Body chaſte.

During the Sacrament.

1 THE Breath which can the dead Bones raiſe,
And to the Members Life conveys,
Thy Spirit, Soul, and Body move,
Lamb's mortified Wife, with Love;
The Cup of Bleſſing here with Life runs o'er,
Which flows from Jeſu's Blood for evermore.

2 Here lies, O God, thy Body now,
Let thy bleſt Spirit pierce it thro';
That which muſt heal each ſinful Soul,
From Head to Foot reſtore it whole,
And which has Thouſand Sinners form'd anew,
How ſoon can this thy Body, Lord, go thro'?

3 Blood-Congregation, riſe and bow,
Thy Sovereign's Pow'r is ſtirring now:
Take, drink the Blood ſo freely ſpilt
For thine and every Sinner's Guilt:
Spirit and Incenſe, living Coals and Fire,
Are freely offer'd to the Soldiers Choir.

4 Now then, thou Huſband of thy Bride,
The Church's Mouth is open'd wide,
The Members want to feel thy Might,
To help them faithfully to fight;

We

We thirſt for Life; O Prince, thou know'ſt it well,
What One who thirſts within himſelf muſt feel.

CCXIV.

From the German.

1 O Lord, preſerve and bleſs
All what thy dear Son has.
O bleeding Countenance,
Send out thy ſparkling Rays
On thy Inheritance.
Lamb, lift up thy Face
O'er thy choſen Race,
And bring in thy Peace.

2 The Wounds our Sins procur'd
When Hands and Feet were bor'd,
The Furrows drawn ſo deep
Upon thy Body, Lord!
Comfort thy Church, and keep
Her eternally
Thro' all that which ſhe
Suffers here for Thee.

3 The Word, the ſmall Word Blood,
Makes all the Churches good.
May that ſtill more adorn

Herrn-

[a] *Herrnhaag*, [b] *Herrnhut*, [c] *Herrnhuth*, [d] *Bethlehem* and [e] *Martinborn*, [f] *Nieſky*, [g] *Gnadenthall*, [h] *Buhrow*, [i] *Montmiral*, [k] *Sitenſprine*, and all.

CCXV.

From the German.

1 O Lamb of God, once ſacrific'd,
O King, ſo ſhamefully deſpis'd,
Yet Prince of thy bleſt Race,
Of thy ſmall Flock the Head and Guide,
Diſpers'd o'er this thy Earth ſo wide,
Make it henceforth quite numberleſs.

2 Here ſeeſt Thou a Flock at hand,
Which Thou from ev'ry Place and Land
Haſt brought and join'd in one;
From whom thou never didſt conceal
Thy Power and thy gracious Will,
Thy Spirit's Operation.

[a] Near *Francfort* on the *Mayn*. [b] In *Holland*. [c] In *Luſatia*, near *Zittau*. [d] In *Canada*. [e] Near *Herrnhaag*. [f] The *Bohemick* Church. [g] Near *Gotha*. [h] In *Sileſia*. [i] In *Switzerland*. [k] In *Livonia*.

3 For

3 For for this Cauſe Thou once haſt dy'd,
Thou choſen Servant of thy Bride,
That Thou thy Flock might'ſt gain;
And that they all might live in Peace,
And evermore before thy Face,
Thou died'ſt once ne'er to die again.

4 Acknowledge us, thou Shepherd dear!
Us thy poor Train of Children here,
Us thy weak Orphan Brood;
Who muſt for ever ſilent ſtand
Should'ſt Thou the leaſt from us demand;
Us Drops of thy great Witneſs Cloud.

5 Some are thy Witneſſes below,
Which at thy Foot-ſtool proſtrate bow,
Who'rt ſtil'd the Great Amen,
And Satan's Lord and Conqueror;
The reſt are Sinners. who thy Pow'r
Feel, and by Blood are waſh'd quite clean.

6 O let the Word of Life and Grace,
(Which never from thy Witneſſes
Goes forth an empty Sound)
In all our Hearts and Boſoms move;
Yea, let us too that Spirit prove
Of Pow'r which in thy Word is found.

7 We pray Thee with the deepeſt Shame;
Tho' we rely upon thy Name,
Amidſt our Poverty;

Give us new Grace, new Strength and
Might,
To enter on our Warriour's Fight;
Make us devoted quite to Thee.

8 And since we see each Day and Hour
Such living Fruits of thy great Pow'r;
This is a Proof most clear;
That from the Flock, whom thou dost
love,
Thou'rt never at a great Remove,
No, but Thou'rt ever inly near.

9 Then let the Flames of Love divine,
Which in our Hearts beam forth and shine,
Meet Thee with gentle Force:
Rejoice thou o'er our Love's strong Flame,
Which first from thy deep Ocean came,
And then flows back to Thee its
Source.

10 O may our Hearts be overflow'd
With the full Beam of Grace and Blood!
That it may shine most clear;
Where-e'er we live, where-e'er we move;
Yea, let it still our Succour prove,
When acting in thy Cross Affair.

11 Yet we request this one Thing more:
Thou who amid'st us rul'st with Pow'r
Be with us inly nigh;

Displ

Diſplay thy Heart each Day more ſweet,
From every Stain waſh clean our Feet,
Our Nature wholly ſanctify.

CCXVI.

From the German.

1 O Holy Wounds! ſtand open wide,
That all of us may freely hide;
That we, as weak and helpleſs Sheep,
Into your ſacred Holes may creep.

2 How charming red are you, how fair!
Out of how many a dang'rous Snare,
Are Thouſand Sinners, who did ſee
The Beauty of your Prints, made free.

3 A wondrous Act it muſt be ſtil'd,
That God was in the Fleſh reveal'd,
And did appear in Chriſt the Man,
To reconcile the World again;

4 And not impute, out of Free Grace,
To them their Sins and Treſpaſſes,
But to forgive all they had done,
And crucify for them his Son.

5 He hath for us the Penance done,
That we our Works might let alone,
And in his Croſs might take ſuch Share,
As tho' we crucified were.

6 Now God intreats the Sinners all,
Whom Satan's Lies have caus'd to fall,
That they might all be well content,
Since He to them the Lamb hath ſent.

7 A Spectacle God made him there,
As tho' but He the Sinner were.
On the accurſed Croſs's Wood
The Lamb did pay our Debts by Blood.

8 He took them all upon his Head,
That all the Sinners might be glad,
And thank him for the Pain he bore,
And for his Wound-holes evermore.

9 One ſtands amaz'd, undoubtedly,
To believe with all Simplicity,
That one's redeem'd from Death and Pain,
Merely becauſe the Lamb was ſlain.

10 The Spirit, truly, ſtill ſays, Yes;
And what ſtrong Pow'r could hinder this?
And now 'tis done, Thanks be to God!
Eternal Truth! He ſhed his Blood!

11 True, 'tis above a Thouſand Year,
That He was thro' bor'd with a Spear;
Yet fix thereon our Faith we may,
As if 'twere done but Yeſterday.

12 Of this we now ſhall Witneſs bear,
And loudly call to every Ear:

Believe

Believe that Christ, the Son of God,
To ransom thee, hath shed his Blood.

13 Lord Jesu, O thou worthy Lamb!
Did the whole Earth but feel thy Flame!
O kindle it in every Place
Thro' the good Tidings of Free Grace.

14 And give, O give us, thro' thy Smart,
A burning and a flaming Heart,
Free Grace and Pardon in thy Name
To ev'ry Sinner to proclaim.

15 To us, who love Thee, dearest Lord!
Thy Spirit, Grace, and Life, afford,
To view thy Wounds while we are here
And in the Realm of Thousand Year.

CCXVII.

From the German.

SAnctify thy Congregation!
Make them Booties of thy Passion.
O let not one 'mong us have a Place
Who'd not grow in Grace.
Whose Heart would not be quite resign'd
To thy Mind.
Thou know'st how of us thou'rt loved,
Gift of all Gifts best approved,

Heavenly Present, abounding with Grace,
The holy Married-state bleſs:
Proſper *the Virgin's Choir:*
Bleſs ev'ry *Little one*,
Teach them to ſing in thy gentle Tone.
And let the *Young Men* be
Lifted and us'd by Thee
In the bleſt Soldiery.

CCXVIII.

From the German.

1 THAT Jeſus loves his Church is ſurely true,
Therefore He let his Blood ſo freely flow.

2 Her ev'ry Member is a Grain of Duſt,
And knows that Mercy is her only Truſt.

3 Tho' the World knows us not, nor what's our Mind,
And calls us by the firſt bad Name they find:

4 Yet we the moſt contented Folk abide,
And our Anointed one's moſt loving Bride.

5 Tho' thro' Reports both good and bad we paſs,
Yet we go chearful on 'fore Jeſu's Face.

6 The Maſter whom we ſerve is ſuch a Man,
Who knows what for us He can beſt ordain.

7 And tho' againſt all human Wit it goes:
T'accompliſh all his Will He fully knows.

8 And all his Work ſo weighty and ſo dear
He by poor Sinners does accompliſh here.

9 He gives us this aſſuredly to know,
Hell's Gates his Church ſhall never overthrow.

10 Therefore t'expreſs ourſelves ſo bold we dare,
And not one Enemy can touch a Hair.

11 Altho' they fret and ſtrive their Rage to vent,
They cannot go beyond their Chain's Extent.

12 What in your Hearts, you Spirits, muſt you bear,
Who the ſworn Enemies of Jeſus are?

13 Who'd hinder God's bleſt Spirit's Induſtry
To train up Jeſu's tender Family!

14 Lord Jeſu! be eternally ador'd.
What ſhould we be, were Jeſus not our Lord?

15 But

15 But now in Peace and Love we ſtill abide,
Together bleſt, and nought can us divide.

16 In all, whate'er we know's the Lamb's Command,
We quite immoveable henceforth will ſtand.

17 At his Command, which proves moſt ſurely true,
In Faith and Love we let our Pilgrims go.

18 And when they from the Church are ſent away,
Their Mother, that's Above, will them convey,

19 And ſo anoint the Treadings of their Feet,
That one can even ſmell their Savour ſweet.

20 And on their Foreheads one may read it plain,
That they are Servants of the Croſs's Train.

21 But how is't, that theſe People look ſo bright?
In Jeſu's Blood they've waſh'd their Garments white.

22 They thought: What is't to be as Angels fine,
If we're not waſh'd in Jeſu's Blood divine?

23 Have

23 Have Mercy on us, O thou Lamb of God!
Have Mercy on thy Kingdom bought with Blood!

24 Us, as the Members of thy Body, take,
And what Thou, Lord, ſeeſt beſt, that with us make.

25 And let us with deep Shame ſee daily clear
How beautiful thy five dear Wounds appear.

CCXIX.

From the German.

N° 1672.

1 THAT Covenant of Blood,
Seal'd once upon the Wood,
Is of my Faith the Ground;
And does, with Reaſon good,
'Gainſt other empty Sound
All my Senſes barr:
God its Name ſo fair
Can alone declare.

2 I in One God believe!
The ſame, who once did live
Scorn'd in the World and mean;

Whoſe

Whoſe Death this Fruit doth give,
That we're deliver'd clean:
(Wherewith, what of old
Was to the Antients told,
Does agree and hold;

3 For the New Teſtament's Writ,
Does Him, *their* God, admit
T' Himſelf t' have reconcil'd
The World, call'd Jeſus right)
Who of his Godhead ſpoil'd,
In Man's Likeneſs was,
And did Fleſh embrace
Mis'rable and baſe:

4 Who on this Earth did walk,
His Burden undertake,
Sore Poverty endure,
And ſuffer for Love's Sake
The Grief for Sins impure;
Yea, their perfect Weight,
Tho' to Him not ſweet,
Did to bear ſubmit:

5 Who ſo Himſelf diſpos'd
To be a Ranſom juſt;
And that ſtrong Penance-ſmart,
On which our Hope's repos'd,
Thro' ev'ry Vein and Part
Under God's ſtrict Hand,
Being thereto ordain'd,
Tremblingly ſuſtain'd:

6 Who, lastly, all to seal,
With well consider'd Zeal,
From Feet, Hands, Side, his Blood
Let stream, so that it fell
Mild as a Blessing's Flood;
On the Cross's Tree,
Where thou might'st Him see
Plainly die for thee:

7 Who also bury'd was,
And all Things came to pass
As it had written been;
A Guard did watch the Place,
But He must rise again;
As the Bible spoke,
When the third Day broke,
He the Grave forsook:

8 Who is gone up on high,
Our Head and Christ thereby;
Who on the Throne doth sit,
Yet still keeps in his Eye
That for which He did sweat;
And no Drop so small
Then did from Him fall,
Which can't wash us all.

9 'Tis He, thro' whom I free
The Father's Face can see;
He too at me doth look,
For what Him griev'd in me,
Is quite away now took;

Since

Since Chriſt all did clear,
I no Judgment fear
Here, nor yet elſewhere.

10 Thro' Him I All poſſeſs;
Mention what Gift you pleaſe,
He ſweated it to gain;
On Him with all my Streſs
As my ſure Staff I lean;
He ſupports with Care,
Without Him I ne'er
Could me upright bear.

11 Thro' Him I'm from all Chain
Of Vaſſalage, which fain
The Foe would claim, releas'd;
So that herewith the Train
Of Sins, my own old Veſt,
Rots away, bedew'd
By the Lamb's dear Blood,
For each Purpoſe good.

12 (Tho' I ne'er have ſuch Thought,
That Sinner I am not,
I feel I am, and know;
Yet Sin is from me put,
Thank God, I this avow,
While the Blood's pure Sway
Preſent Day by Day,
Hath it drove away:

13 Be-

13 Beneath my Feet it now
So lies, I need not do
According to its Will;
Yea, if ſome Pain ſhould grow,
Yet all muſt ſoon be ſtill;
In ſuch Caſe to aid,
Hangs the Lamb once dead,
On the Croſs diſplay'd.)

14 This God, in Heart ador'd,
The ſame is, in a Word,
To whom I live henceforth,
And do belong, this Lord
To ſerve and praiſe on Earth:
Joyfully I own,
He hath Right alone
To Soul, Fleſh and Bone.

15 That Robe and rich Array
On Glory's awful Day,
With the Lamb's Blood doth ſhine:
The Croſs's Fruit, I ſay,
His Righteouſneſs divine,
Which thus painted lies,
Is thro' Earth and Skies
My full Ranſom-price.

16 He is, to ſpeak in brief,
(All Honour to my Chief!)
Always all Things to me:
Without Demurr or Strife,
I to his Words agree;

Yea, till my Life's End,
On this God my Friend,
Shall my Faith depend!

CCXX.

1 THE everlasting God,
Who freely shed his Blood,
Once there upon a Tree,
Him we adore, 'tis He
Whom we for ever mean;
The God and Friend of Men.

2 The Church's tender Head,
In whom enamoured
She ever lives content,
As in her Element,
For ever loves his Bride,
For whom he gladly died.

3 And she so blessed is,
She gives Him many a Kiss;
Fix'd are her Eyes on Him,
Thence moves her ev'ry Limb,
And since she Him so loves,
She only with Him moves.

4 Does He vouchsafe to creep,
With Him she'll hidden keep;
Moves He upon the Wind,
She stays not then behind:

In Him a Way she's found
To want and to abound.

5 With Him she all Things will,
In whom she has her Fill.
The fineſt Things that are
Do not deſerve her Care;
His Matters and his Blood
Appear her only Good.

6 And now she thanks Him here,
That He another Year
Has led her; O! so well,
That her Words ne'er can tell
Only the Thouſandth Part,
What's felt within her Heart.

7 She here too at this Place
Begs a new Spark of Grace,
To be more giv'n to Him
In Spirit, Soul and Limb;
For, tho' with Love inflam'd,
Yet she is quite aſham'd.

8 She fain would always bow
For ever very low,
Always embrace his Feet
With Tears and Kiſſes ſweet:
For He's her only Chief,
In whom is her Belief.

CCXXI.

From the German.

1 THE House of God who views aright
He sees a glorious Master-piece,
And must with Wonder and Delight
Adore Him, who the Author is.
Th' *Eye* sees the Beauty of its Parts,
Th' *Ear* hears the Harmony of Hearts,
With which the Church his Praises sings:
What's *felt* the greatest Pleasure brings.

2 The Church lives in her Element,
Her Lot fell in a pleasant Place;
She takes her Rest with sweet Content,
And grows up under all Disgrace.
The Spirit of the Lamb her Head,
The Grace, which does her Members lead,
The Blood, her Bond of Unity,
Make her *come*, *look*, then *Triumph cry*.

CCXXII.

From the German.

1 THink, Lord! on thy Relations here,
Thy Blood-Communicants so dear,
Knights of the blessed Thorn,

(Which

(Which wounded thy moſt ſacred Head)
Thy Bees, which on thy Wounds do feed;
Pour on them Oil out of thy Horn.

2 The Nail-prints, which our Thoughts em-
ploy,
The Wounds whereon we feed with Joy,
Theſe we proclaim aloud;
And when our Tongues no more ſhall move
Here upon Earth, then ſpeaks Above
Th' eternal Goſpel of our God.

3 There high in the Eternity
This Flock ſhall praiſe and honour Thee,
Thou open'd wounded Side
Of Him, who ſitting on the Bow,
Reveals his loving Face, and who
To Judgment on the Clouds does ride.

4 How do you think it then will be,
When Chriſt ſhall come in Majeſty,
Perhaps we then ſhall fear;
O no! the Tears will freely flow,
All at his Feet will fall down low
Thro' all his Region ev'ry where.

CCXXIII.

1 THink on our Brethren, Lord,
Who ſpread the Goſpel Word,
In Spirit free and bold,
In Hunger, Heat and Cold:

To ſpread the Goſpel News,
What Soul could e'er refuſe?

2 What Soul, who taſted has
What Thou art, what He was,
Whoſe Sins are done away,
Who has no more to pay,
Who ſees the Whole is done,
And done by Thee alone?

3 To Thee one gives one's Heart,
Thou Man of Love and Smart!
Thou tender hearty Lamb!
Who gives Thee a right Name?
All Names, that we can find,
Leave much unſaid behind.

4 Tho' Thouſand Tongues we had,
And Hearts for ever glad,
Enough we ne'er could ſing
Of Thee our Head and King,
Of Thee and of our Price,
Thy Blood, thy Sacrifice.

5 One Day we Thee ſhall meet,
Then will we kiſs and greet
Thy five moſt holy Wounds,
Which here were charming Sounds
When mention'd tranſiently:
How ſweet will the Sight be!

6 Ye Hearts, who're touch'd by this,
Give each to Him a Kiſs

In Spirit tenderly?
Say, dearest Lamb, to Thee,
When we come there Above,
We'll tell how much we love.

7 Only give us, while here,
Who bought'st the Souls so dear,
Give us an open Door.
Never to be shut more;
Give us in every Place
Room to declare thy Grace.

8 And Thou before us go,
To every Sinner shew
What Need he has of Thee:
Then bring us happily
To fasten in his Heart,
That Thou that Saviour art.

9 'Tis well we know thy Plan,
What our God wills and can;
Else we should sometimes sink,
And not know what to think,
When Matters heavy move:
But Thou art Pow'r and Love.

10 O look then, dearest Lamb!
On all our Thoughts and Aim;
Our Weakness well Thou know'st,
Of ought we cannot boast,
But that we trust thy Word,
And know who is our Lord.

11 Let our Beginnings be,
Dear Jesu, ey'd by Thee,
Those Things which purpos'd are,
Help us to bring to bear:
Our many Things among
Forgive whate'er is wrong.

12 Go on to bless our Plan!
How little's all we can!
Yet, Workman great and wise!
Who shall thy Work despise!
A Tool that's us'd by Thee
Can Wonders do, we see.

13 This Flock of Sinners poor
Who all thy Name adore,
Has help'd thy Praise to spread,
O let them have thy Aid.
If Thou but helpest still,
They'll execute thy Will.

CCXXIV.

From the German.

'TIS He, even He, has blotted out
Whate'er brings Death and Woe;
'Tis He who cleanses us, and makes
Each Spot as white as Snow.
In Him my Spirit can rejoice
With an heroick Mind,

Free

Free from that Fear of Judgment ſtand,
Which other Sinners find.

CCXXV.

1 THou deareſt Lamb, thy being ſlaughter'd ſo,
Is the poor Sinners Life and Pardon too;
Give me a deep Feeling
Of this Salvation,
And make thy wounded Side my Habitation
For evermore.

2 Thou know'ſt all what's in my Heart, O Lamb,
If Thou will not receive me as I am,
I muſt ſurely periſh:
But Thou doſt love me,
And, midſt my Baſeneſs, ever wilt approve me
As thy own Spoil.

3 This feel I every Day moſt ſurely true,
Thy Love purſues me whereſoe'er I go,
Yea, when I'm rebellious
And would forget Thee,
Thou doſt not puniſh me, Love will not let Thee;
But Thou forgiv'ſt.

4 How

4 How glad am I that Thou so loving art!
That Thou canst bless my base and worthless Heart,
And canst freely bear with
My whole Behaviour;
O were Thou not exactly such a Saviour
What should I do?

5 Since then Thou art so good, I wish to be
A faithful Servant quite resign'd to Thee!
And to feel thy Presence
Each Day more healing,
And the poor Sinner's constant happy Feeling
The holy Shame.

CCXXVI.

From the German.

No. 1.

A Hymn of Luther.

1 TO God on high all Glory be,
And Thanks that He's so gracious,
That hence to all Eternity,
No Evil shall oppress us;
God is well pleas'd with human Race,
There's now confirm'd a lasting Peace;
All Enmity is ended.

2 Thee

2 Thee we adore, and laud, and praise,
And thank for thy great Glory,
Father; that thy Realm lasts always,
Not frail or transitory:
Immense and boundless is thy Might,
What Thou decreest is done outright,
In such a Lord we're happy.

3 O Jesu Christ, thou only Child
Of thy celestial Father,
By whom all Strife is reconcil'd,
And all the Lost find Succour,
God's Lamb, our only holy Lord;
To Needy Pray'rs thy Ear afford,
And on us all have Mercy.

4 O Holy Ghost, thou Gift most dear,
Thou Comforter most wholesom;
From Satan's Pow'r henceforth keep clear
What Christ did save and ransom,
Thro' Torment great, and bitter Smart;
All Mischief and all Harm avert:
We trust Thou'lt this accomplish.

CCXXVII.

CCXXVII.

From the German.

The Lord's Prayer.

CHO. I.

1 THou whom thron'd in Heav'n we know,
CHO. II.
Since thy only Son is,
Tho' Lord God, their Brother now,
Father of the Churches.

2 *To thy Name be always brought*
It's due Praise and Glory:
For if Christ thy Son was not,
Father, who could know Thee?

3 *Let thy pow'rful Kingdom come,*
That Mankind do Homage
To the Lamb who bore their Doom
In the Sinners Image.

4 *As all Heav'n obeys thy Will,*
With deep Adoration;
So on Earth it shall fulfil
The Lamb's Congregation.

5 *With our everlasting Bread*
Be this Day us Feeding;
With the Righteousness of God
From the Side so bleeding.

6 *Pardon*

6 *Pardon us our Treſpaſſes,*
Like as we're forgiving:
For thro' our Lord's Patience 'tis
That even we are living.

7 *In Temptation do not lead,*
Help us to ſtand rather
From the Wicked One quite freed,
In the Wounds together.
Amen.

Both Cho.

Jeſu, Jehovah,
When we Thee are naming,
To God, Glory, Pow'r and Sway,
Be for ever, Amen.

CCXXVIII.

From the German.

1 THOU, *Father* of our loving Lord,
For thy Son's Sake, our Lamb and Head,
Help to his Sinner-Church afford,
And love it, ſince for it He bled.
Thou bleſſed Spirit of our Lord,
Friend of the Church where He's ador'd:
Her, with that worthy Elder bleſt,
Make Thou a Pattern of the reſt.

2 *Thou faithful Husband,* for us slain,
Thou only Pleasure of our Heart,
Of Thee is glad thy Blood-bought Train,
For Thou indeed their Shepherd art.
O Church, thou Flock of Sinners poor,
Thou His Blood's dear Reward all o'er,
Live then to Him, and love, and do,
Till to thy Rest He lets thee go.

CCXXIX.

From the German.

N° 1600.

1 THOU hast Thyself reveal'd
Within my conscious Heart,
My Jesu! clearer than the Sun
I see thy Wounds and Smart:
By these I well can feel,
That Thou hast me releas'd;
A Glance from thy rich sov'reign Love
Has comforted my Breast.

2 Thy Name alone and Cross
My Gladness does create,
And to perceive, how as thine own,
I'm brought to such a State,
That of that painful Wood
I shall remain a Prize,

T'exalt

T' exalt that worthy Lamb, who me
Did into Him baptize.

3 O bleeding Lamb of God,
Once ſlaughter'd for our Sake!
(That Conflict ſtrong, that Penance ſore,
Which Thou didſt undertake
In fiery Thirſt of Love,
While on thy Throne reclin'd,
To reſcue thy eſpouſed Bride
From Inſults of the Fiend:)

4 The Work Thou finiſh'd haſt;
The Banner is ſet up,
The Lamb has forc'd his Way thro' all,
And backward ſhrinks Hell's Troop!
The Seals are open broke,
The Veil is rent in two,
All is recover'd and aveng'd,
And free the Sinners go.

5 Therefore my Soul is bow'd,
My Heart's in Joy and Peace,
Since I no more am terrify'd
About my Happineſs:
My Lamb has me redeem'd,
Has all my Guilt forgiv'n,
I'm bury'd in that Death of his
Which ſo avails in Heav'n.

6 Give Thou me yet more Faith,
(On thy Side Love begun)
And to behold thy Wounds, till I
Enamour'd am thereon!
One muſt, Lamb, honour Thee,
Whoe'er thy Worth ſurveys,
At leaſt within the Church's Choirs,
Which is thy Crown and Praiſe.

7 She by Thee choſen was
Upon a gracious Day;
The Hour is not forgotten yet,
But one recount it may:
We therefore thank Thee ſtill
With deepeſt Senſe of Love,
For theſe dear People ev'ry one,
Who all thy Heart's Joy prove.

8 Aſſiſt them well to bear
What Thou ſhalt lay on each
In theſe thy Bleſſing's Days, that nought
To ſhake their Peace may reach;
While ſome do *Martha*'s Work,
To ſerve thy Flock preferr'd,
And ſome with *Mary* ſtill attend
The Teachings of our Lord:

9 The Fountain of thy Wounds
Open to them allow,
Whereby into the Holy Place
They ev'ry Hour may go,

In

In Sp'rit with Thee to treat,
The *Abba* forth to cry;
And daily walk with Power girt,
And at thy Bidding fly.

10 By these Words we will stand;
Thy Name and bloody Tree,
Lord, shall alone in ev'ry Place
Our Boast and Symbol be:
Since Thou with Heart so kind
Didst on the Cross expire;
Our Shield and Strength Thou dost remain,
The God our Souls Desire.

CCXXX.

From the German.

N° 1398.

1 THOU hast the Church appointed once, that she
O'er all this Earth unto thy Praise should be:

2 Therefore, O Father! bless, afresh now bless
Thy dear Child's Sweat and Shepherd's-Faithfulness.

3 That we that Truth bequeath'd us * may attain,
O Lord! the needful Light in all Things deign.

4 The Congregation-Members Joy increaſe,
By thy Blood's Ray and Brightneſs of thy Peace:

5 This o'er our Head ſhine always, as is fit
For ſuch who to Thyſelf ſo cloſe are knit.

6 Eſpecially thoſe Children bear in Mind,
To whom the Conqu'ror's Work Thou haſt aſſign'd:

7 Whom for thy Sake into the World Thou'ſt ſent,
And endleſs Pains and Nurſing on them ſpent.

8 As Head and Prince of this thy Houſe remain,
Shew Thyſelf clear amidſt thy Witneſs-Train.

9 And ſince Thou know'ſt what our Heart's Love doth ſhare,
Is a ſmall Twig, which Thou haſt rais'd thus far;

* John xvi. 13.

10 A little Church, like a poor abject Worm,
But yet on whom Free Grace doth much perform:

11 So teach us ſtill to pray for this ſmall Fold,
That Thou no needful Gifts from her with-hold;

12 That on the Day, her Caſe and Times Above
Remember'd are, the Sire Thou for her move.

13 Preſerve her in that tend'reſt Love of thine,
Strengthen her Arm to carry, ſtrive and win.

14 Herewith, O grant her ev'ry Hour and Day,
Unto thy wounded *Side* an open Way:

15 Unto that *Ear*, which each Choir's ev'ry Need
Is wont ſo readily to hear and heed:

16 Unto that *Eye*, which o'er thy Children wakes,
And in their Race a kind Complacence takes:

17 That

17 That *Mouth*, which to the wretched Poor
so mild,
Knows more to speak than Mother to a
Child:

18 That *Foot*, which for us once was pierced
thro',
And treads the Path before its Soldiers
now:

19 That *Hand*, which never weary was as
yet
To bless its own dear Souls, whenever
met:

20 That *Body*, which our Off'ring is, and
Food
For Trav'lers to Eternity so good:

21 That *Blood*, which for our Sins was freely
shed,
And since that Hour is o'er its People
spread:

22 That *Breath*, which all the World doth
shake and sway,
But its own People stirs in softer Way:

23 That *Heart*, which loves, as none else
could or dar'd,
And does the Church peculiarly regard.

24 When thus thy ev'ry Pow'r, by Influence due,
Shall with thy Flock its faithful Work purſue,
25 And in thy Matters ſhall poor Worms ſuſtain:
To Thee, and them, and all Men 'twill be Gain;
26 And we with one Accord, thro' Love and Shame,
Will at thy Feet lie down, and thank our Lamb!

CCXXXI.

From an old German *Hymn at a Baptiſm.*

THE Eye ſees Water, nothing more,
How it is poured out by Men;
But Faith alone conceives the Pow'r
Of Jeſu's Blood to make us clean.
Faith ſees it as a quite red Flood,
Colour'd with Jeſus' Blood and Grace,
Which heals each Sore, and makes all good,
What *Adam* brought on us his Race,
And all what we ourſelves have done.

CCXXXII.

CCXXXII.

From the German.

THE Terrors of the Sea ſo great,
Storm, Hunger, Froſt, and burning Heat,
Cannot prevent, with all their Pow'r,
Our graſping round about yet more:
For when in Jeſu's Name we graſp around,
We ſee each Hindrance falling to the Ground.

CCXXXIII.

1 THE ſlaughter'd Lamb,
Who bore my Shame,
Who liv'd for me,
And dy'd upon the Tree;
The Lamb, who ſhed his Blood,
Is God:
He is the King,
To whom I ſing
Here in theſe Days,
And there in Heav'n always.

2 Thus ſays the Bride
Of Him, who dy'd
Upon the Wood,
Who is her only Good,

She

She loves him tenderly;
And He,
The Man of Smart
That bleeding Heart,
Calls Her, his *Dove*,
His *Joy*, his *Spouse*, his *Love* *.

3 No tend'reſt Man,
Nor Bridegroom can,
Her, whom he loves,
And perfectly approves,
With ſuch a Tenderneſs
Embrace,
Or feel ſuch Flame
As does the Lamb.
What does his Spouſe?
She loves, receives, and bows.

4 Ye Great and Wiſe,
Who Him deſpiſe!
Come here and ſee!
The deepeſt Myſtery,
See! — *HE who ſwam in Blood*
Is God,
The King of Kings,
Who made all Things,
Whom all adore,
Who rules for evermore.

5 Who is the Bride,
For whom He dy'd,

* See the *Canticles.*

To be his Queen?
A Being poor and mean.
A Flock of Sinners baſe,
The Grace
Of God's own Son,
Choſe for his own,
For his Delight
In all the Angels Sight.

6 And this confounds
You, who his Wounds
Nor love nor know,
You Partners of the Foe.
You think it cannot be,
That He
Should leave his Throne
For Men undone;
But tho' ye're mad,
His Church, his Spouſe, is glad.

7 How will it be?
When once you ſee
This bleſſed Train
Around the Lamb once ſlain,
In Linnen fine and white
Moſt bright?
And you for fear,
Now there, now here
Look for a Place
To hide you from his Face!

8 Then ſhall rejoice,
And raiſe her Voice,
The ranſom'd Bride
Of Jeſus crucified.
She ſhall behold her Love
Above,
And kiſs and greet
His Hands and Feet;
His Side's wide Space
Will be her Shelt'ring Place.

9 Hence it is clear,
Why always here,
Of the Lamb ſlain
She ſings, and Lamb again;
Why nothing ſweeter ſounds
Than Wounds:
For even there,
As well as here,
Lamb's Blood and Death
Will be the Shiboleth.

10 O Father dear!
O let us here
Lay at thy Throne,
And thank Thee for thy Son,
Whom Thou ſo graciouſly,
And free,
Gav'ſt up to die,
And ſatisfy

For *Adam*'s Race,
And what created was.

11 And Thou, O Lord!
Th' eternal Word,
Who Fleſh wert made,
Our venerable Head!
O thou beloved Heart!
Thy Smart,
Thy Stripes and Blows,
Preſerve thy Spouſe
In conſtant Peace,
Till ſhe can ſee thy Face.

12 Dear Comforter,
Hear Thou our Pray'r!
And teach us mild
Still more of thy dear Child.
Tell us of Him our God,
In Blood.
And let his Bride
Rejoic'd abide,
In teaching this,
That his Croſs Wiſdom is.

13 Fall at his Feet,
Church! as 'tis meet:
He is thy Head,
Fall down, and yet be glad!
How much hath done for thee,
Ev'n HE:

O praiſe his Name
With Joy and Shame.
He's thine, thro' Blood,
Thy Lamb, thy Spouſe, thy God.

CCXXXIV.

From the German.

1 WElcome among thy choſen Flock
With many thouſand Wiſhes, Thou
Who ever wert and art their Rock,
Come and refreſh thy People now,
Who for thy Croſs' Word ſo dear
Differ from all, and ſtand alone.
Accept from us united here
The Elder's Adoration.

2 We kiſs thy Hand in Spirit, Lamb,
Mark'd with a Print, bor'd by the Nail,
That Hand which for us on the Stem
Was ſtretch'd out, and appear'd ſo pale;
That Hand, which e'er thou went'ſt away,
One ſaw thy choſen People bleſs,
That Hand by which, on Judgment-day,
Thy Sinners are to ſtand by Grace.

CCXXXV.

From the German.

WITH Gladneſs will we waiting-ſtand
For our Lord Jeſus Chriſt's Command;
Tho' ſeparated here below,
We'll yet in Him together flow;
Hence we at parting need not ſo complain,
As if we never were to meet again.

CCXXXVI.

1 WHAT ſweet Reflection this to our poor Souls,
That we dare look in Jeſu's pierced Holes,
And ſee there our Freedom,
And ſure Election;
And when we only move by his Direction
We're always well.

2 This too by ſweet Experience I do find,
That when I feel how poor I am and blind,
Thou art near unto me,
And doſt diſcover
Something whereby I'm ſure thou art the Lover
Of Sinners poor.

3 Be prais'd, my Lamb, for this and all thy Grace,
Which Thou for me by thy Blood purchas'd haſt.
O draw me ſtill nearer,
Make me more faithful,
That I to Thee and thy Church may be helpful,
Beloved Head.

4 Thy Blood, thy Death, remain our conſtant Theme.
Let ev'ry Witneſs this alone proclaim,
And fill Thou their Hearts with
Thy bleſſed Unction,
That they may faithfully fulfil their Function.
To which they're call'd.

5 Go with them when they publiſh thy bleſt Pain,
And tell how Thou for all Mankind wert ſlain;
And when they but mention
Thy bitter Paſſion
Then let each Soul be ſure of their Salvation,
And bleſs thy Wounds.

CCXXXVII.*

1 WHAT ſhall thy poor Child ſay
Of thy great Work this Day,
Which, O Supreme of Kings,
Thy own Arm forward brings!
Or how expreſs that Light,
Which overwhelms me quite!

2 I dare to Thee aſcribe,
What now thro' ev'ry Tribe
And Land as Lightning darts,
And gently warms the Hearts;
Yes, I can place it, Lamb,
To thy pure Will and Name.

3 For who at firſt ſaw thro'
Thy Plan, or guides it now?
Yea, where hath human Wit
The Footſteps of thy Feet
Amidſt the Lamps of Gold,
Once gueſs'd at or foretold?

4 A Spark ſent down from Thee
In deepeſt Poverty,
To Remnants cruſh'd and broke
By Perſecution's Yoke
In the dark cloudy Days;
This blaz'd unto thy Praiſe.

* This Hymn relates to the Revival and to the preſent State of the Work of the LORD among the *Brethren*.

5 Weighty,

5 Weighty, 'tis true, to all
Was the ſtrong ſecret Call,
Which bade each Boſom burn,
And to its Lord return,
The ancient League renew:
But how, or where, none knew.

6 Thine Eye had mark'd the Place;
And drew the ſcatter'd Race
With humbleſt Awe to meet
Before thy ſacred Feet:
In Feebleneſs they came,
Thine was the boundleſs Aim.

7 Here now each diff'rent Zeal
Which pious Minds could feel,
Strove earneſt to procure
The Goſpel-Life and Pow'r;
Since, this World's Goods giv'n up,
That only was their Hope.

8 Ah who that ſimple Thing
To perfect Light ſhall bring,
Which when it rules the reſt,
The Plan throughout is bleſt,
We're knit to Chriſt Above,
And 'mong ourſelves in Love.

9 A Breath divine there was,
A Gale of conqu'ring Grace!
The Pearl was ſoon made known,
All Hearts did melt in one,

Before

Before the Saviour bow'd,
Before th' Attoning Blood.

10 What could the Sinner claim,
All over Guilt and Shame?
The Goſpel Gift is high,
Adoption, Peace and Joy:
Can Things ſo diſtant join?
Sure, Blood muſt come between,

11 When wears the Soul a Dreſs
Of Grace and Righteouſneſs,
When to her own Surprize,
The Spirit's Fruits ariſe;
Believe it then who can,
This was acquir'd by Man.

12 No, no, a deeper Cauſe
In this Affair gives Laws;
What acts thro' Earth and Skies,
Is the Lamb's Sacrifice;
'Tis that makes right and juſt
Such Favour to poor Duſt.

13 Sweet thence to ev'ry Heart
Were thy dear Wounds and Smart,
And fervent on each Tongue
That everlaſting Song:
For what all want ſo much,
Did theſe Souls ſtrike and touch.

14 Now a true Church were they;
Who to their Head could pray,

Could

Could his great Counsel know,
Into his Spirit grow;
And as his Spouse, could share
His watchful Love and Care.

15 This Knowledge of thy Blood,
With closest Brotherhood,
(Thy double Grace confer'd)
Experience more endear'd;
They prov'd that Word full well,
Which they should preach and tell.

16 For this was thy large Mind,
Saviour of all Mankind,
These Babes Abroad to send
Thy Ransom to commend:
Now they with simplest View,
Their Witness-Lot pursue.

17 Nor does thy Blessing cease
T' attend the News of Peace!
In Regions far and near,
One Energy is clear;
Thousands reliev'd, restor'd,
Sav'd by the Cross's Word.

18 What Good Thou mean'st, my Lamb,
To Men; how pure a Flame
This is, Thou know'st: Defend,
Bless it from End to End;
Let Fiends it fear, but none
Of dear Mankind disown.

19 For this my Heart can ſee,
The open'd Spring is free;
'Twill branch (untainted ſtill)
In Streams more wide, until
Loſt in the ſpreading Plan
The Names be, which began.

20 O keep each Hand and Heart
Which in this Work have Part,
Waiting in Truth on Thee,
Tender Fidelity!
And ſince the Cauſe is Thine,
In Meekneſs let them ſhine.

CCXXXVIII.

In the German *Meaſure.*

YE bottomleſs Depths of God's infinite Love!
By Jeſus Chriſt to us reveal'd!
Its Motions how burning, how flaming they prove!
Tho' from Man's Wiſdom quite conceal'd!
What doſt thou love? Sinners the vileſt Race:
Whom doſt thou bleſs? Children who curſe thy Grace,
O Being moſt gracious! whom Angels adore,
Thou tak'ſt thy Delight in Things worthleſs and poor.

CCXXXIX.

From the German.

N° 22.

An ancient Hymn of Luther.

1 YE Chriſtian Congregations near,
Exult, be joyful in the Lord!
With Love and Willingneſs declare,
And all ſing forth with one Accord,
What Gifts upon us are beſtow'd
Thro' the rich Mercies of our God:
Sweet are his wondrous Acts and Ways,
And well he has deſerv'd our Praiſe.

2 Enthrall'd to Satan's Pow'r we lay,
Periſh'd we were, ſhut up in Death;
Our Sin did fright us Night and Day,
It ſeiz'd us from our earlieſt Breath;
We ever deeper ſunk therein,
Our Life was ſuch a bitter Scene,
That it no Good at all contain'd,
For Sin alone throughout us reign'd.

3 We from good Works no Help could draw,
All Thoughts or Hopes of theſe were fled;
Our Free Will hated God's pure Law,
And was to Goodneſs wholly dead:

The

The ſore Diſtreſs threw us in Doubt,
(No other Iſſue finding out,)
That Death for us remain'd alone,
And we muſt into Hell ſink down.

4 Then God on his eternal Seat
Pity'd the Greatneſs of our Woe;
His Mercy He would not forget,
But ſomething for our Succour do:
Yea, his paternal Heart divine
He fully to us did incline,
His choiceſt Treaſures did not ſpare,
Nor his beſt Might, in our Affair.

5 He ſaid to his beloved Son,
" 'Tis Time Free Mercy to expreſs;
" Go Thou, my Heart's Delight and Crown,
" Become the Health of this poor Race:
" Help them out of thoſe Chains and Straits
" Which Sin ſo fatally creates,
" Slay for them Death their deadly Foe;
" And them to live with Thee allow."

6 The Son his Father glad obey'd,
And on this Earth unto us came,
Fleſh of a ſpotleſs Virgin made,
Our Brother, in all Points the ſame,
(For ſo, thro' Love to us, he choſe;)
His Power he kept hid and cloſe,
In Figure poor walk'd all the while,
The Fiend He thus would catch and foil.

7 To

7 To us He ſaid, " On me depend,
" A good Event you yet ſhall ſee;
" Myſelf I'll wholly for you ſpend,
" A Champion in your Stead I'll be:
" For I am yours, and you are mine,
" A Bond eternal doth us join,
" Where I am, there ſhall ye abide,
" Nor ſhall the Foe us e'er divide.

8 " This Blood of mine ſhall forth be pour'd,
" I cruelly of Life bereav'd;
" 'Twill all be for your Sake endur'd,
" Stedfaſt be this by you believ'd:
" My pow'rful Life ſhall ſwallow up
" Pale Death, when I have drank his Cup,
" My Innocence away ſhall take
" Your Sins, and you then happy make.

9 " Out of this World I muſt again
" Unto my heav'nly Sire aſcend:
" There your kind Maſter I'll remain;
" And will the Holy Spirit ſend,
" Author of Love, of Joy, and Peace,
" To comfort you in all Diſtreſs,
" To make me to you clearly known,
" And in the Truth to lead you on.

10 " What I have done, or giv'n in Charge,
" That ſhall you publiſh and fulfil;
" So you God's Kingdom ſhall enlarge,
" And bring Him Praiſe and Honour
" ſtill:

" And I one Caution with you leave,
" See that no Gloſſes you deceive
" Of thoſe, who when Love colder grows,
" The Treaſure of pure Faith will loſe."

On Pſal. cx. 4.

An Oath indeed! The Depths were ſeal'd,
That nought of it fell to the Ground;
From Hell its Meaning was conceal'd;
Eternity did ſtill reſound,
Amen and Amen, be it ſo!
The Devils fear'd, and all were ſad,
Th' eternal Name they well did know;
The heav'nly Hoſts were inly glad.

* * * *

The Wounds on Thee beſtow'd,
The Blood and Water Flood,
Thy Heart ſo full of Pain,
Thy Death, O Lord and GOD!
Preſerve thy choſen Train
In the Bond of Love
Whereſoe'er they move,
Till they meet above.

INDEX
TO THE
APPENDIX.

	Page
AS eager Hunters who their Game attend	311
Child, born without Sin	312
Come now to the Lamb's Feaſt,	314
Congregation! Chriſt's Relation!	316
Dear Lamb, ſo freely ſlain,	317
Deareſt Saviour! thy beloved Bride	318
Deareſt Children, hark and ſee	319
Elder of thy Train	321
Few Years ago	322
God Holy Ghoſt, I thank and praiſe thy Name	325
Go paint the Lamb before their Eyes	327

INDEX.

How vain th'Attempt, to want to overthrow 327

Jeſu, our Joy and loving Friend 328
Is that my deareſt Brother? 328
I'm yet not ſhy to Thee, my Lamb, 330

Keep us in true and living Faith 332

My Soul come bow this Day, 333
May God be gracious to us here, 334
My Jeſus bears far greater Love to me 334
My God! Thou ſeeſt them flying, 336

Now breath the Spirit's ruſhing Wind! 337
Now, Brethren and Siſters, come join Hands in Love, 339

O ye who Grace's Children are, 339
O Holy Ghoſt, what flows from Thee 340
O Thou unrivall'd Lamb! 340
O that the Saviour's faithful Bride 343
O Lord, preſerve and bleſs 345
O Lamb of God, once ſacrific'd, 346
O holy Wounds! ſtand open wide, 349

Sanctify thy Congregation! 351

That Jeſus loves his Church is ſurely true, 352

That

INDEX.

That Covenant of Blood, 355
The everlasting God, 360
The House of God who views aright 362
Think, Lord! on thy Relations here, 362
Think on our Brethren, Lord, 363
'Tis He, even He, has blotted out 366
Thou dearest Lamb, thy being slaughter'd so, 367
To God on high all Glory be, 368
Thou whom thron'd in Heav'n we know, 370
Thou, Father of our loving Lord, 371
Thou hast Thyself reveal'd 372
Thou hast the Church appointed once, that she 375
The Eye sees Water, nothing more, 379
The Terrors of the Sea so great, 380
The slaughter'd Lamb, 380
Welcome among thy chosen Flock 385
With Gladness will we waiting stand 386
What sweet Reflection this to our poor Souls, 386
What shall thy poor Child say 388
Ye bottomless Depths of God's infinite Love! 392
Ye Christian Congregations near, 393

FINIS.

BOOKS Printed for and Sold by JAMES HUTTON, *at the* Bible *and* Sun *in* Little-Wild-Street, *near* Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

I. SIxteen Diſcourſes on the Redemption of Man by the Death of Chriſt: Preach'd at *Berlin* in the Year 1738, by the Right Reverend and moſt illuſtrious Count *Zinzendorf*, Biſhop of the ancient *Moravian* Church. Tranſlated from the *High-Dutch*. Price bound 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

II. Seven Sermons on the Godhead of the Lamb, or the Divinity of Jeſus Chriſt, by the ſame Author: Preached in the Congregation, juſt before his ſecond Voyage to the *Weſt-Indies*. Pr. bound 8 *d.*

III. A Collection of Hymns, with ſeveral Tranſlations from the Hymn-book of the *Moravian* Brethren. Pr. bound 1 *s.* 8 *d.*

IV. An Appendix to the Collection of Hymns; conſiſting chiefly of Tranſlations from the Hymn-Book of the *Moravian* Brethren. Price bound 8 *d.*

V. A Manual of Doctrine: Or an Eſſay to bring into the Form of Queſtion and Anſwer, as well the Fundamental Doctrine, as the other Scripture Knowledge, of the Proteſtant Congregations who for 300 Years paſt have been call'd *The Brethren*. With an Introduction tranſlated from the *High-Dutch*. Price bound 1 *s.* 8 *d.*

VI. The Travellers Preſent: Or a Letter giving a ſhort Hiſtory of Religion. Price 1*d.* *N. B.* This Letter may be ſent by the Poſt as as a Single Letter.

VII. The Watch-Words of the Covenant in the Blood of Jeſus for the Year 1743. 8*d.*

VIII. The Lamb of God to his Servants and Churches, repreſented as well in his divine, as in his abaſed human Form; according to all the Revelation which was given by him to his Prophets and Witneſſes. Tranſlated from the *German.* Pr. bound 8*d.*

IX. A ſhort Hiſtory of the *Bohemian-Moravian* Proteſtant Church of the united Brethren. Written by *Arvid Gradin,* a Member of the ſaid Church, in a Letter to the Archbiſhop of *Upſal,* Primate of *Sweden.* Tranſlated from the *Latin* Manuſcript. Pr. 9*d.*

N. B. All Books wrote by the *Moravian* Brethren, which are or ſhall be tranſlated, will be to be had at the above Place only.

X. A Sermon on Salvation by Faith, by *John Weſley,* A. M. Fellow of *Lincoln-College, Oxford.* Large Letter. Pr. 2*d.*

XI. The Doctrine of Salvation, Faith, and good Works: Extracted from the *Homilies* of the Church of *England.* Large Letter. Pr. 2*d.*

At the ſame Place may be had Bibles, Common-Prayer-Books, and moſt Sorts of other Books.